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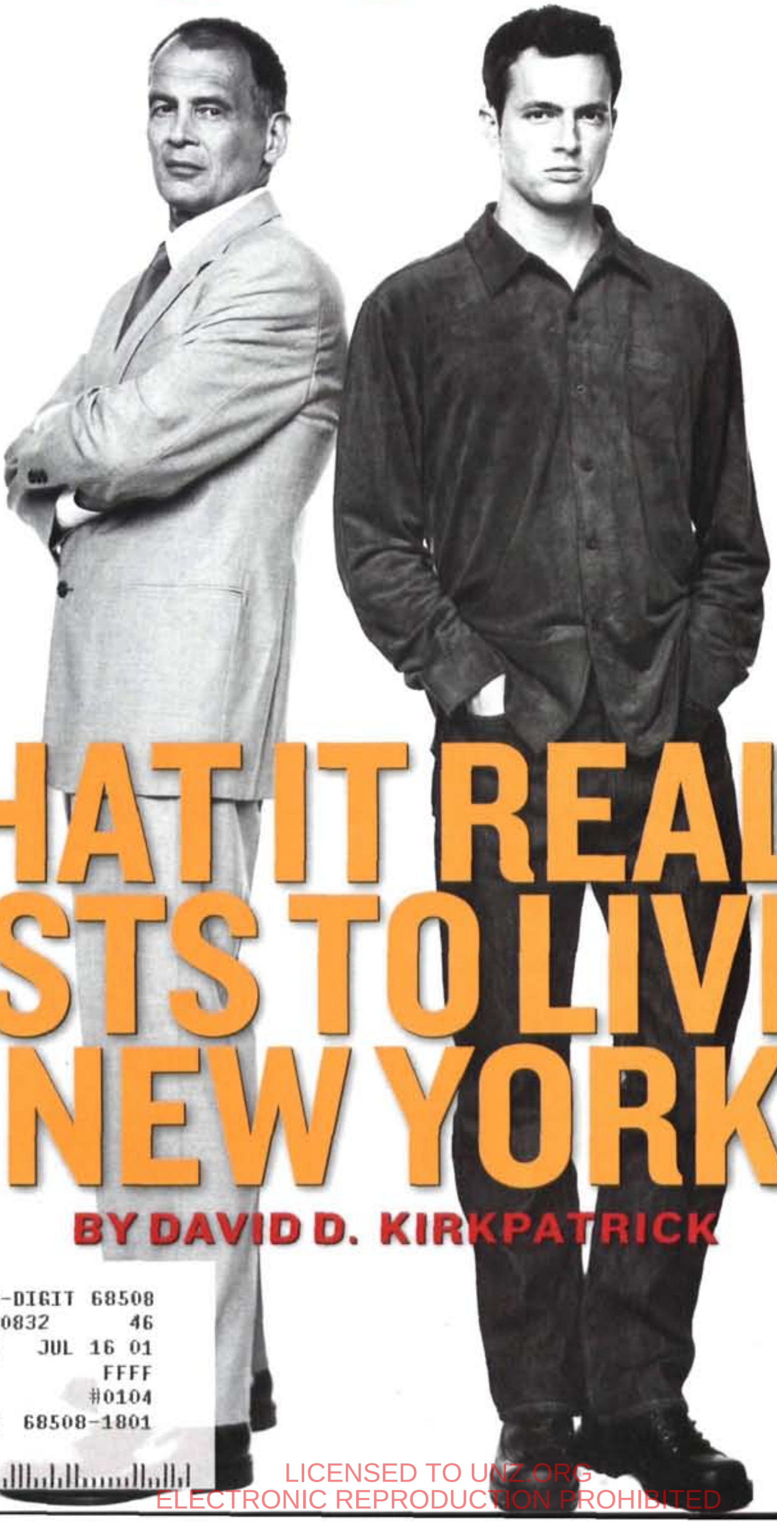

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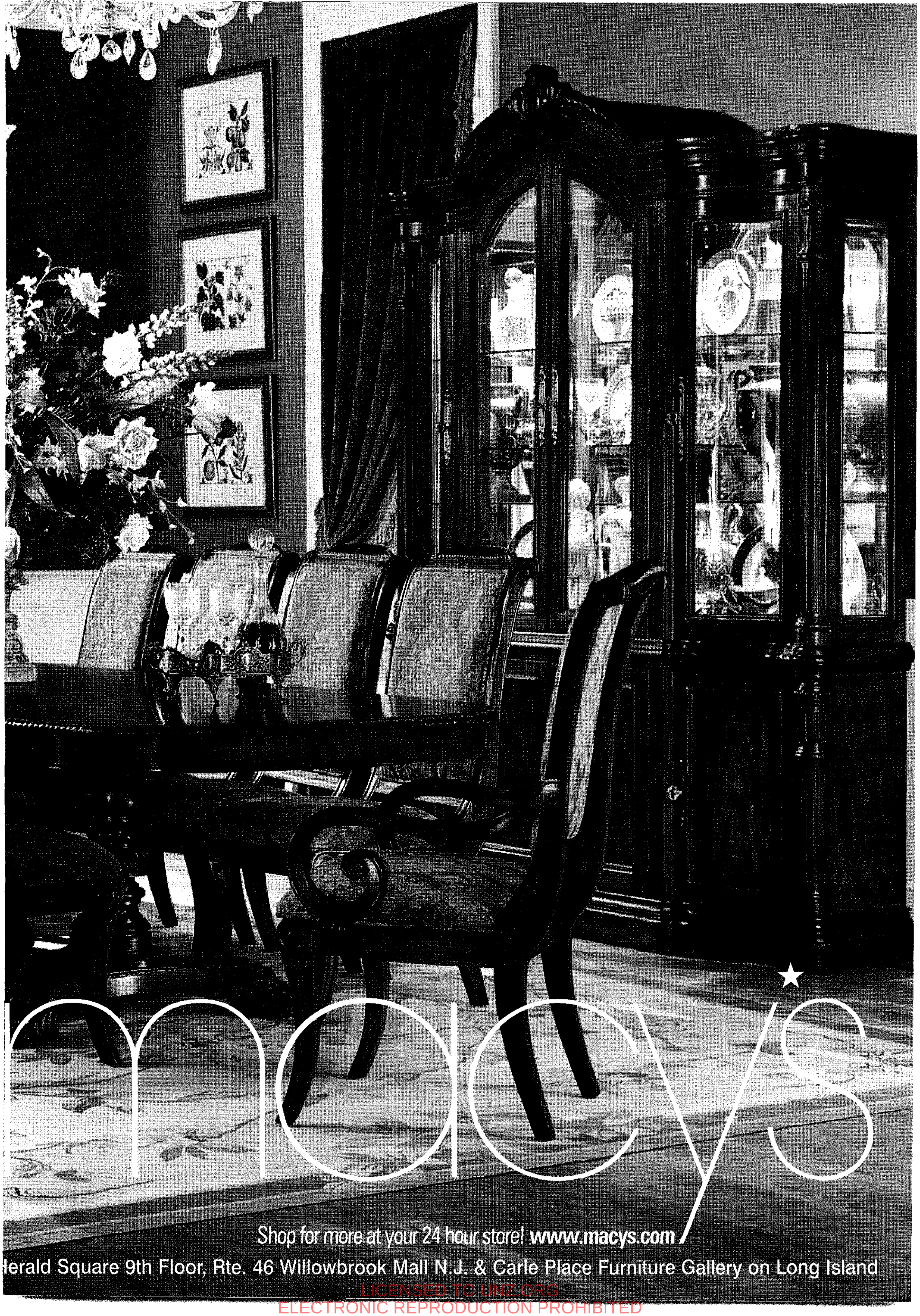
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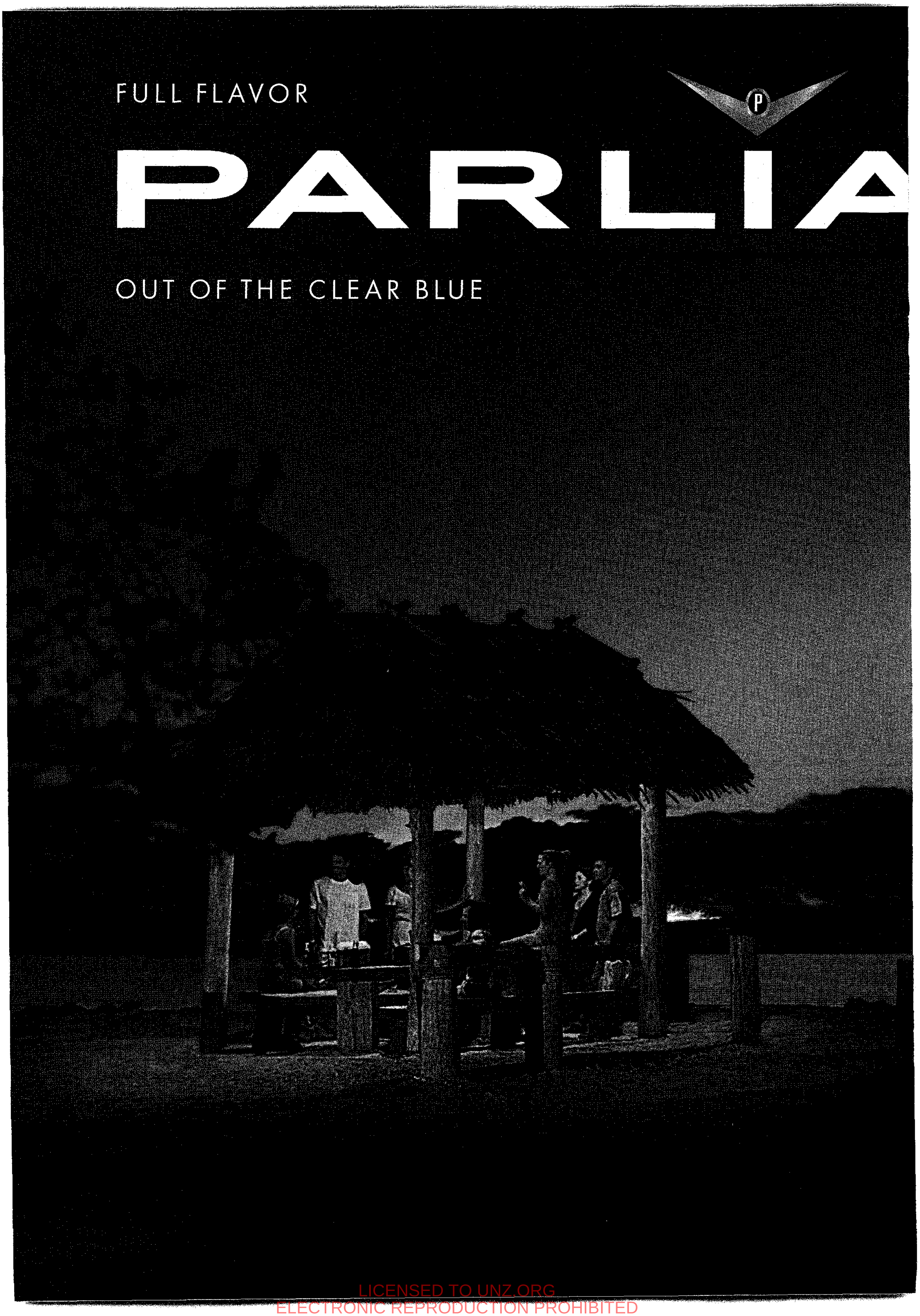
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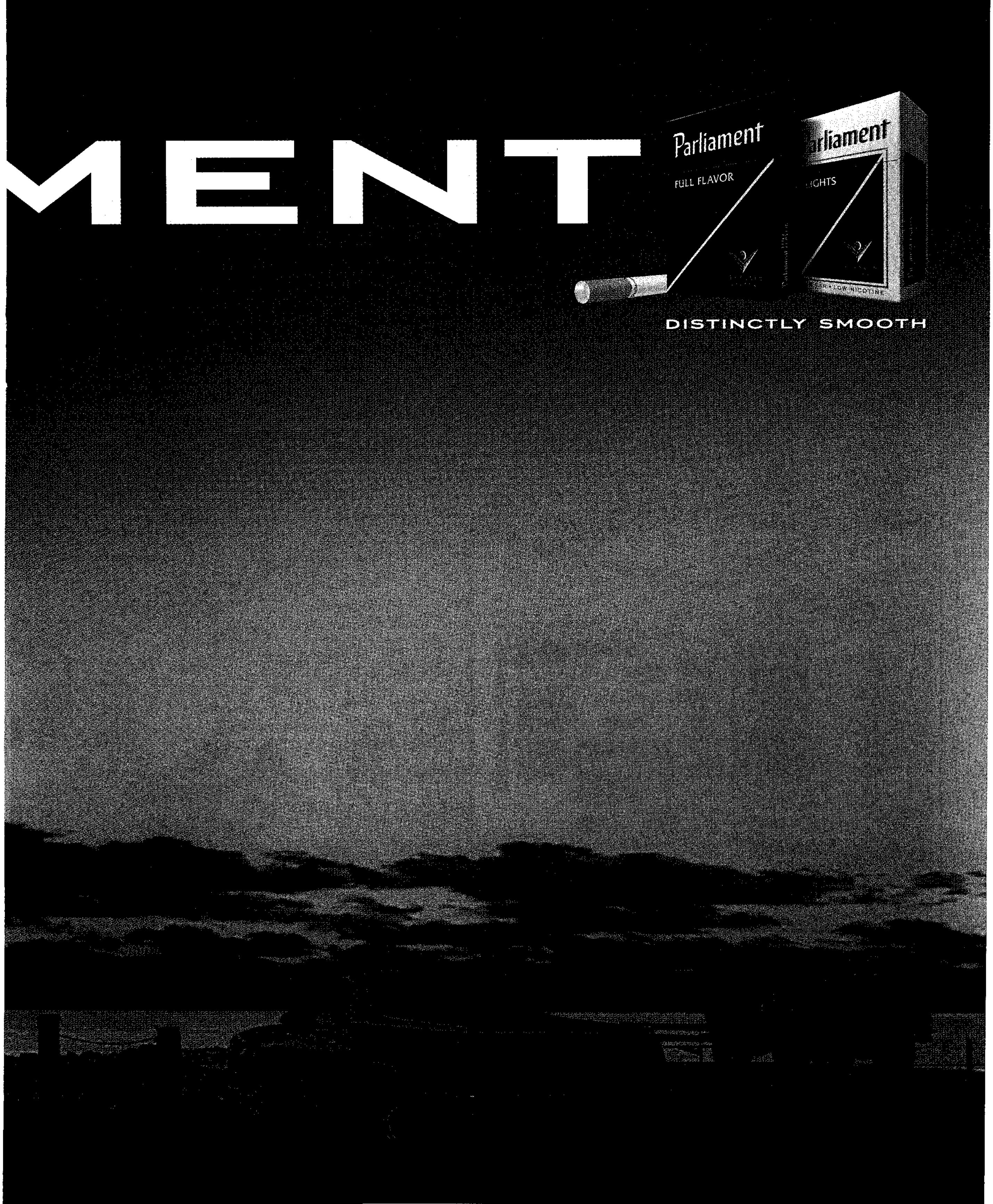
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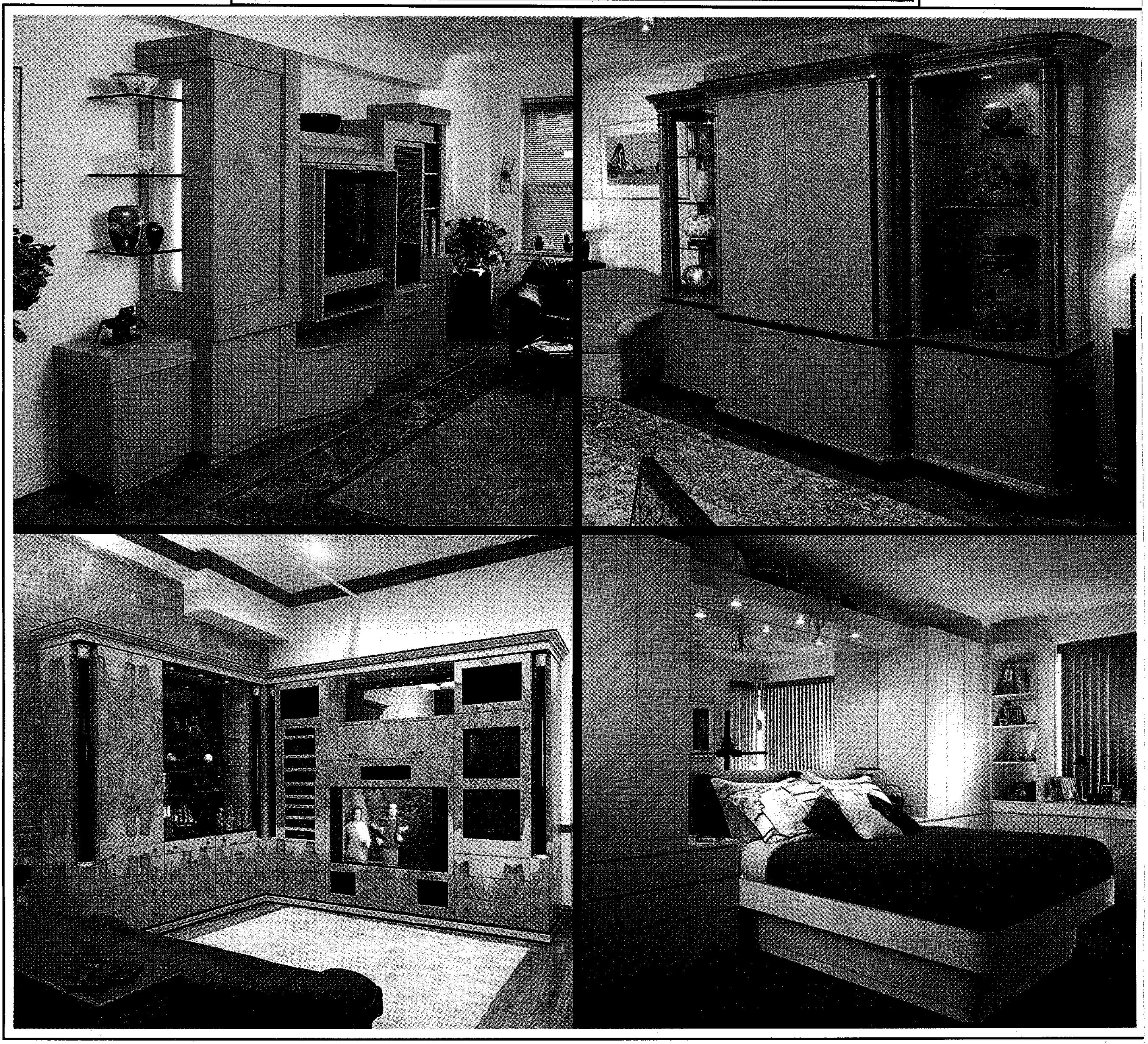

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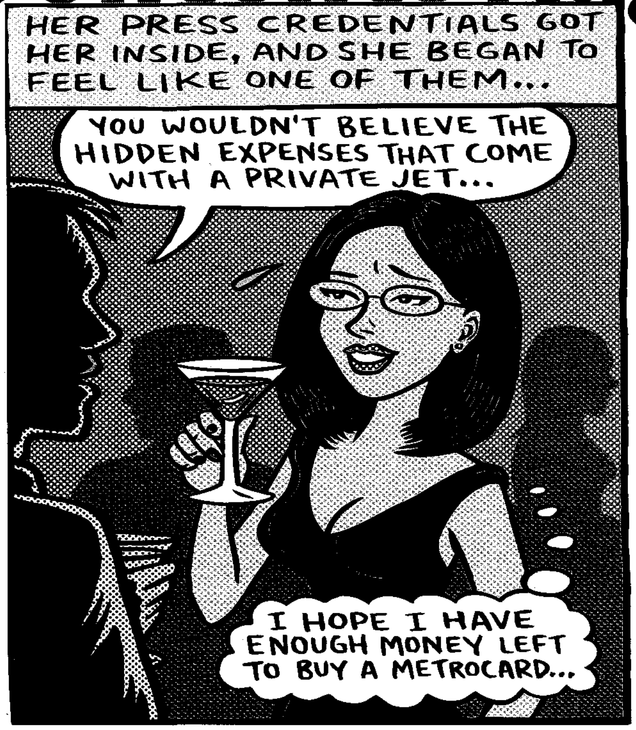

HER PRESS CREDENTIALS GOT HER INSIDE, AND SHE BEGAN TO FEEL LIKE ONE OF THEM...
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE HIDDEN EXPENSES THAT COME WITH A PRIVATE JET...
I HOPE I HAVE ENOUGH MONEY LEFT TO BUY A METROCARD...

26 The Red Files **By David D. Kirkpatrick**

To some, luxury is a taxicab; to others, it's dinner and a Broadway show with the kids; to still others, it's a place on the beach, or a private plane. But most of us agree: Even as the city has grown more prosperous, financial happiness seems more elusive than ever. Several New Yorkers of diverse tax brackets (from $30,000 freelance writer to $500,000 doctor to $10 million Wall Streeter) supply the most intimate details of their budget and explain why it seems so hard to make ends meet here—no matter how much you make.

36 Making the Art Scene

By Sarah Bernard

As auction prices top their eighties high-water marks, the art world is again inside the city's velvet rope. And nonprofit arts groups look to party planner Melissa Feldman to turn their newfound cultural heat into cold cash for their endowments.

42 Loving Large

By Derek de Koff

In which the Goodman sisters plump for their debut film, *The Tao of Steve*, about a fat seducer (no, it's not an oxymoron).

44 Good-bye to All That **By Lily Burana**

Exchanging the mad canyons of Manhattan for the hills of Wyoming, a writer discovers that New York is an addiction you really *can* overcome. For a time.

"We make a lot of money! But we don't look very wealthy at all—a two-bedroom apartment with a half-kitchen! It is comical."

"JACOB," PAGE 26

Gotham

13 New York's party faithful; Dubya's theme song

16 Gotham Real Estate

Bidding wars come to the rental market; Rosie O'Donnell moves in

19 Gotham Style

Beauty by the bay: a special San Francisco edition

Departments

11 Intelligencer
Beth Landman Keil And Ian Spiegelman

22 The City Politic
Michael Tomasky

My bill: Rick Lazio's name goes on someone else's legislation

24 The Bottom Line
James J. Cramer

A survival guide to the next six months in the market

Marketplace

60 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Parents' prayers answered; the new shagreen

62 Smart City
Rob Patronite & Robin Raisfeld

The best new wine bars

64 Sales & Bargains
Shyama Patel

Tender cuts: hairstylists for the fabulous but frugal

65 Net News
Hilary Rosner

Top Web pet stops; freebies galore

The Critics

66 Movies
Peter Rainer

An Iranian auteur finds humor and wisdom in a remote mountain village

68 Books
Daniel Mendelsohn

Unsung: David Malouf's subtle stories; Noël Coward's comic novel

70 Theater
John Simon

Nathan Lane gets the role he's been waiting for

72 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

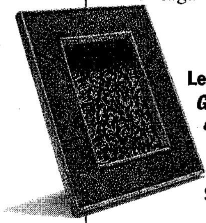
Lincoln Center struggles to make the case for Olivier Messiaen

73 Dance
Tobi Tobias

The Bolshoi Ballet returns, with Balanchine in its dance bag

Cue

75 Jazz Passengers at the Blue Note; Margaret Cho; the return of Morgan Fairchild



Misc.

Letters........................8
***Guardian* Crossword**.120
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson*120
Classified...........105
Strictly Personals..114

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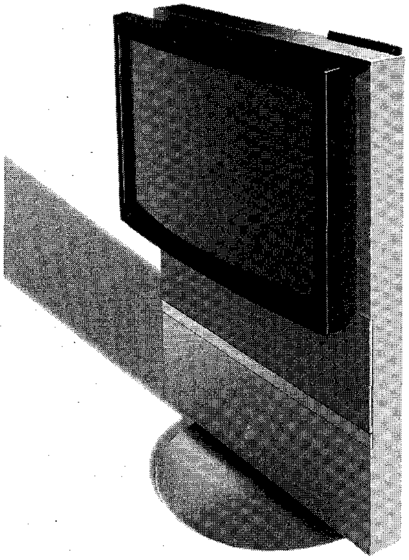

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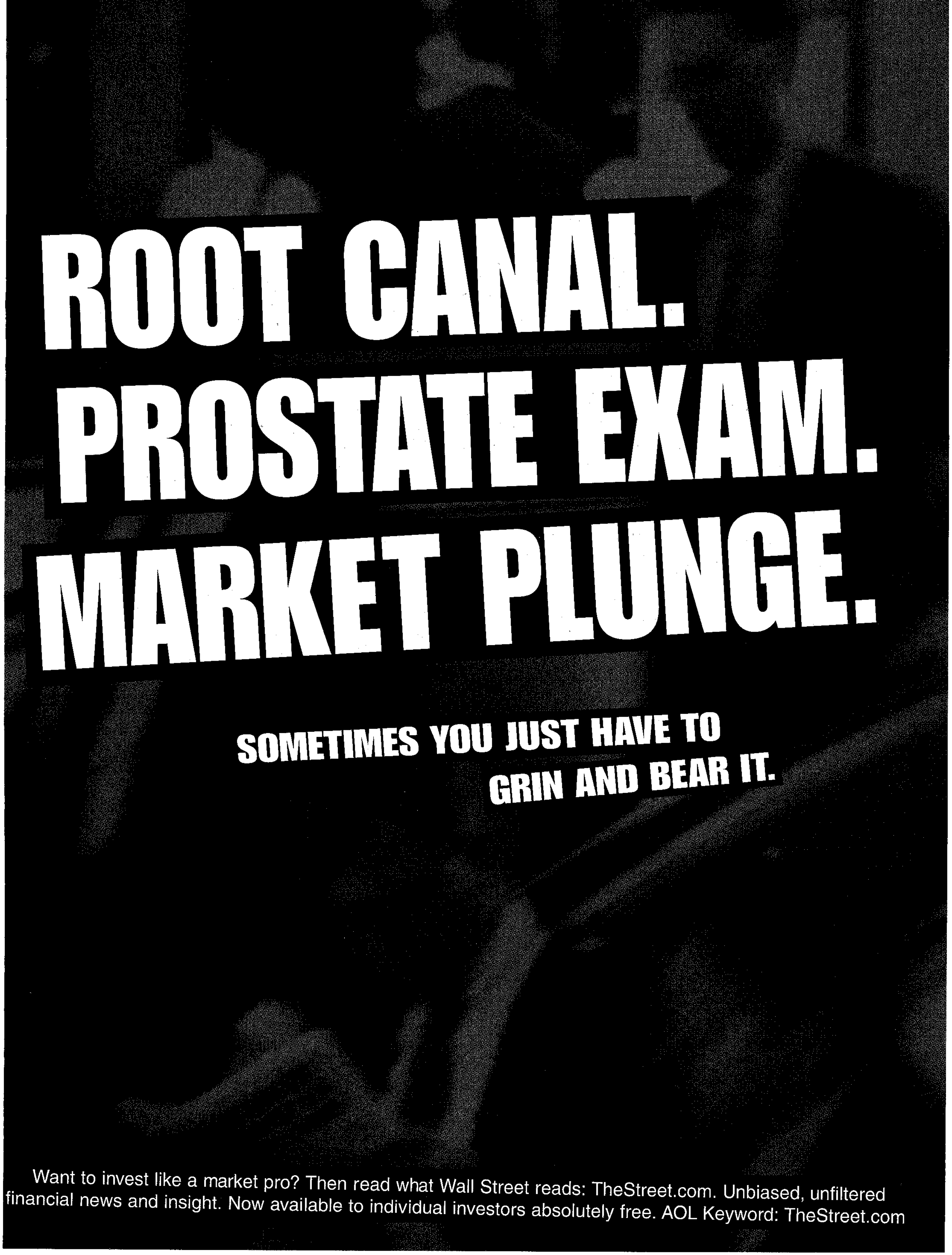
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Décor Issues

Designers Sills and Huniford still have a few friends left, Tina Turner included; putting a price on taste; why Harry Potter appeals to adults.

YOUR ARTICLE ON STEPHEN SILLS AND James Huniford ["Decorators in the Haute Seat," by Rene Chun, July 10] gave the false impression that Stephen and Ford have few friends. I can personally attest that Stephen and Ford have a wide assortment of friends, and I am privileged to count myself among them. As the writer of the piece in *House & Garden* that "would push [the firm] over the top," I expected them to be nice to me initially. But throughout the twelve years since, when I could do little to promote their careers, they have remained wonderful friends. And I have rarely encountered anyone who works as hard as they do. And you might tell Mr. Chun to read your next design issue if he feels that $4,900 for a "seven-foot custom sofa with hand-tied springs and foam-down seat cushions" is unreasonable. It is a veritable bargain!

Michael Boodro
Editor, Garden Design
MANHATTAN

I FEEL THAT YOUR ARTICLE WAS SLANTED toward the client's side and did not sufficiently show what a client sometimes puts a designer through during the design process. You also failed to point out how often designers absorb costs of items and labor or take a loss on the final billing. Also, the article fails to explain that Sills and Huniford are artists in their own right. If you tally up the costs of a Mark Rothko oil painting, the price of the paint and the canvas would be lower than the price of the painting itself. For the Alters' job, the furnishings, fabrics, etc. were merely the supplies, and in the end what they really were paying for was Sills and Huniford's talent and taste, which are intangible items, much like the brush strokes and eye of Rothko.

Todd Haley
CHICAGO, ILL.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

AS THE IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT OF THE New York Metropolitan Chapter of the American Society of Interior Designers (ASID), I would like to correct some misinformation. ASID does, in fact, have a code of ethics that addresses some of the concerns raised by this article. The code specifically requires that "members shall fully disclose to a client all compensation which the member shall receive in connection with the project" and that "members shall act with fiscal responsibility in the best interest of their clients." While some designers may "make a lot of money" by marking things up to "some horrendous price," I believe that the majority of my peers are ethical and honest.

Susan Aiello
MANHATTAN

YOU REPORTED THAT STEPHEN SILLS IS A member of the American Society of Interior Designers. Not true. Neither Sills nor Huniford is a member of ASID. Both were "allied members" of ASID at one time, Huniford having joined in 1991 and left in 1993, and Sills having joined in 1991 and terminated in 1997. Allied members are not "professional" members of ASID. Neither Sills nor Huniford attained the level of "professional" member of ASID. Only members who have met certain education, examination, and experience requirements are allowed to become known as professional members and to place the coveted ASID appellation behind their names.

Juliana M. Catlin
President, ASID
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

TINA TURNER SINGS. SHE DOES NOT BEG. We had several candid and friendly conversations on the telephone. And we have both told Sills and Huniford that we look forward to getting together. It would be pointless to comment on the balance of the article, except to say that I have heard similar stories from other decorators about clients from hell. We will continue to feature the work of Sills and Huniford because we believe in them personally and professionally.

Paige Rense
Editor-in-Chief, Architectural Digest
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

WHAT A WONDERFUL IRONY THAT DENNIS and Gisela Alter, who made their money charging high interest rates with Advanta credit cards, should deem fit to sue their decorators for charging usurious markup rates on the furnishings purchased for their home. Did they think they had an exclusive on this practice? It would appear from your article that the Alters' lack of taste extends beyond their inability to accessorize a domestic interior.

Brian J. Connolly
MANHATTAN

Potter's Field

AFTER READING DANIEL MENDELSOHN'S review of J. K. Rowling's latest, *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* ["Books: Troubled Harry," July 24], I could not help but wonder at his comment that he doesn't "think much of the adults who are, apparently, reading *Harry Potter* for themselves in such great numbers. . . . It's kid's stuff . . . simplistic, psychologically untextured." As a child, I was a voracious reader; I read everything from Nancy Drew to *Helter Skelter.* As an adult, I found the sci-fi-fantasy genre the most pleasurable and complex. I am rather amused that Mr. Mendelsohn categorizes Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy as "a great children's series." (I wonder what my English lit. professor, who taught an entire semester on the correlation between the world's religions and Tolkien's personified battle between good and evil, would think!) What does Mr. Mendelsohn consider to be serious adult novels? King? Grisham? Capote? He obviously doesn't have a clue when it comes to the fantasy genre.

Linda Bolesta
STATEN ISLAND

Corrections In the July 24 "Intelligencer" column, a picture of Barry Slotnick appeared beside an item on Raoul Felder. *New York* regrets the error.

In the July 24 article on Christopher Meigher ("Little Big Man," by Carl Swanson), we erroneously reported that Brooks Peters's tenure as editor of *Quest* lasted only one year. He was there for two years.

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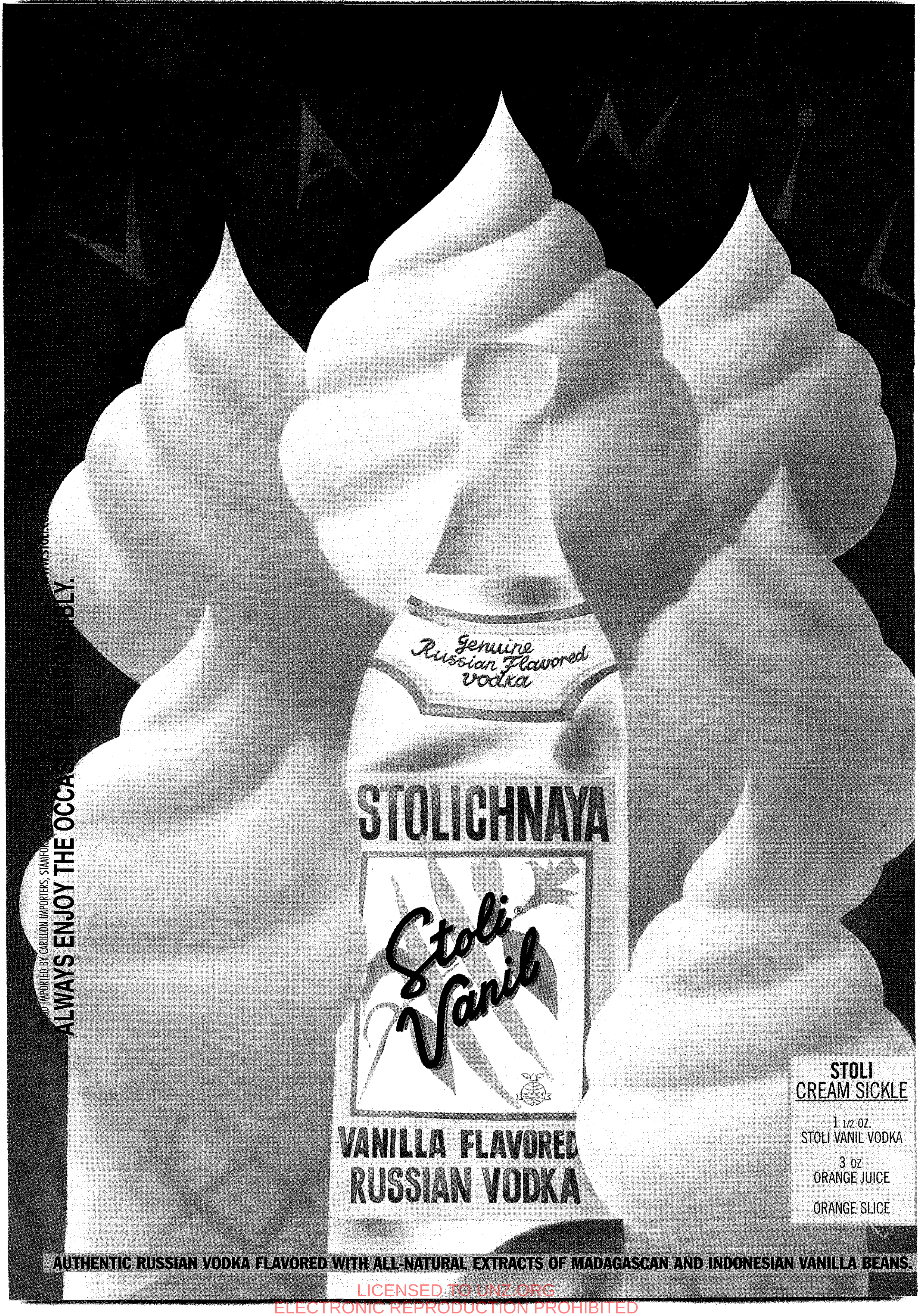
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INTELLIGENCER

FOR BUSTA, HOT DISH, THEN DESSERT

If you happen to be dining with **Busta Rhymes** and he sneaks away to freshen up, don't expect him back too quickly. The dreadlocked rapper ducked out of a meal at Blue Water Grill recently to rendezvous with a slim vixen in one of the private rooms downstairs, says a source. The stealth liaison was foiled when a manager checked his security-camera monitor and saw the two slipping behind a closed door. He gave a polite knock, but no answer was forthcoming. He then tried the knob and discovered the door was locked. "Man, you gotta wait a minute," Busta barked at the manager. Moments later, the rapper emerged and made his way back upstairs to his table. When asked about the incident, the rapper's rep denied the story, saying Rhymes had never even been to the eatery: "It must have been a Busta Rhymes look-a like." Scary thought.

JULIA: *MEXICAN* STANDOFFISH

The relationship may have seemed picture-perfect, but it looks like the heat between **Julia Roberts** and **Benjamin Bratt** has cooled. According to a source close to the couple, people working on her latest flick, *The Mexican*, have been wondering why Bratt hasn't shown up on the set to visit. "At this point, they haven't seen each other in months," says the source. "It's not necessarily over, but it's certainly at a crisis point." And one film-industry source says that Roberts has found other interests on the set, which, this source adds, may have something to do with the fact that she rebuffed a recent attempt of Bratt's to visit her after he had wrapped his latest film, *Miss Congeniality*, in Texas. While Bratt's rep wouldn't comment, Julia's denied the rumors: "They're *very* together," she said.

RANDOLPH DUKE: PARANOIA BY DESIGN

What is it about the Hamptons that makes people nervous? When designer **Randolph Duke** had a party at his Bridgehampton estate recently, guests like **Calvin Klein** and **Ross Bleckner** received invitations printed in a photo-sensitive ink that disappears after two days and cannot be photocopied or faxed. Why? A rep for Duke says that the Cold War–style invites were used to dissuade crashers and prevent the fashionista's address "from getting into the wrong hands." Since the U.S. Postal Service couldn't be trusted with the top-secret mission, the invitations were delivered by hand. A friend explains Duke's strange security consciousness: "[Invitations] stay in someone's house, they leave it in their rental car, or they blow away on the beach. And then it's *done*!" Duke can breathe easy . . . for now.

IRINA STEPPES OUT; ELLIOT DUKES IT OUT

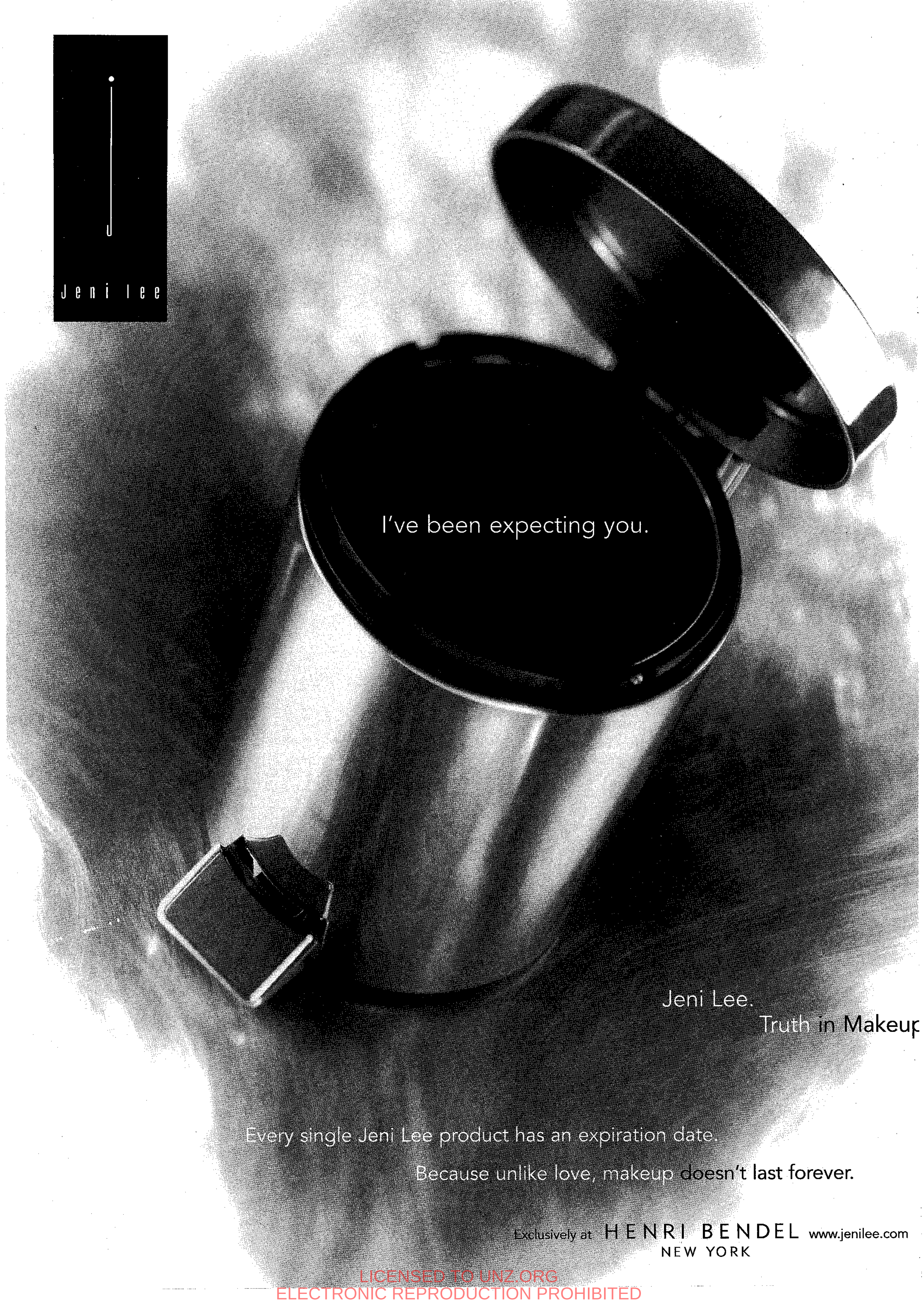
Don't move, don't breathe—another supermodel has turned to acting. Siberian stunner **Irina Pantaeva** recently returned from Belarus, where she's starring in a German flick called *So Weit die Füsse Tragen* (*As Far As My Feet Will Carry Me*). Pantaeva plays a woman who helps an escaped German POW cross the steppes after he breaks out of a World War II Russian prison camp. Pantaeva, the author of 1998's critically lauded memoir *Siberian Dream*, says that learning her part in the epic—to be released in the U.S. around Christmastime—was no trouble at all: "When I was given my script, I took one look and I instantly knew all my lines." **VINTAGE BLUES: Rudy Giuliani**'s bad luck is rubbing off on his best pal, **Elliot Cuker**; his classic-car company, Cooper Props, has been slapped with a lawsuit. Fellow car lover **Michael Greenstein** claims Cuker mishandled his 1964 Lincoln Continental when he rented it last year for a photo shoot. Cuker ignored a terse letter from Greenstein's lawyer seeking $2,370 in damages and now faces a small-claims suit. Cuker, meanwhile, insists the battery was acting up when he first picked up the car. "I never had anything like this happen to me," Cuker tells us. "He's not getting a dollar."

POST EMPLOYS SOME HIGHBROW WHIT

Barcelona director **Whit Stillman** is taking a short break from the dreary world of moviemaking to get into the real action—gossip reporting. Stillman will be sweating it out this week as a fill-in scribe at the New York *Post*'s "Page Six" while the column's editor, **Richard Johnson**, is strapping on his water wings for the surf at Ibiza. Stillman, who's in town to promote *The Last Days of Disco*—a novel based on the screenplay for his last film—promises not to pull any punches during his stint. "I've got a lot of dirt on film critics that I think it's important to get out there," he says. "Does anyone know that *The Village Voice*'s **J. Hoberman**'s real name is Jim? What's *that* about?" For his part, Johnson assures us that Stillman's celebrity status will not afford him any privileges among the staff of his page. "Gossip is much too dangerous a game for amateurs," he says, "so Mr. Stillman will have to be closely monitored." The veteran scandalmonger also predicts that Stillman will be just the first in a line of high-profile guest reporters to come: "Maybe they'll develop a deep sense of sympathy for us after they've been lied to by publicists and threatened by lawyers." Don't count on it.

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Brooke Gosin.

hotographs: Robin Platzer/Twin Images (2).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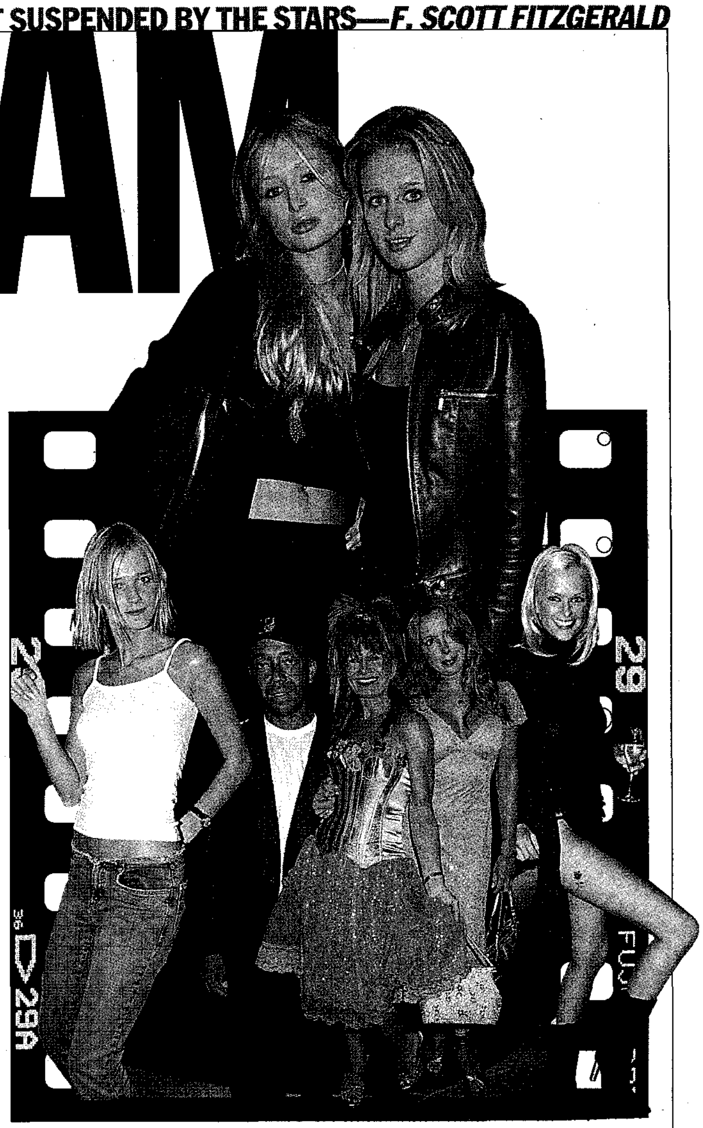
A MIRACLE OF FOAMY LIGHT SUSPENDED BY THE STARS—*F. SCOTT FITZGERALD*

GOTHAM



Celebrity skin Clockwise from top, the Hiltons, Bax, the Johnsons, Simmons, Kass.

Just Say No

Which overexposed New York party people should consider making it a Blockbuster night?

'NOBODY IS GOING out because they *want* to," says a publicist two days after her agency threw an event that drew Betsey and Lulu Johnson, *Sports Illustrated* model Ines Rivero, and Russell Simmons. "They're going out in hopes that they'll get a photo or a mention in the paper." The Johnsons, Rivero, and Simmons are known among publicists and photographers as some of the city's premier professional partygoers, and frankly, they deserve some kind of medal for it. In an age of calculated cross-promotion—when celebrities being used to sell an event are also there to sell their own movies, records, or public stock offerings—going out can require the cross-training stamina of an Olympic athlete.

A-listers—the Michael Jordans of partying—must know when to demand more minutes on the court and when to conserve their strength and sit out a match, because in this sport, overexposure is an injury as dangerous as a pulled hamstring. "Gwyneth's value is going way down," whispers a publicist. "She's way too easy to get." In December, Paltrow was seen three times in five nights, at the LVMH tower opening, the *Vogue*/VH1 Awards, and the Costume Institute gala. "She cashed in her P.R. chips for the next year," says another flack. "Russell Simmons is on every tip sheet in New York," says one veteran party reporter. "I've never seen a party he didn't like." And last year's top draft picks, the much-sought-after schoolgirl socialites Paris and Nicky Hilton, now seem to RSVP *yes* for everything they're invited to. "The Hilton girls are so pathetic," groans a publicist, who particularly objected to their over-the-top *Vogue* spread in February. "After that article, *I* would have locked myself in the house and studied anthropology for the rest of my life." The dream team of the eighties—Sylvia Miles, Jay McInerney, Bret Easton Ellis, and Morgan Entrekin—has sat out the past few seasons, but one member refuses to let his number be retired: "Anthony Haden-Guest still goes out to drink and grope," says a gossip writer of the man who won *Spy*'s Ironman Nightlife Decathlon in 1988. "It's gross."

As old players drop out, there's always a fresh round of recruits from the modeling agencies, and this year's contenders for most-overexposed mannequins are Kylie Bax, Natane Adcock, and Carmen Kass. "I'd rather see a model than a lot of these other people," says a tabloid nightlife columnist. "But I wish I saw these girls in magazines as much as I see them out."

Then there are the minor-leaguers who have to attend *every* tryout. "You ➤

POLITICS Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

See prez thanking Pat Moynihan and Lazio in GOP soft-money ad. Note image of Pat and Rick side by side. Oops! Moynihan wasn't at White House, and hasn't been photographed with Lazio. Nice computer imaging, though! ●

Dubya taps Cheney. "There are few Americans who can match Dick Cheney's record," says Rick. And how: One of only 21 who voted against cop-killer-bullet ban. Can you say "depressed New York GOP turnout?" ○

Post–Camp David, Hill beats Rick to punch in saying no U.S. $$$ for Palestinians if they declare unilateral state. When even the *Post* applauds her, you know she's getting this Israel thing right. ●

Calls for debates, taking high road, but look out: Conventional wisdom believes she would slaughter Boy Ricky one-on-one, so if she doesn't, debate may benefit Lazio. Unless he hires Stockdale as coach. ○

otographs: top, clockwise from top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Patrick McMullan; Robin Platzer/Twin Images(2); trick McMullan; bottom, Richard B. Levine (2). Illustration by Ingo Fast.

Party *continued from page 13*

can tell what a party is going to be like based on how many C-listers round out the tip sheet," says a canny columnist. "Those guys from *Oz, Third Watch,* and *Law & Order* are out every night of the week," complains a gossip writer. "I dare *anybody* to tell me which person is on which show. You could throw a party in a cardboard box and they'd be there." Another put-me-in-coach player is platinum-blonde Puff Daddy parent Janice Combs: "It's fine when you see her at an event like Mary J. Blige's after-party," says a gossip. "But what could she possibly be doing at the Clickradio.com launch?"

When party hosts can't promise publicity, they use goody bags, buffets, and open bars to tempt potential partygoers, turning some events into the equivalent of Bat Day at Yankee Stadium. One party reporter watched as Fred Schneider of the B-52's guzzled gallons of gazpacho and gelato with his date at an Italian restaurant's recent anniversary celebration before the sated couple ducked out to continue their evening elsewhere. Other attendees regularly ransack the souvenir stands. "I've seen bad goody-bag behavior," sighs a publicist who is so tired of second-rate stars' stealing extra sacks that she has taken to drawing up a *second* list of those who are allowed a goody bag.

Seasoned roster watchers say that some athletes do get benched for bad behavior—or just for fifteen-minute violations. One publicist hopefully wonders whether overtime actors Liev Schreiber and Adrien Brody have been sent to the showers. But another bets that they're just in training: "Those guys are hiding under a rock, getting ready for the fall season—for a true cause, like the opening of another Scoop store."

KRISTINA RICHARDS

POLITICS

The *Who* Sell Out?

An unsigned band lands its big break at . . . the Republican convention.

IF CAMPAIGNS ARE AS MUCH ABOUT STAGECRAFT as about politicians, Republicans always seem to get tripped up by the soundtrack. Ronald Reagan ran into trouble when he used "Born in the U.S.A."; Bobby McFerrin blasted the elder Bush's campaign for using "Don't Worry, Be Happy." But at this week's Republican National Convention, it's the retro pop of Interpreters USSA (formerly and better known as just the Interpreters)—a sort of Kinks meets the Knack meets the Jam meets the early Who—that's assuming the Fleetwood Mac role in setting the George W. Bush campaign to music. "They're part of the new, dynamic sound we're looking for," raves Mark McKinnon, Bush's media consultant. "Typically, Republican conventions are all about the Oak Ridge Boys."

The Faustian subtext of hitching his music to a campaign is lost on the Interpreters' founder, Herschel Gaer (second from left), a 26-year-old aspiring filmmaker turned rocker with a weekly D.J. gig at Halo and a mullet hairdo that suggests a baby-faced Ray Davies. "At first, I was like, I can't do this—this is the Nazi party," Gaer says breathlessly. "But then my dad said, 'You should. It's a way to get your voice heard.' " Gaer describes himself as a liberal, but he's happy his song "Marathon Man" is being considered as Bush's campaign anthem. With a chorus of "Run run run" repeated for sixteen bars, it was written "as a metaphor for life," he says. "But it's been brought to my attention that it's a metaphor for the campaign, too."

The Interpreters' big break has made for strange bedfellows: McKinnon was hipped to the band by relentless scenester and sometime political documentarian Donovan Leitch—who also supplied Gaer with bass player Nigel Mogg, formerly of Leitch's band Nancy Boy. "All the girlfriends in the band are mad at me," Leitch says. "They think this is the death of the Interpreters. But, I mean, Jimi Hendrix opened for the Monkees."

Gaer insists he's playing *to* Republicans, not with them. "I figure I could do film when I'm 50, but I can only do a band now," he says. "The sellout age is coming soon." Maybe sooner than he thinks.

ROBERT KOLKER

NIGHTLIFE

The Tabs Keep Tabs on Tabs

IF IT LOOKS LIKE AN ECSTASY OVERDOSE AND SOUNDS LIKE AN ecstasy overdose, it's close enough for the tabloids, which seized on the apparently drug-related death of Johns Hopkins student James Wiest at Twilo July 22 as the latest local symbol of an ecstasy crisis. Yet days after the *Post* and *Daily News* reported Wiest's death in connection with the pill that's been the subject of TV news segments and Senate hearings, many in clubland wonder if the media overlooked a more likely chemical suspect. "When the EMTs arrived, they said that it looked like a classic GHB overdose," says Twilo general manager Mike Bindra. A colorless, odorless liquid, GHB (gamma hydroxybutyrate)—sometimes called "liquid ecstasy" although it's a completely different drug—can induce seizures, coma, or death. One clubber who attended Twilo that night says she remembers that a man whose description matches Wiest's "fell like a ton of bricks." Such sudden blackouts are more commonly associated with GHB than with ecstasy. According to a spokeswoman for the medical examiner's office, Wiest's autopsy results won't be available for at least another week. When they are, they may not point to the drug, because "if you wait too long, GHB is broken down by the body," according to Dr. Arlene Curry, attending physician at St. Vincent's hospital. "I don't understand why there was so much media coverage of this," says the Twilo patron, noting that other recent overdoses have been all but ignored. One possible explanation, according to Bindra: "Before the facts are in, the media are attributing his death to ecstasy because ecstasy is getting national attention." ETHAN BROWN

Photograph by Michael Sofronsk

SILICON ALLEY

Party Downsize

At Pink Slip Parties, the Internet's unemployed go for broke.

NEITHER RAIN NOR HEAT NOR NASDAQ downturns dampen the spirits of the dot-com crowd—they just give them other excuses to party. Now that Website-launch events are beginning to thin, the latest reason to network and talk e-shop over a cocktail or two is the weekly Pink Slip Party thrown by Allison Hemming, president of the Hired Guns, a company that finds freelance professionals for start-ups.

Although Hemming says she started the parties this summer to help downsized dot-commers achieve "closure," the atmosphere last Wednesday at Chelsea's Rebar was more college mixer than encounter group. Gesticulating with $3 Bud bottles to underscore points about face-to-face and b-to-b, about 60 guys in sport jackets and women in sensible skirts compared war stories, job offers, and the bygone perks of a more optimistic Alley. "Did you get free soda in your office?" asked Steve Granados, a 33-year-old marketing consultant with an M.B.A. Around nine o'clock, six partyers draped in Mardi Gras beads rolled in from a HotJobs.com event and started a drunken dance circle in front of the D.J.

"What better way to look for a job than by having a couple of drinks?" said Susana Saja, a 27-year-old marketer who just got laid off from Orientation.com. "Being out of work is not stressful at all: I get to eat ice cream on the couch, watch movies, go to the beach. I'm not begging for a job; they are begging for employees."

They were there, too, purposefully drifting from clique to clique. "There's no stigma attached to people who have been downsized," said Reuel Ghosh, an information-technology specialist and recruiter for Bon-Accord, as he slipped a business card into his coat pocket. "I can't find people on the job boards, but at these things, someone always knows someone else who's available."

Accustomed to being wined and dined by prospective employers, most of the partygoers were less interested in importuning corporate suitors than in evaluating them. "Just because big companies have a lot of money, it doesn't mean they're any good," says Nicolas Lee, a 25-year-old new-media marketing strategist. I'll never just take a job again." DENISE MAHER

REAL ESTATE

A Greasy Spoon Gets Licked

"IT'S LIKE SOME STRANGE SEVENTIES FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT that exists on the edge of the universe," says one office worker about the Starrett-Lehigh Building's coffee shop. Now it may be falling over the edge: Since the building was sold in 1998, its new owners seem to have been doing whatever they can to keep their fancy new tenants (Hugo Boss, Martha Stewart, Inside.com) from finding the shop's fish fillets and Western omelettes. Earlier this year, diner employees came to work to find their glass doors to the lobby walled up with cinder blocks. They sued and got those taken down—only to see them replaced by a steel door and meat-locker-style plastic strips. "It's harassment, that's what it is," says the luncheonette's manager, who won't give his name. Then the landlords put a coffee cart in the lobby. (Starrett leasing agent Rob Kurtz says the new tenants asked for it: "We literally had the presidents of companies in the building saying, *Isn't there any alternative?*") Now a plywood shed has entombed the diner's windows. "When I think of an old-time coffee shop, I think of something cozier," says Kurtz. "The new tenants no longer want a cheeseburger and bacon. They want coffee that won't burn out your guts." The scaffolding is simply for cleaning the façade, he adds. "This looks like what you put up if you want to demolish something," counters the diner manager. "These are gutsy, mean bastards. We gotta go back to court again." CARL SWANSON

BRAND X

Mild Kingdom

BRAND: Pampers **AGENCY:** D'Arcy Masius Benton & Bowles (NY)
CREATIVE DIRECTOR: Arlene Jaffe

PAMPERS IS A GREAT PRODUCT THAT also happens to be a . . . shitty product. But never mind the soiled subtext—Pampers' new TV spot dispenses entirely with human babies and instead features adorable shots of wild animals. A tiger cub nestles between its mother's paws, a pony chases behind its parents, a mama otter affectionately nuzzles—well, you get the idea. But in case you don't, there's the swelling soundtrack: Rod Stewart's "Forever Young." Nowhere are there any diapers in sight, and upon first viewing, it's easy enough to think that maybe you've sat on the remote control and accidentally switched to Animal Planet. But there, right at the end, is the payoff tag line: "We're right behind you. Pampers. Every step of the way." (Right *behind* you?) Turns out Procter & Gamble isn't just out to goose its market share (37 percent of the $4 billion diaper market, versus Kimberly-Clark's 44 percent). The Cincinnati-based packaged-goods giant has announced plans to license the Pampers name for a new line of infant- and children's-wear, which makes this soft-focus image campaign suddenly seem much more strategic. If motorcycle manufacturer Harley-Davidson can clear millions in pure profit by licensing its name to apparel companies, why can't a maker of disposable crap sacks do the same? If you can forget for a moment that animals don't wear diapers—or clothing—this campaign makes perfect sense. SIMON DUMENCO

Pampers
We're right behind you.

Illustration by Steve Wacksman.

REALTY BITES

Bidder Up!

In the rental market, life imitates eBay.

IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN—DELTA Shuttle–loads of freshly minted M.B.A.'s and law-school graduates are pouring into Manhattan, seeking shelter appropriate to their aspirations. Most of their problems are familiar: A $100,000-a-year beginning associate doesn't want to lug his Coach briefcase to the fifth floor of a walk-up. Only this year, brokers say, apartments are regularly renting for *more than the landlord asked*. "It's happening more and more frequently," says Marge Pearson, director of residential rentals at Douglas Elliman. "It's 'I want this apartment, and what's it going to take?' " She recently saw two bidders tussling over a $9,000 two-bedroom off Central Park West get outbid by someone offering $500 a month more. A few blocks over, Corcoran's Scott Stewart had a client close the deal on a prewar West End Avenue three-bedroom by paying $1,000 over the $8,000 monthly rent. "It's suddenly about who's going to pay the most, take the apartment the soonest, and require the landlord to do the least amount of work," says Benjamin James Real Estate president Douglas Wagner. He recently watched a prewar co-op at 24 Fifth Avenue that was advertised for $2,600 bid up to $3,500 before the owner decided to accept a $2,800 offer from the applicant who seemed most likely to pass the co-op board. It's worst for new grads and others without local rental histories, some of whom are asked to pay for a full year up front. "I can think of half a dozen in the last three weeks," says Wagner. "Just so they can get the kind of apartment they want in Manhattan, they're having their parents front twelve months in advance." *Mom!*

CARL SWANSON

GOTHAM REALESTATE

Attention, Kmart Shoppers

Rosie O'Donnell is buying cutie-patootie West Side house.

IT LOOKS LIKE TALK-SHOW HOST AND FORmer Kmart pitchwoman Rosie O'Donnell is taking to heart the slogan of her "Chub Club": "Eat less . . . Move more." In December, she moved out of Helen Hayes's old house in Nyack to a white Victorian in a gated community in Greenwich, citing security concerns. A mere six months later, she moved back to Rockland County, to a hilltop home in Valley Cottage. At the same time, she was looking to move in Manhattan, where she's been living in the Grand Millennium apartment building overlooking Lincoln Center. Now, real-estate sources say, she's buying a $6 million house off Columbus Avenue in the Eighties. It's in move-in condition, "very open and airy and sunny," says Corcoran broker Anne Snee, who sold the place last in 1997 for $1.75 million, when it was divided into four units. She says the buyer "ripped it to smithereens" to create a one-family home complete with a two-story atrium overlooking the garden. Its proximity to two things will appeal to O'Donnell: the local police precinct house, for security, and the Rose Center for Earth and Space, in case her three kids want to see stars that haven't been on Mom's couch. CARL SWANSON

BIG DEALS

Harlem

543 and 545 Manhattan Avenue

Two 3,300-square-foot brownstones. Asking: $1.325 million. Selling: $1.3 million. Time on market: six months.

THESE BROWNSTONES AREN'T A matched set inside—No. 545 retains all of its weighty 1886 woodwork, whereas its renovated neighbor has exposed brick walls and the like. Still, the new owner won't have a hard time if he wants to combine them; he'll just have to reopen the bricked-up workmen's doorways between the two that date back to their construction. He's buying the pair through Douglas Elliman's Jan Hashey for his kids, a Columbia grad student and a dancer. Elliman's Todd Marsh, who represented the seller, knows No. 545 especially well: Ten years ago, when it was still an apartment building, he rented there.

Dad, she's on my side of the property Side-by-side 1886 brownstones for the kids on Manhattan Avenue.

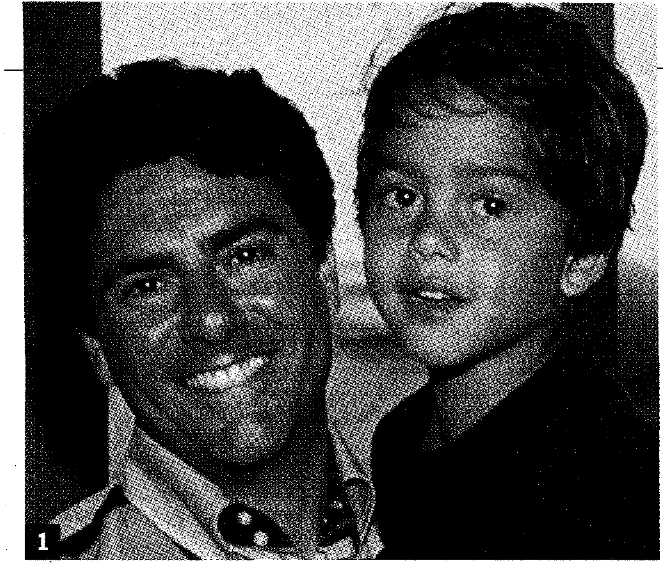
Chelsea

126 West 22nd Street

Two-bath, 2,200-square-foot condominium loft. Asking: $775,000. Selling: $775,000. Charges and taxes: $1,300. Time on market: one day.

THE BANKER-AND-LAWYER COUPLE who purchased this condo needed space and were willing to trade a lot for it. Choosing this half-floor in the new Chelsea Flats development meant losing the doorman and other amenities of their nearby postwar co-op. It took a while, too. Too late to bid on another apartment in the building, they grabbed this one when it came on the market; they made their offer in December but just closed. "They counted on the market rising," says their broker, Mark Mahler of DG Neary (the building's new offerings are listed with Corcoran). They were right: Asked to speculate on what the place might list for now, Mahler begs off, then guesses: "Who knows? Nine-fifty, maybe a million." CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer; bottom, Noah Sheldon

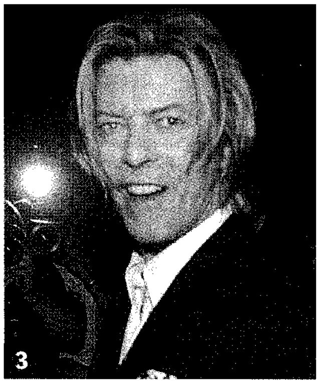


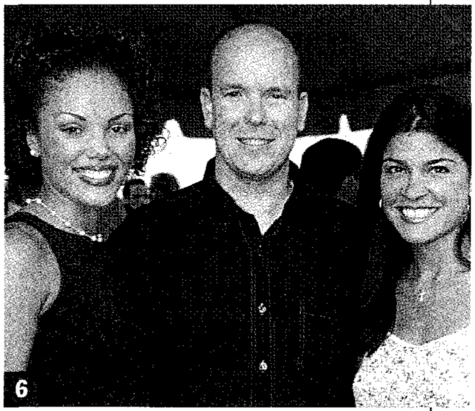
THE SCENE

A Bunch of *Yahoo!s*

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

STUDIO 54, THE SITE OF THE *YAHOO! INTERNET LIFE* ONLINE MUSIC Awards on July 24, had certainly seen rowdier days. "I don't think this crowd has left their computers in the last five years," quipped a guest as she surveyed the sea of chambray shirts. But David Bowie was apparently a good enough reason to put a temporary halt to all the mouse-clicking: "He's a legend!" screeched a fashion-house Fran Drescher look-alike. (*Yahoo!* agreed and awarded Bowie an Online Pioneer award.) MTV's Kurt Loder showed up to present an award, mumbling, "I'm not quite sure how I got roped into this." It wasn't because he's an online-music advocate: "I get most of my CDs for free," he admitted. Then, without warning, before the show had even started, the bar stopped serving alcohol. "This is what happens when you let computer nerds throw a party," grumbled one disappointed dude in pleated pants to another. The audience was forced to focus on other things: Bridget Hall smooched her date at a table; Martha Stewart leaned back in her seat for a catnap. Finally, desperately, John Leguizamo brought out a magnum of red wine to stir the audience. After taking a swig, he passed the bottle to a blonde, who did the same and passed the drink to her pal. Hey, you take your hedonism where you can get it these days. KRISTINA RICHARDS





1. Richard Mishaan and his son, Nicholas, at the Alliance for the Arts party at the Mishaans' home. 2. Patti LaBelle and Janice Combs at a *Vogue* party at the Genny Boutique. 3. David Bowie at the *Yahoo! Internet Life* Online Music Awards. 4. Frances Hayward and Peter Jennings at Grey Gardens for the New York Philomusica concert and dinner. 5. Lucy Sykes, Glenda Bailey, Famke Janssen, and Mary Alice Stephenson at a *Marie Claire* party at Lotus. 6. Miss USA Lynnette Cole, Prince Albert, and Maureen Reidy at the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge benefiting the Princess Grace Foundation. 7. Kristin Davis at China Club for a Kodak camera launch. 8. Cindy Willis and Jack Hadlock at Patricia and George Kraus's home for a party benefiting Southampton Hospital. 9. Marge Brinkley, Christie Brinkley, and her daughter Alexa at Mica and Ahmet Ertegun's home following the Billy Joel concert to benefit the STAR Foundation.

ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO

I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

Our critics sound off on Bush's VP pick, the politics of health care, and the Camp David peace talks.

Maer Roshan: So Bush has picked as his running mate Dick Cheney, a pro-life, colorless candidate with a dicey voting record from a small state. Wise choice?

Ed Koch: Nope. I like Cheney personally, but he'll end up being an albatross around Bush's neck. In this day and age, you can't have a candidate whose record includes opposing Head Start, opposing a ban on cop-killer bullets, and fighting a resolution urging the freedom of Nelson Mandela. Bush will come to regret this, if he doesn't already.

Al D'Amato: I disagree. Not only is Dick Cheney qualified to be vice-president, he's better qualified than Gore to be *president*! Maybe he doesn't have the glitz, but the fact is, people are *tired* of glitz. Cheney's a man of substance and great accomplishments. The Democrats and their attack dogs will try to destroy him, but it won't work.

M.R.: Given Cheney's controversial record, why do you think Bush chose him?

E.K.: Because he doesn't give a shit. Bush is getting arrogant now. He believes he has this election locked up. The fact is, he doesn't. Gore is a good debater, and he fights hard when he's the underdog. Now he has something to hit Bush with.

A.D.: You're right that the election isn't over. This is still a pick-'em race. Bush will even be forced to fight hard for Florida, where his brother is governor. On purely political grounds, I admit, Cheney is not an exciting choice. Bush could have gone for someone who would broaden the party—someone younger, pro-choice, like Pataki or Tom Ridge. McCain would have cinched the election for him. But obviously this wasn't a political choice for Bush. It was personal. Gore's choice for VP will be more political, but *everything* about Gore is politically contrived, and everybody knows it. That's why Gore will lose.

M.R.: When you look at the electoral map, Bush and Gore are running about even. But there's a definite sense that Gore is lagging in momentum and energy. You're a savvy strategist, Senator. What would you advise him to do?

A.D.: Well, he's doing it. Gore's gone on the attack. He went down to Texas and pointed out all the problems there with education, with poverty, with health care. He's going to look for vulnerabilities and exploit them. That's the only thing he *can* do. Because in the end, he's just not a charismatic guy; he's no Reagan or Clinton. He has to depend upon slashing attacks to galvanize his base. He's good at it.

M.R.: Bush and Gore have both talked a lot about health-care reform, but insurance and pharmaceutical companies have contributed four times more to Bush's campaign than to Gore's. What does that say to you, Ed?

E.K.: Well, it says that the insurance and pharmaceutical companies are very scared that the Democrats *will* reform the system. They're petrified of a Gore victory! The main issue is prescription drugs for the elderly. I, for example, have both Medicare and private insurance; but I had a stroke in '87. I had a heart attack last year. I need ten prescription drugs to extend my life. If I had to buy them myself, they'd cost me $10,000 or more. But I'm lucky! Fifteen percent of Medicare patients don't have any other insurance, and Medicare doesn't pay for prescription drugs. Democrats want Medicare to pick up the bill. Republicans don't.

A.D.: Well, it's not so simple. Right now the issue cuts in favor of Democrats. It's very appealing if you can tell voters, "Don't worry, because we're going to pay all your bills for prescription drugs." But it's not sound policy. My God! You know this great surplus that we're always talking about? Do you know the best way to destroy it? Let the government administer a new health program!

M.R.: Let's end with the Camp David talks, which dissolved with each side blaming the other for not giving enough. Do Israelis and Palestinians deserve equal blame?

A.D.: Look. Barak and Arafat face a lot of internal opposition. They both have to bring home an agreement they can sell to their people. This was a first step, and the president deserves lots of credit for sticking with it as long as he did.

E.K.: I have very mixed emotions. I support Barak and the peace process, but I understand Israelis who don't. They say, Don't you remember in 1929 when they had a pogrom in Hebron and killed every Jew? When the Arabs conquered Old Jerusalem, they destroyed every synagogue in that city! They took tombstones from the Mount of Olives and used them to tile their *latrines*! So of course Israelis are anxious. So are the Arabs. But what's the choice? Ultimately, peace is the only option. ■

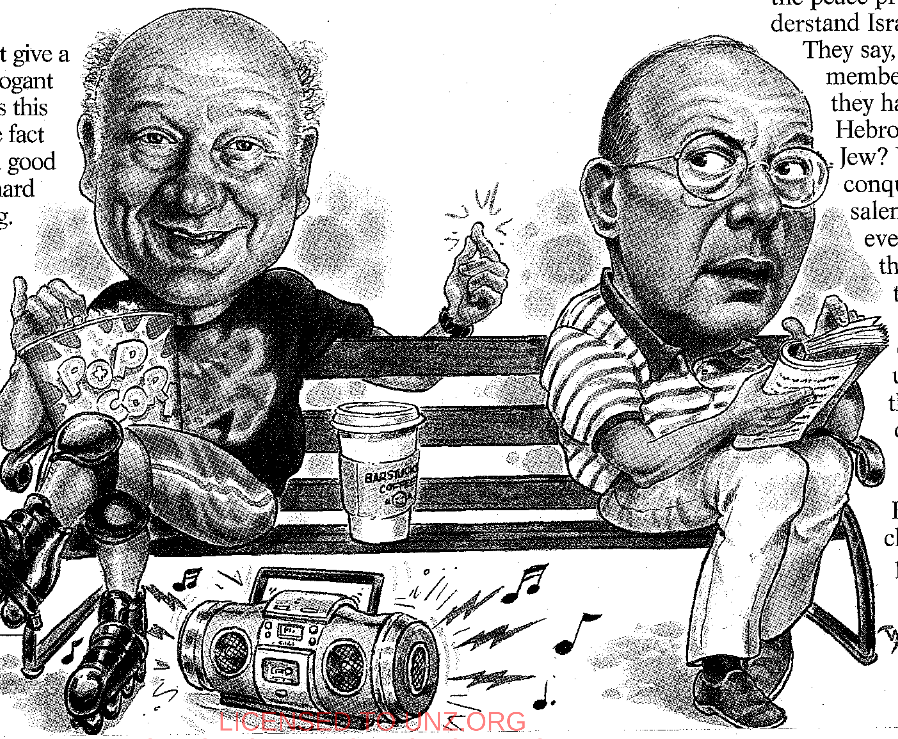
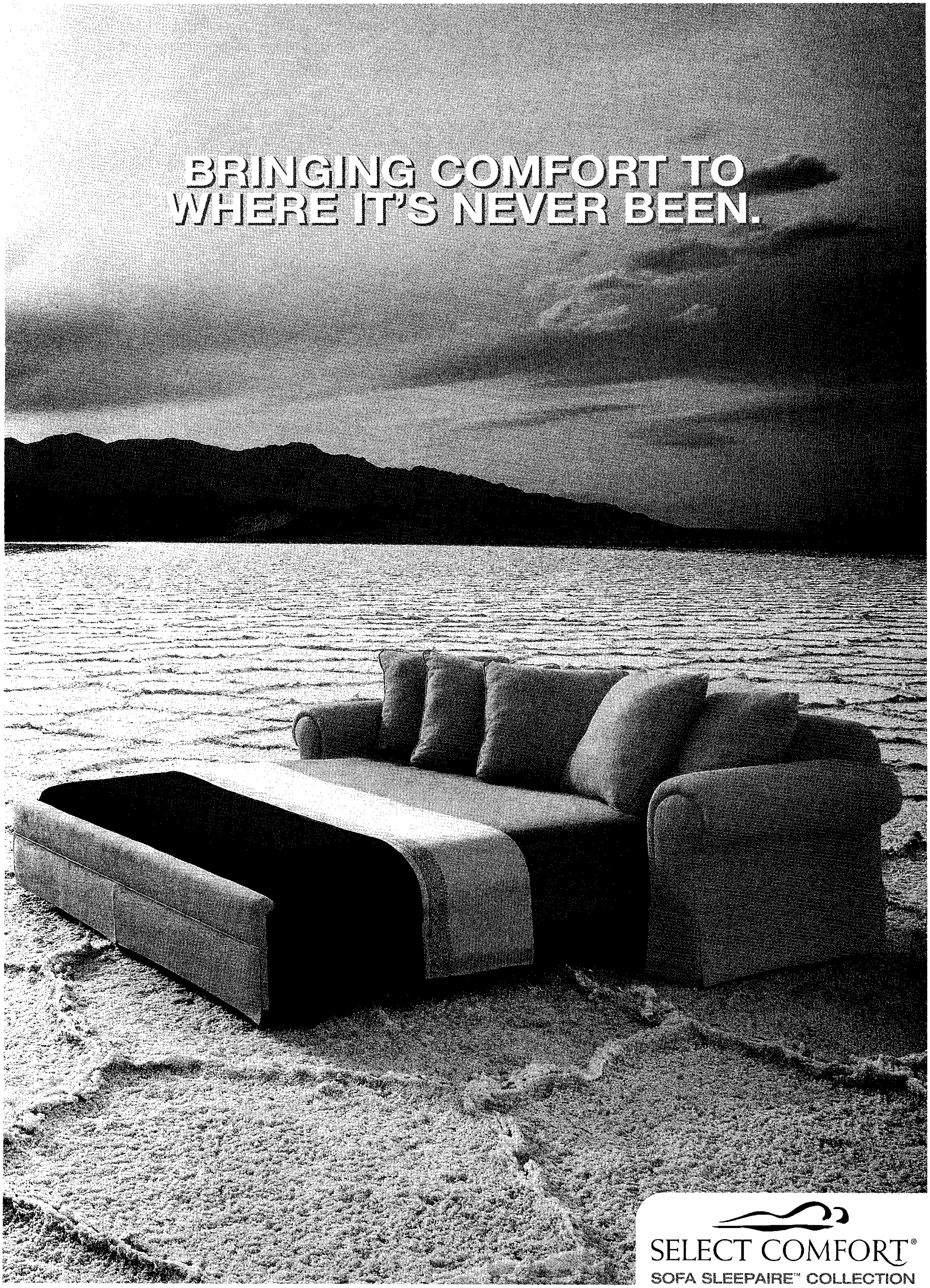


Illustration by S. B. Whitehea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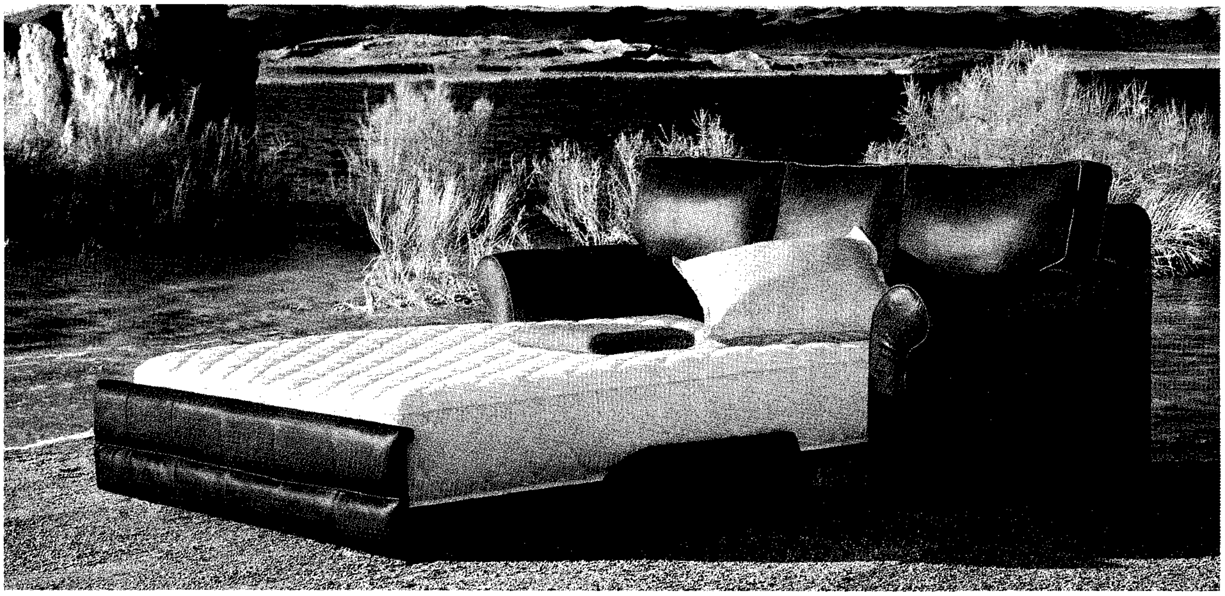

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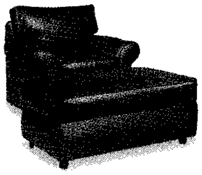

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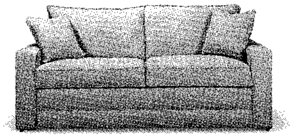

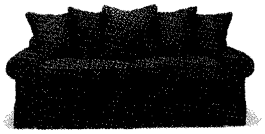

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GOTHAMSTYLE

SAN FRANCISCO EDITION

Arcs de Triumph

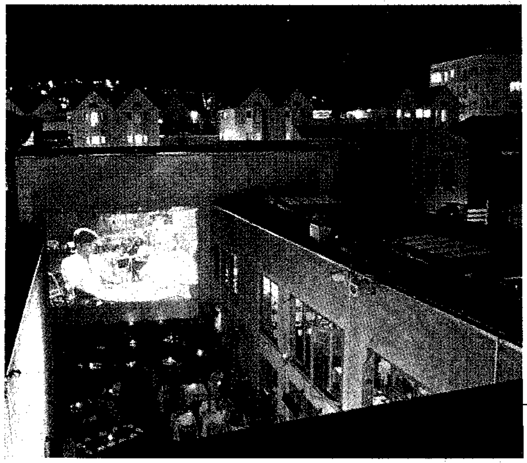
"I'm addicted to it," says a platinum blonde perched on a stool at a Fillmore Street bar. "I either sneak off during the day when I don't have any appointments or swing by after work." Her habit? A $25 biweekly eyebrow tint and wax at BeneFit's backroom brow bar (2117 Fillmore Street; 415-567-0242). The makeup boutique sees 250 people a day—most of them walk-ins—and five women sit in the room at one time. The cattle-call atmosphere is alleviated by the pampering: After the waxing wizards have whisked away every stray hair, a makeup artist conceals reddened skin free of charge. Eliza Petrescu, watch your back: BeneFit is opening in New York in 2001. KRISTINA RICHARDS

So You Wanna Look Like a D.J.?

With every person who owns a turntable in S.F. fancying himself a D.J., stores are stocking up on clothes and accessories so the poseurs can at least look the part. True (1415 Haight Street; 415-626-2882), owned by Willie Brown's son Michael, and Red Five (1472 Haight Street; 415-552-6494), which opened last month, are leading the headphone herd. Red Five owner Erik Ross sells streetwear labels like Generic Costume and Sarcastic; True carries urban faves Triple Five Soul and Alpha Numeric. If the clothes don't put you in the mood to wax rhapsodic, perhaps the $500 plastic turntable in Red Five's window will. K.R.

Mission Accomplished

Restaurants in San Francisco's Mission District are best known for serving Tecate and tacos, but at Foreign Cinema (2534 Mission Street; 415-648-7600) and Blowfish Sushi (2170 Bryant Street; 415-285-3848), movies are the *plats du jour.* Films like *Run Lola Run* and *Guantanamera* are projected onto an adjacent building at Foreign Cinema (pictured), where speakers sit on each table but American accents are still the loudest in the house. At Blowfish, techno tunes obscure the sounds of Japanimation flicks like *Perfect Blue* and *Plastic Little,* but the sake-sipping crowd doesn't seem to notice. In this George Lucas town, it seems, movies are just one of a restaurant's special effects. K.R.



SHOP TALK

Bravely combatting a collective clothing consciousness that's more *Slacker* than *Sex and the City,* the style elite has set its sights on San Francisco, going so far as to introduce items that can't be had in New York City. Marc Jacobs's store opens August 4 at 125 Maiden Lane (415-362-6500), complementing the new Louis Vuitton store (233 Geary Street; no phone yet), which also stocks his designs. Opening next door to L.V. is Salvatore Ferragamo (233 Geary Street; 415-391-9595), promising cashmere and suede wraps in summer to accommodate chilly Bay Area weather. Prada has established a temporary women's-store beachhead (140 Geary Street; 415-391-8844) until a permanent shop opens in 2001. And once all the Silicon Valley cats and Napa nabobs are properly outfitted, Club Monaco, which opens in late October (340 Post Street; no phone yet), will go after their living rooms with its Caban home collection—which Manhattanites can get only if they trek out to Manhasset. K.R.

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(THIS IS A LONG STORY, BEAR WITH US.)

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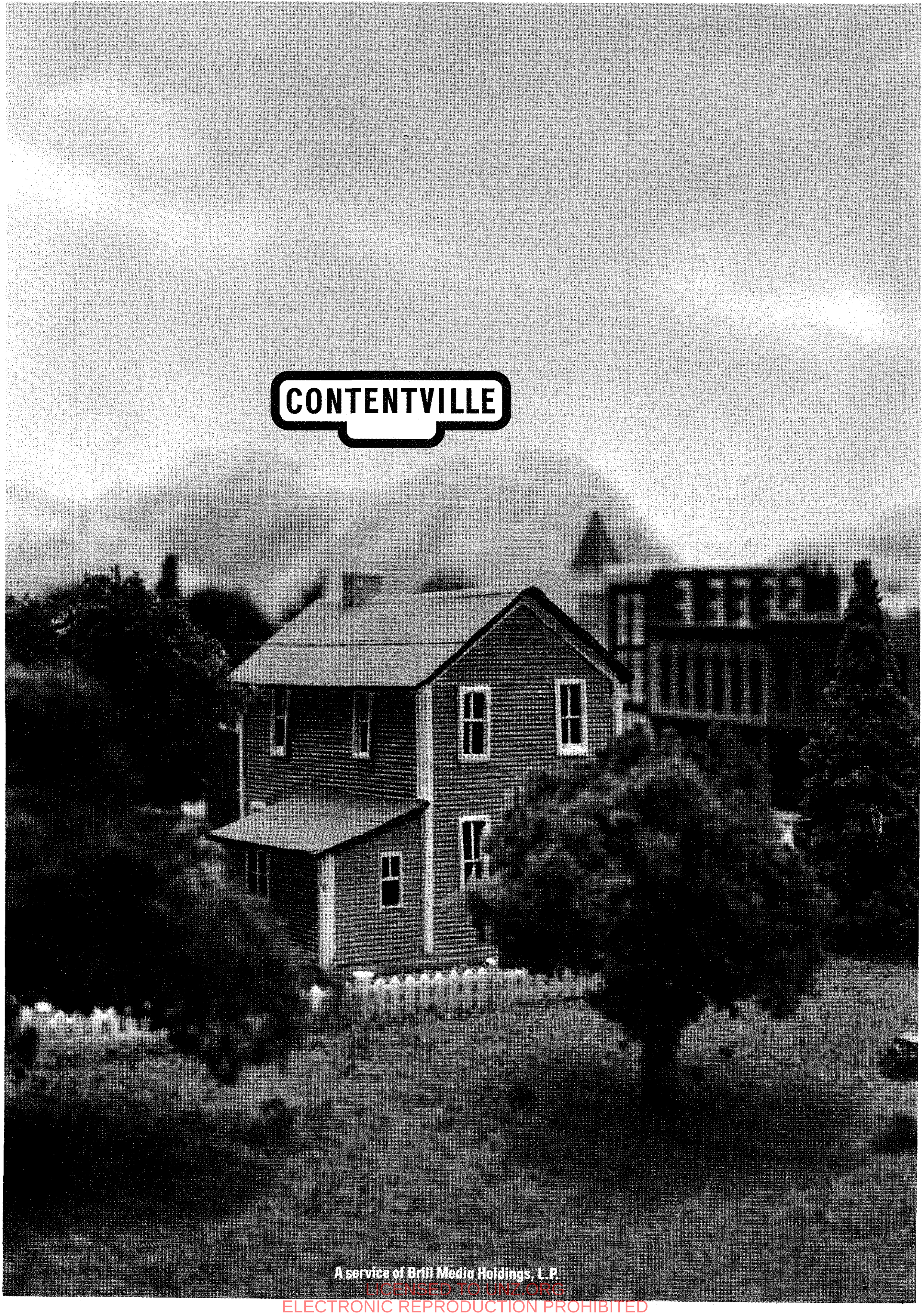

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THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Extra Credit

While Mrs. Clinton is pummeled for a mysterious, 26-year-old epithet, Rick Lazio has been commandeering bills of concern to Jews—whether or not he had any input on them.

"ONCE IS HAPPENSTANCE," Auric Goldfinger counseled James Bond, "and twice is coincidence." And what would he call three times?

Twice before, Rick Lazio has been caught lassoing legislation originated by a Democratic colleague, putting his name on it, and claiming credit for it. It happened again two weeks ago, under the cover of a tentacled appropriations bill, and the episode tells us quite a lot about the Lazio method.

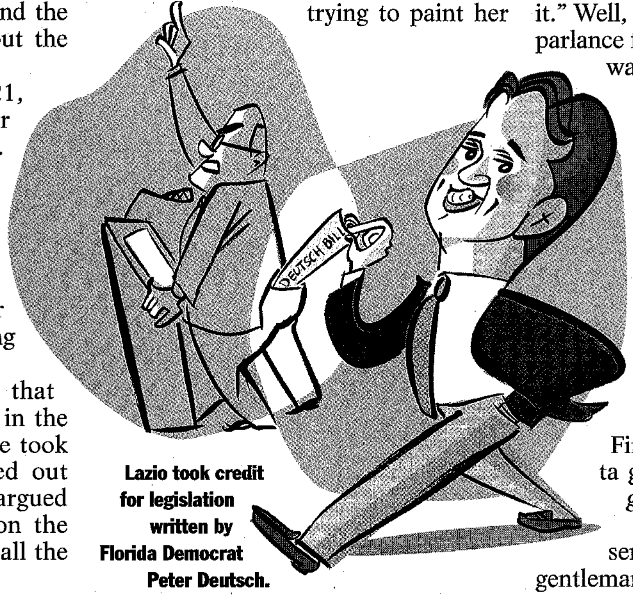
Here's the story: On July 21, Hillary Clinton attacked Lazio for voting for a $4,000 pay raise. The pay raise was included in HR4871, a Treasury appropriations bill. Since there was no separate vote on the raise, Mrs. Clinton's sally was kind of silly, but hardly out of the ordinary for someone running against a sitting member of Congress.

Lazio responded by saying that there were a lot of good things in the bill that merited support. But he took it one step further—he plucked out some of those good things and argued that because Mrs. C hit him on the raise, she was therefore against all the *nice* stuff.

So on July 21, his campaign issued a press release under the headline HILLARY CLINTON COMES OUT AGAINST SANCTIONS FOR TORMENTORS OF IRANIAN JEWS. At issue is the fate of the ten Iranian Jews convicted of espionage in Tehran, under circumstances that needless to say did not meet Western jurisprudential standards. There was an amendment included in HR4871, which the press release proudly trumpeted as the "Lazio Amendment," that would prevent the Clinton administration from lifting an existing embargo on Iranian goods. The release quoted Lazio campaign manager Bill Dal Col: "Mrs. Clinton's opposition to this measure is indefensible."

This didn't sound right to me. The Clinton campaign has made its share of mistakes, but would Hillary actually come out against this obvious and easy hanging curveball? Of course, she had not; in fact, she had expressed her outrage over the case previously. Her campaign's people didn't know about this "Lazio Amendment" until I told them, and spokesman Howard Wolfson said last week that yes, Mrs. Clinton would support such an amendment.

So there's your clear lie about Mrs. Clinton's position, trying to paint her as anti-Jewish on an issue on which she'd already spoken out on the pro-Jewish side. But here's the kicker: It wasn't Lazio's amendment!



Lazio took credit for legislation written by Florida Democrat Peter Deutsch.

After reading the press release, I went to www.congress.gov to look into the history. The only amendment to HR4871 that was about Iranian Jews was identified as the Deutsch Amendment. That would be Florida Democrat Peter Deutsch, who represents Fort Lauderdale and the Keys. Deutsch, says his spokesman, Ray Krauze, came up with the bill and invited Lazio to join as a co-sponsor. You might now ask why a Democrat would want to share credit with a Republican running in the highest-profile Senate race in the country. Could it have something to do with the fact that Democrats know that, because Lazio's running against Hillary, any legislation with his name on it, especially if it pertains remotely to things Jewish, will get the green light from the House Republican leadership? Krauze chuckled warily. "I'm not gonna go there," he said.

In any event, Krauze noted that the amendment "was Congressman Deutsch's brainchild." Well, did Lazio help write it? Krauze checked with the legislative staff: "Our office wrote the entirety of it." Well, did Lazio whip it—Capitol Hill parlance for rounding up votes? Krauze wasn't sure, but as it happened, the amendment passed by voice vote, so no whipping was even needed.

Mollie Conkey, a Lazio spokeswoman, conceded that "the bottom line here in retrospect is we should have put Deutsch's name" on their press release. But she said Lazio played "a very active role" in getting the amendment through.

Lazio did do two things. First, he spoke on the floor (gotta get those remarks in the *Congressional Record*!). Actually, Deutsch barely got out two sentences before Lazio asked the gentleman to yield so he could have the limelight. Second, Lazio's congressional office, as well as his campaign office, issued a press release—the headline on which was LAZIO AMENDMENT PASSES.

The Deutsch episode is Lazio's third strike. Back in May, the San Francisco *Chronicle* reported that Lazio and Bay Area Democrat Anna Eshoo had worked together on a breast-cancer bill. Eshoo did most of the work. But as the bill approached a vote before the full House, Lazio introduced a revised version that was missing (a) money and (b) Eshoo's name. The breast-cancer lobby roared into action, and the money was restored. *Not* Eshoo's name, though.

Earlier in July, after Brooklyn Democrat Anthony Weiner had worked for months trying to pass a bill granting permanent-resident status to 1,500 Syrian

Illustration by Tom Bachtell

Jews in his district and managed to get nowhere with it, Lazio stepped in and introduced the same bill. The Lazio version magically came up under suspension of the rules, and passed.

And now the Long Island legioklept has struck again. Breast cancer, Jews, and Jews. Think that's a coincidence? To Goldfinger, the third time constituted "enemy action"; Lazio may not be interesting enough to be anybody's enemy, but his idea of friendship looks awfully opportunistic.

Lazio has been a reliably pro-Israel vote in the House. But that's not really saying much; King Hussein would have been, if he had represented downstate New York. Lazio has never been a leader on Middle East issues. During the whole Holocaust-reparations business, which came before the Banking Committee he sits on, he was resistant to a class-action lawsuit, brought by a Washington firm on behalf of Holocaust survivors, to revoke the American charters of three Swiss banks. "I'd be very reluctant," Lazio told *Jewish Week* in 1997, "to scapegoat a couple of banks." One of those banks, the Union Bank of Switzerland, was financial adviser to Fleet Bank in its takeover of Quick & Reilly. Lazio profited from that takeover by selling his Quick & Reilly stock just before it happened.

> *"Lazio has been a reliably pro-Israel vote in the House. But that's not really saying much:* **King Hussein would have been,** *if he had represented downstate New York."*

And now, suddenly, every piece of paper that flies off Capitol Hill with the word "Israel" on it has to have "Lazio" on it, too.

Yet apparently more central to the Jewish vote than any of the above is an incredible charge against Hillary Clinton made by three hustlers that dates back 26 years, which no one gave any play to until a former *National Enquirer* reporter peddled the story to Rupert Murdoch's publishing house. Makes you proud to live in America's intellectual capital. ▬

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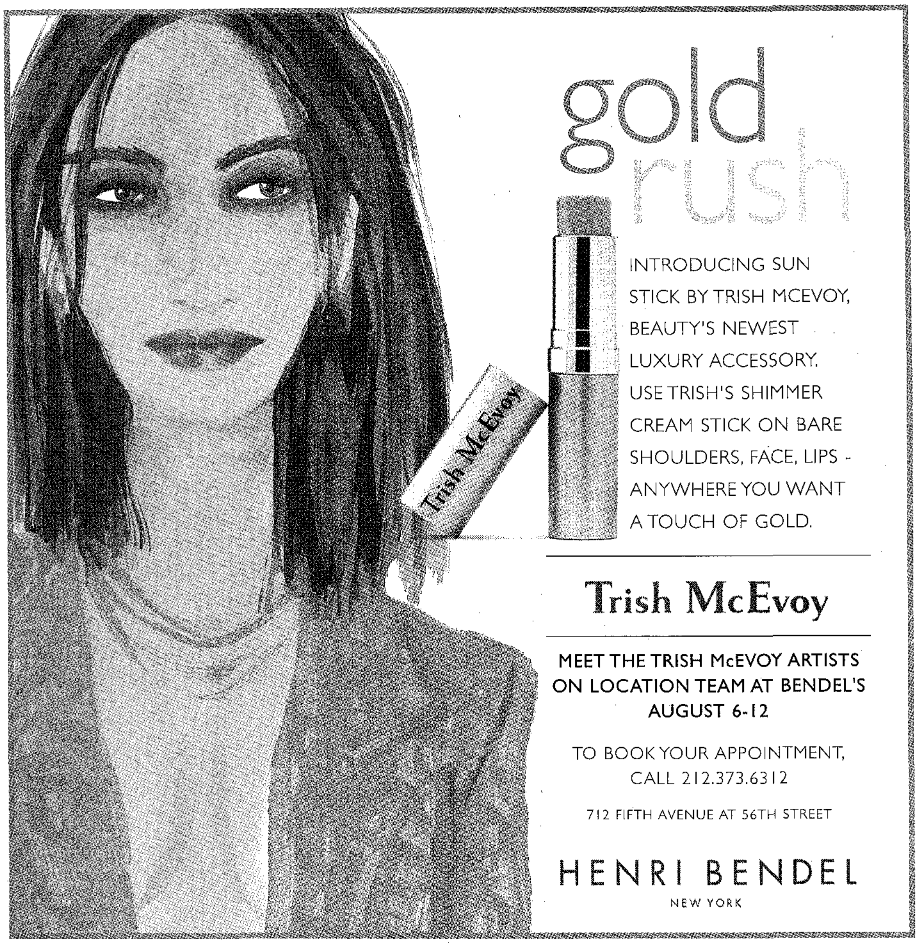

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THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES J. CRAMER

Happy Landings

Making money in this new market has gotten tough, but as the economy glides in for its soft landing, where should smart investors position themselves for the best ride?

NOW THAT THEY'VE STOPPED giving money away on Wall Street, is it still worth playing? If the dot-coms don't work, the old bricks-and-mortar outfits won, and new technology turns out to be a canard, can you still make big bucks buying stocks? And now that the initial-public-offering market has simply disappeared into thin air, is there any reason to trade stocks at all?

These are the rough questions everybody's been asking since the April NASDAQ crash, when the game became, well, hardly a game anymore, more like just a lot of hard work.

I've got the answers, but they aren't what you would expect from someone who has stayed perennially optimistic since the 1982 bull was born. I think we learned a vital lesson during the first three months of this year. Sometimes, including times like now, the stock market becomes too hard for many people to do it themselves. And way too hard for you to quit your real job to stay at home and trade with a fast modem and CNBC.

I thought I would never write those words. I am the ultimate believer that this game can be played at home by amateurs. And I have an innate sense, born of my nontraditional entrance into the field of stock picking—I learned it while I was at law school—that you can find the right stocks by using common sense and as much time as you might devote to reading the ball scores.

But the easy game is over. And a new one has begun, one that I, as a twenty-year pro, frankly, couldn't be happier about. Whereas before it was a game of chance with odds stacked heavily in favor of buyers, now it is a game of skill between buyers and sellers. This suits my talents perfectly, because I am not a technician given to riding trends, something that many of the now-blown-out newbies were. I try to figure out which company is beating out which other company to produce the best cable modems or the best DSL switches. I bet on the potential winner, and I short the stinker. Before the April crash, I would make money on the winner when it came in, but the stinker would take me apart on the short side because the market was incredibly indiscriminate. *Every* horse came in first!

Now my homework is my advantage. My reading of research, talking to companies, and trying to assess how businesses are really doing is, at last, making me more money than it is costing me, as the era of all boats' rising has gone out with the mindlessly bullish tide.

So where does that leave *you*? First, ask yourself: Do you want to be the client, the manager, or me? When the panic struck this spring, did you average down coolly, buy more, take advantage of the dips in the best stocks, and make calculated decisions about what could be kept and what was just ballast ready to be jettisoned over the side? Or did you panic and kick them all out near the bottom? Did you tire of it? Did it sicken you? When you went to Shea, did you find yourself averting your eyes rather than look at those closing prices on the Reuters scoreboard? Does your clicker now skip CNBC and go right back to ESPN, where it used to reside before the big downturn?

If you bailed because you simply couldn't take the pain, you may be a candidate to have someone help you. That panic selling into bottoms happens because you don't really know your own risk tolerance and you probably didn't do any homework. Next time you can scrape up a few bucks, try being the client for a while. Give your money to a mutual-fund or a money manager, or set up a full-service brokerage account. The disrepute the plain old brokers got tarred with during the heyday of do-it-yourselfing seems a little undeserved right now, doesn't it?

But it *is* possible that you've got a taste for doing it yourself, no matter how painful it was, and you still want to be me. You want to get back in the trenches, hook up your high-speed phone line, switch on CNBC, and turn those symbols moving along the bottom of the screen into more dollars. To which I say, great, the more the merrier—but understand, it is not enough these days to know only how to buy. You also have to know how to sell. And how to go short. And how to avoid sand traps.

You just need some guidelines and some help picking the right stocks. You need to know what works and what doesn't, what is right and what is wrong. That's where I come in. I can give you a perspective on what I think will work for the second half of this year, a menu that will help you pick

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Illustration by Peter Hoey

what might suit you, without shoving the choices down your throat.

THIS FIRST YEAR OF THE MILLENNIUM IS shaping up remarkably like a period six years ago, in 1994, when the economy came into the year just blazing. Then, as now, the Fed raised rates. Then, as now, people felt the rate hikes weren't really slowing the market down, and the bears had huge doubts about whether the Fed could manage what is known as a soft landing. Just think about those times when you bounce crazily after your plane's tires hit the tarmac, and you will know what the Fed is trying to avoid. Those who doubt the Fed are . . . let's see, how can I be diplomatic about this? How about *stupid* and *dead wrong*?

The Fed will land the airplane safely, just as it did in 1994. In fact, the time line is so similar that we are simply using the exact air-traffic controller's guide that made us big money in that last slowdown.

In a soft-landing scenario, the first stocks that work are those that do well regardless of whether the Fed lands gently or cracks the fuselage in the process, such as the food and the drug stocks. We like Pfizer because of the synergies that you get from the recent merger with Warner-Lambert and American Home Products, which is being kept down by fears, we think overblown, about coming fen-phen court judgments. In the foods, the best-performing sector of the last quarter, we like General Mills, a real sleeper, and Kraft, which can be owned only if you buy Philip Morris. We have made our peace, ethically, with the latter—we hate what they do with a passion—but we are entrusted with making money for people. I am not being glib; this company, when it spins off Kraft, should go up big, and in the meantime you get a giant and, we think, safe dividend because too many states need the money from Philip Morris to make their health-care budgets.

This quarter, however, we are plunging into the financial stocks. These have been battered and tarnished by the rapidly rising short rates, the ones the Fed uses to engineer the soft landing, but we think that is now "in the stocks." What is not in the stocks is the giant cash flow these companies spin off as well as the huge fees they now take in. Our two favorites are close to home: Citigroup, which is well run by Sandy Weill, and Chase Manhattan Bank, which has a great corporate-bond department and a venture-capital arm, Chase Capital Partners, that has actually weighed the stock down of late out of fears that dot-coms were going belly-up. Talk about the price of pessimism creating a great opportunity. We also plan on buying some Goldman Sachs during the upcoming secondary for exiting partners. Why not? This stock has already felt the downturn. But its franchise is more intact than ever, and it could always be bought by still another bank if its price doesn't rise substantially. Morgan Stanley Dean Witter and Schwab are no slouches, either, and boring Bank America has its attraction, too. This group is extremely out of favor, just what you want when the Fed finishes its tightening.

Beginning in a few weeks, once all the quarterly earnings are out, we will begin to move aggressively into cyclical stocks that have been totally given up on during the big rate hikes and the giant increase in the price of oil. We are currently eyeing both General Motors and Ford and have begun to build a substantial position in Boeing, the daddy of all cyclicals, which seems to be enjoying its first turn in orders in half a decade. We don't want to jump the gun, though. These stocks are strictly whites-of-their-eyes situations. You can't buy them until they tell you that everything is terrible—which they will do when they report earnings. That is the time to pounce.

> *"These stocks are strictly whites-of-their-eyes situations. You can't buy them until they tell you that* **everything is terrible**, *which they will do when they report earnings. That is the time to pounce."*

Of course, we are not abandoning technology, which did extremely well in this part of the calendar back in 1994. But tech has had such a run off the April-May bottom that we are being more selective than we have been in years. We still own Intel, for example, but we are reluctant to buy any more. Same with Sun Micro and Nokia, which have enjoyed enormous runs. We continue to add to our positions in Cisco on weakness, but even that great company has rallied too much for our tastes and we prefer Nortel to its major networking rival. Alas, only Microsoft has been brought so low that we find ourselves still purchasing it aggressively.

Do you just plunge in now, with money waiting on the sidelines, getting full up with these stocks right after you put down the magazine? Absolutely not. This market is uncertain at best. It has fits and starts and goes up and down on a whim. Use the craziness to your advantage. You want to buy 500 shares of Boeing at $44? Don't. Buy 100 shares there, at the market. Then put in a limit order to buy another 200 down two points. And then the final 200 down another two. Worst that happens? Boeing takes off, and all you have is 100 shares. Best? Boeing goes down and you get to buy it at great prices before it starts its climb back. That's letting the whims work for you.

We think individual stocks have plenty of room to romp once the soft landing is complete, just as they did in 1995, one of the biggest years in the market in recent memory. So it would be wrong to sit out the market until the all-clear is sounded by the Fed. That's always way too late to act on. But do it so you won't regret it if the market gets hammered for who knows what reason in the days after your purchases. Do it wisely. If you can't, again, get someone to help you. And above all, stay off margin. We are big boys with credit lines up the wazoo, and we use margin only when we absolutely need it—and even then only for a few days at a time. We know plenty of managers and individuals who have beaten us over short periods of time by using giant dollops of debt. But not one of them survived the most recent downturn, or any of the other downturns, for that matter. Get invested slowly, keep plenty of cash on hand, and remember, when they throw a sale on Wall Street, it is a lot like Main Street: You have to be ready to take advantage of it. Just be sure that the merchandise isn't broken or damaged, with no holes in its financial balance sheet, and you will do just fine. ■

James J. Cramer is manager of a hedge fund and co-founder of TheStreet.com. At time of publication, his fund had positions in American Home Products, Boeing, Cisco, General Mills, Intel, Microsoft, Nokia, Northern Telephone, and Sun Microsystems. His fund often buys and sells securities that are the subject of his columns, both before and after the columns are published, and the positions that his fund takes may change at any time. Under no circumstances does the information in this column represent a recommendation to buy or sell stocks. Cramer's writings provide insights into the dynamics of money management and are not a solicitation for transactions. While he cannot provide investment advice or recommendations, he invites comments at jjcletters@thestreet.com.

thy neighbor's budget

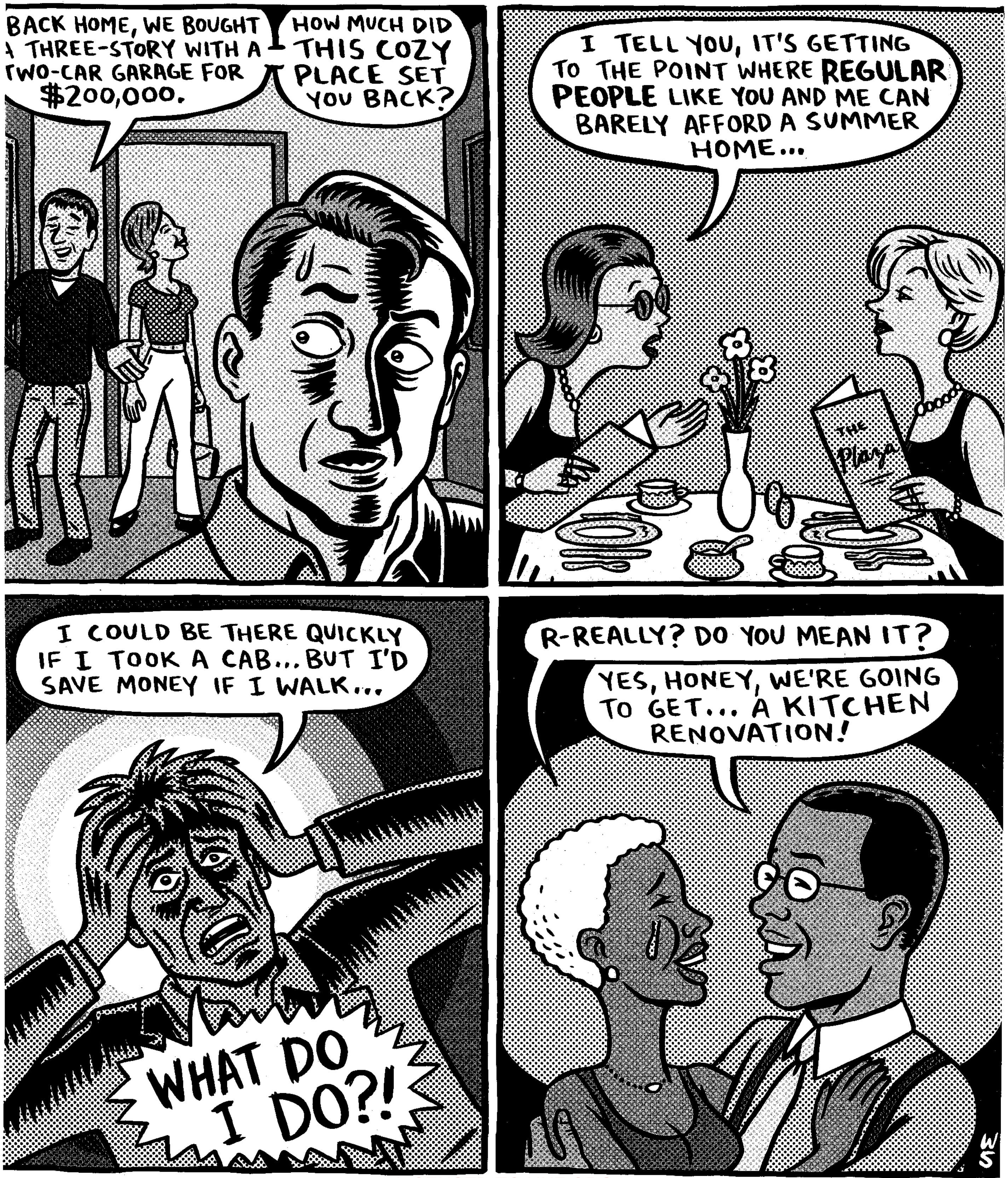
Why do New Yorkers all feel poor? Taxicabs and restaurants, of course. But for a fuller picture of the city's spending habits, we asked seven New Yorkers from all walks of life to tell us where it goes. We learned that it's *still* possible to live the good life here—if only you made a few thousand more. . . .

By David D. Kirkpatrick

Illustrations by Ward Sutton

JUST WHAT DOES IT COST TO LIVE A DECENT MIDDLE-CLASS life in New York? That nagging question came to mind one Saturday last December as my friend Emily and I were strolling along Smith Street in Carroll Gardens, Brooklyn. The district has gentrified into a poor man's SoHo of boutiques and bistros, and after admiring some overpriced handbags made from secondhand upholstery, we stepped inside a bicycle shop, hoping for an off-season bargain. • I've wanted a bike for years, but I need one that's respectable, since I plan to park it in my living room and some of my friends are serious cyclists. Even in December, an acceptable bike turns out to cost about $350, plus $90 for the special New York–edition Kryptonite lock. "That's a lot of money," I told Emily. "Maybe I can get my parents to buy me a bike for Christmas . . ." • The idea had a disconcerting familiarity. I had made that request before—twenty years ago, as a 9-year-old. It's not that I'm immature, though Emily may have her own opinions on that score. I have steady work writing for magazines and newspapers. In my

SCENES FROM NEW YORK'S MIDDLE CLASS


BACK HOME, WE BOUGHT A THREE-STORY WITH A TWO-CAR GARAGE FOR $200,000.
HOW MUCH DID THIS COZY PLACE SET YOU BACK?
I TELL YOU, IT'S GETTING TO THE POINT WHERE REGULAR PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME CAN BARELY AFFORD A SUMMER HOME...
THE Plaza
I COULD BE THERE QUICKLY IF I TOOK A CAB... BUT I'D SAVE MONEY IF I WALK...
WHAT DO I DO?!
R-REALLY? DO YOU MEAN IT?
YES, HONEY, WE'RE GOING TO GET... A KITCHEN RENOVATION!

small way, I have even partaken of the unprecedented affluence now surging through New York—the crush of Internet start-ups has increased the demand for journalists (and inflated salaries nicely). I am sure that I'm not poor—far from it. But as I stood in the bicycle store, my bafflement soon gave way to deeper worries. My parents were 30 years old on the day I was born—30 years ago this June, in Buffalo, New York. I'd like to have a family, too, provided I can locate a willing accomplice. If a nice bike seems pricey, how will I ever afford day care?

Anyone with any claim to membership in the city's middle class knows the feeling: We are, as a city, wildly prosperous. Yet it is the stubborn paradox of city life that almost everyone still feels like he or she is barely getting by.

Part of the problem is a national trend: The share of the national income made by the richest 5 percent of families has risen from about 15.6 percent in the mid-seventies to more than 20 percent today, according to Frank Levy, an economist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The 560,000 families that make up the top one-half percent now receive more than 11 percent of the nation's income. Blame for this injustice falls on changes in the tax code, the decline of labor unions and public employment, and the rise in foreign competition for jobs.

But whatever the explanation, the increase in inequality has also taken place in microcosm at every income level, from the bleachers to the skyboxes. The top 2 percent of households are taking a bigger share of the top 10 percent's income, and the top one percent are pulling ahead of the top 2. The rich are getting richer, and the extremely rich are creaming the garden-variety plutocrats. Wherever you live on the income curve, some of your neighbors are piling up toys much faster than you.

Nowhere is this more true than in New York, where once-in-a-lifetime windfalls have poured into Wall Street at the same time the bottom has fallen out from under the poor and working-class. Wall Street bonuses have pushed up the prices for apartments, Hamptons houses, parking, contractors, nannies, and anything else in finite supply. In the past decade, changes in the city economy drove New York from twentieth to first in a ranking of states by the magnitude of the disparity between rich and poor.

One reason New Yorkers feel poorer than before is that, as a group, most actually are. Despite what you read in the papers about the low crime rate and the Times Square cleanup, only the richest fifth of the city's families have seen an increase in spending power over the past 30 years—or even the past decade. (In constant 1997 dollars, the top fifth's average income rose from $132,112 in the late eighties to more than $155,485 in 1998.) For everyone else, there just isn't as much, plain and simple. The middle fifth of families fell from $43,499 to $38,416. And the very poorest have lost the most. During the same period, the income of the bottom 20 percent of families in the New York City area fell from $8,938 a year to $7,774.

It may be unseemly for anyone comfortably within the city's lucky top fifth to complain of feeling hard-pressed, but in New York the truly poor have no monopoly on a sense of deprivation. "It's the yuppies' lament," says Matthew, a marketing executive making $200,000 a year. "You feel like such an asshole: *Things are great for me. There are so many poor people, why am I complaining?* You wonder, *When can I ever be happy?*"

The truth is that rising prices and stagnant wages don't, by themselves, add up to the difficulty of attaining a decent life here. New York imposes on its inhabitants a unique psychic and financial burden—our own expectations.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS EXACTLY, BUT... FROM NOW ON, I...
PHONE

the freelance writer $25,000–$35,000

NEWCOMERS TO THE city are cheap dates, easily intoxicated by its resemblance to our dreams. And many of us labor under the misapprehension that an entry-level job in just about any white-collar profession is a ticket to a solid, white-collar life in the city. Maybe once, but not anymore.

Lea Saslav started out on a path very much like my own—she graduated from an Ivy League school and moved to New York to write. Her clips from college papers were strong, and she managed to land an entry-level job at a magazine, making about $20,000 a year. She found a share in a sunny, rent-controlled three-bedroom on the Upper West Side with an older woman who worked for the city. Her rent was a blissful $575 a month.

She soon began landing freelance writing assignments covering the entertainment business for newspapers and magazines. She quit her day job to focus on writing, augmenting her income with intermittent word processing. As her bylines proliferated, Hollywood studios began flying her on junkets to Los Angeles. They treated her to elaborate meals and put her up in hotels to get her to cover their movies and stars. In a tough business, she was an enviable success. She imagined a time in the not-so-distant future when writing alone would support her.

Self-sufficiency proved elusive, however. Her income ranged from $25,000 to $35,000 a year, including office work. She lived frugally—she ate in, she never bought expensive clothes. Still, her paychecks never quite covered her meager budgets, and she relied increasingly on credit cards. After five years, her debts hit $37,000. Even then, she didn't question her career choice. "I was addicted to the proximity to fame and power, to the feeling that it made me an insider," she says. "It was like a parable for the whole culture of living in New York."

In 1995, Lea was in the middle of an interview with the actor Jim Carrey when the true magnitude of her mounting debts finally hit her. His family was dirt poor, Carrey told her, but as a young man he had privately written himself a check for $5 million, stashing it away and vowing that someday he would have the money to cash it. Now he could.

But instead of writing imaginary checks to herself, Lea realized, she was drawing ever-larger advances against an uncertain future. "Here I was sitting opposite this guy making $7 million a film,

Some of the names in this article have been changed.

and I was worrying about whether the $20 in my pocket was enough to get back to the airport. I couldn't pay the rent. I wasn't even opening my bills. I suddenly realized my life was a mess. It was all about to crash."

To straighten out her life, Lea started attending meetings of Debtors Anonymous, a loose translation of the alcoholics' original. At her suggestion, I attended a meeting myself, one of about 40 held weekly in the New York City area. In a church gymnasium on the Upper East Side, about ten men and twenty women gathered in folding chairs, milling around and chatting amiably while I sat nervously in the corner. They were a good-looking bunch—men in suits, stylish women, one with a Frédéric Fekkai shopping bag. They introduced themselves in customary twelve-step fashion—"I'm Paul, and I'm a recovering debtor. I have been 90 days solvent, 'not debting' every day . . ."

...I WANT TO GO DUTCH!

I expected sermons on cutting back and doing without, but that's not what Debtors Anonymous is about at all. In the group's lingo, there are two kinds of debtors—"bulimic" and "anorexic," or overspenders and underearners.

This meeting turned out to be nothing but underearners. Like Lea, they felt they just weren't letting themselves make as much money as they really needed and truly merited. "I think tonight I am just going to say it," stammered one handsome twentysomething young man, with shoulder-length dark hair and a V-neck cashmere sweater. "I deserve to make $80,000 this year." Applause and congratulations all around.

Most of the crowd turned out to be artists, writers, musicians, and entrepreneurs of varying degrees of success. One woman, trying to keep her decorating business afloat, reported that the "action" she had taken this week to stay out of debt was sending out flyers and mailings.

Debtors Anonymous, Lea told me, helps people accept that their fantasy career may have to wait, that it is okay to settle for a boring job that pays the bills. Lea herself stopped writing and found a position as an administrator at a Park Avenue law firm making about $55,000 a year—"That was a lot for me, although still not middle-class in New York," she says. New York's chapters of Debtors Anonymous, it seems, often specialize in helping dreamers postpone their dreams.

"It's the yuppies' lament," says a marketing executive making $200,000. "There are so many poor people, why I am I complaining?"

Lea was lucky. A year and a half after she took her office job, an agent called with an idea for a book, and she landed an advance. A couple of months ago, her book was published—*Teach Yourself Personal Finance in 24 Hours.*

investment banker
$120,000

ANDREW KNEW THAT THE KIND OF LIFE he wanted—raising a family in New York, with private schooling, a weekend home, the works—costs money. So when he graduated from college, he went straight to Wall Street. He spent two years working as an analyst in New York (about $50,000 the first year) and then in London ($150,000 a year, with free housing). After a few years, he decided to go back to school to earn a master's in business administration at Columbia. But living off his (considerable) savings hasn't been easy.

"As an investment banker, I just always knew that I had enough," Andrew says. "I knew the sort of things I could afford to do and the sort of things I couldn't. In London, I could afford to eat in any restaurant that I wanted anytime I wanted, and I didn't have to worry about it."

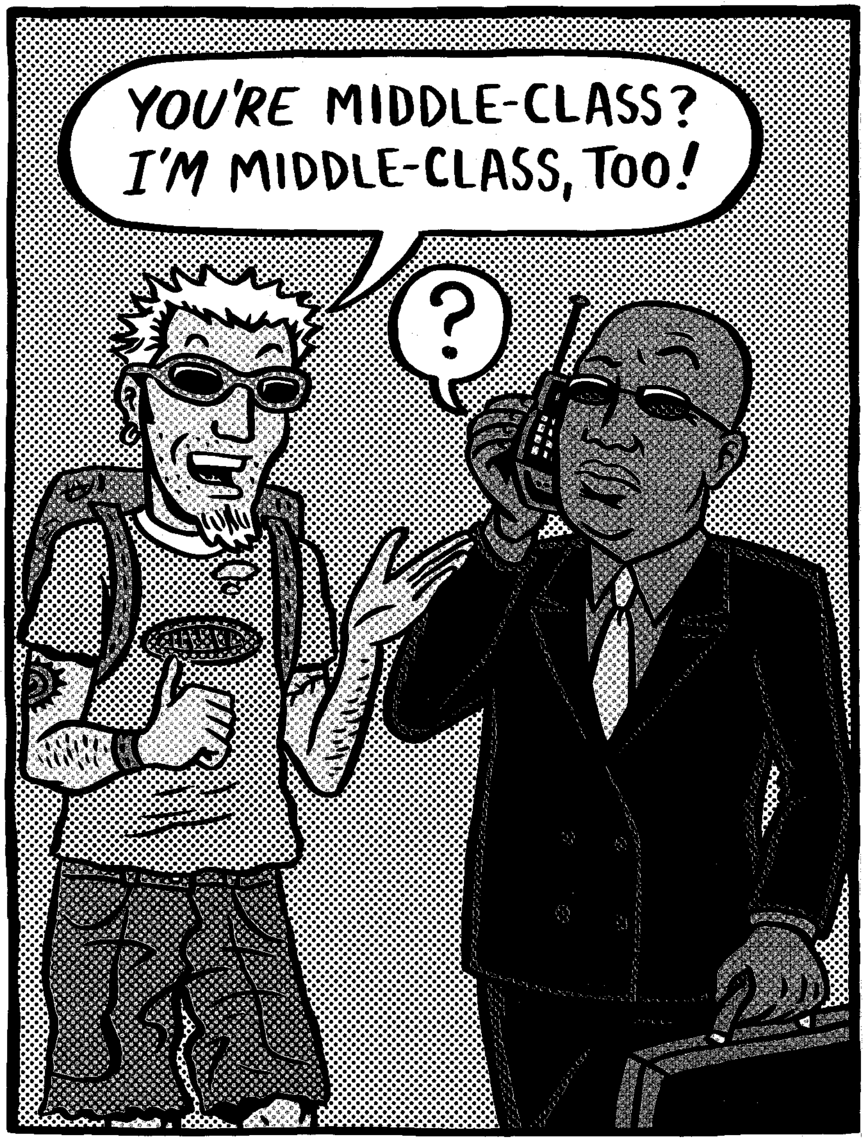
Andrew left with a nice nest egg—more than $100,000. But last December, when the $15,000 bill for his final semester of business school came due, he was virtually tapped out. The only money he had left was in euros, and he was loath to access it because of tax penalties and the exchange rates. "Paying my tuition emptied out my bank account," Andrew says. "I maxed out my credit line there and my two credit cards all at once. It's probably about six days now of absolutely 100 percent cash void." As we talk over lunch, he takes a cell-phone call from his mother, to arrange a meeting at a nearby cash machine so he can pick up a loan.

"It has been educational," he says. The biggest difference: taxicabs. "I used to take a cab to the gym and then work out. Why not walk? I would sit in my apartment watching TV, and then realize that I'm late and have to take a cab. It was ludicrous."

He also discovered resources he didn't know he had. "It's all about eating all the things that are in your cupboard, the stuff that you bought in a fit of domestic exuberance, when you were at D'Agostino's thinking *I love tomato soup!* and you bought eight cans and never ate them." His ace in the hole, he says, was his "change bucket," the repository of all the coins left in his pockets every night. He found $52.80, rolled it up, and took it to the grocery store. "I offered to count it out," he says bashfully, "but the cashier said, 'No, honey, that's all right.' "

How does a single man living in New York run through so much cash? "It wasn't even that great a life," he says. "I paid $1,600 a month in rent my first year in New York, for 480 square feet—it was hardly a mansion. I'd go out to Orologio, on Avenue A, or Kin Khao in SoHo—not like Nobu or something. But I'd drink Tanqueray martinis—straight up with three olives—which will set you back about eight bucks apiece. On top of rent, I spent a total of $66,000 that year. That grosses up to over $120,000 pretax—you'd need to make $120,000 a year to live that life!"

With his first nest egg already built and squandered, Andrew faces the next milestone in a young man's life—finding a mate. I pressed him to estimate the costs. "First there is the cost of nights out with friends, just to identify a woman you want to date, which can be pretty expensive," Andrew says. "Then you have at least half a dozen dinners at about $150 apiece—just getting started. I'm a good dancer, so I'll take her to a couple of benefits with ballroom dancing—that's where I've had my greatest success. But that usually costs $200 a ticket, and only sometimes includes dinner—so $400 or $500 for the night. You definitely have to take her away for weekends, which will put you back $800, between getting the car and three nights at a bed-and-breakfast in the Hudson River Valley or New Hope, Pennsylvania. And then there are nice clothes. If you are going courting, you aren't going to do it in your shabby old Gap sweater. I invited a girl to a benefit once when I was working, and my tuxedo just was not what it once was, so I had to buy a new one—$800! Thank God for the six suits I had made in England—they last forever. When you are dating, you inevitably do more things in New York, too. Days out. Shopping. Museums. There's a $20 walking-out-the-door tax in New York—$20 disappears from your wallet and you have no idea where it goes. A few taxis, some food—a day out in New York can cost you $150 or $200. God forbid you should be dating around the holidays." For Andrew, the cost of winning a woman's heart can run over $7,000.


YOU'RE MIDDLE-CLASS? I'M MIDDLE-CLASS, TOO!
?

marketing executive
$200,000

MATTHEW, IN HIS MID-THIRTIES AND involved with a steady girlfriend, is contemplating buying an apartment. In New York, it's as difficult as finding a mate—and certainly more expensive. The recent real-estate boom has meant windfalls for apartment owners that gave them head starts that tenants can scarcely ever hope to surpass. And for Matthew, scraping together a down payment is tougher than ever. New York housing costs have risen far faster than incomes over the past thirty years, according to economist John Mollenkopf of the City University of New York, and the trend accelerated between 1996 and 1998. Average inflation-adjusted housing costs rose 3.1 percent while incomes rose just 1.3 percent. In certain parts of Manhattan and Brooklyn—the ones Matthew likes—apartment prices nearly doubled.

Until a couple of years ago, Matthew worked in the arts, where he held a relatively lucrative position, making over $100,000 a year. "That sounds like a great salary, but after taxes it was like $50,000. That's $4,000 a month, and if you are paying $1,500 a month for a studio in Manhattan like I was, it disappears very quickly."

His savings slipped through his fingers. "You start thinking, *What if I want to buy an apartment?* For starters, forget Manhattan. You start looking in Brooklyn, and suddenly even in neighborhoods that aren't even so special, it costs $500,000 or $600,000 to buy a place, with a down payment of at least $50,000. It takes a long time to save that."

So Matthew set out to bolster his balance sheet, raising revenue and cutting his expenses. He swapped his art job for a position in marketing, doubling his salary to $200,000 a year. And he quit his Manhattan studio for a floor of a Brooklyn row house, brightening it with a few carefully selected furnishings.

But—surprise, surprise—a funny thing happened on the way to Brooklyn: "All of a sudden your life gets bigger. You moved into a bigger place, and your expenses are higher." He decided to buy a used car, for one thing, paying about $14,000 for it. "The garage is $200 a month, because you don't want to leave it on the street. Then my car says COOLANT LEVEL LOW, so, damn, I got to get that fixed, for another $400! I'm trying to save $1,000 a month. It's really hard, and after a year, I'll have the whopping sum of $12,000! It'd be more than four years until I have a down payment. Ideally, you want to have a certain amount of money in the bank that you just don't touch, the buy-a-house fund. But then you start using it to pay your credit-card bills! I look at the bills, and I always think there is a mistake. So I call up the bank to complain. You know what I've learned? They *never* make a mistake.”

Where does it all go? This may be the greatest mystery of all. “You spend all this money for stuff you can’t account for. Last night, I came home late, so I got a pork chop, rice, beans, and a beer at the Cuban restaurant around the corner, and it was $15. *Boom.* You go to the Chinese restaurant, and it’s $20. In the morning, you get the New York *Times,* a yogurt, a bagel, orange juice, and a PowerBar for later—*bang,* it’s $10. I try to be good and take the subway all the time. But you take a car to Brooklyn one night, and *bam,* it’s $25. I spend $60 a day. Then suddenly you realize your shoes are a disaster, and you realize you have got to buy new shoes, and *bang,* it’s $200. I know: *Poor little boy—he’s spending $200 on shoes.* I’m not complaining, but you get into the groove of a lifestyle. I imagine what happens when you start making a million a year. All of a sudden the shoes are like $500. Who knows what it’s like for David Geffen? Maybe it’s really important to have $500 shoes.

“My dad and mom had a very nice life. A house in the country cost $25,000. To live that life now, you need at least half a million.”

“Maybe the trick is to make more money but not live any different. But you feel like a jerk living in the same studio apartment.”

Matthew grew up in New York, so he suffers from a different form of financial anxiety than people who moved here from somewhere else—the recollection of a happy Manhattan childhood. “When I was a kid, I went to the country every weekend. What about that? How much do you need for that? The reality is that it’s just going to be a lot harder for us. My dad and mom had a very nice life. Finding an apartment was easier. A house in the country was $25,000. To live that life now, I think you need at least half a million dollars a year.”

small businessman
$100,000

MARK IS A 45-YEAR-OLD WHO WORKS in the music business and runs a small business from his home. He and his wife are raising their 4-year-old on a little more than $100,000 a year, or about $5,000 a month after taxes. And doing just fine. “Needing $500,000 a year is just silly,” he says. “Those assumptions of what it is to be comfortable aren’t middle-class assumptions. Middle-class means not having to worry about where your next meal is coming from, that you don’t make your living from physical labor, that your education goes beyond high school.

“You only need that kind of money if you want a two-bedroom apartment in Manhattan, a country house, and private school for your kids.” Still, he admits upon reflection, his own parents—his father, who worked in the labor movement, was hardly a fat cat—managed to provide all that for him. With a publicly subsidized apartment in Manhattan, they could even afford to rent a house in Amagansett for the summer.

An irony of New York’s recent history, Mark says, is that professional-class children sometimes find themselves taking handouts from their thrifty working-class parents. Mark and his wife, who both attended excellent colleges, were living in a tiny co-op in the Village in 1996, and the birth of their daughter created a crisis of space. His mother-in-law, a schoolteacher, rescued them by putting up part of the money for a down payment on a brownstone in a then-sketchy neighborhood of Brooklyn—$100,000, a third of the $330,000 the building cost. “It was a big break for both of us,” he says.

They rent out two floors of the brownstone, which pretty much covers the mortgage if not the $1,500 a month in upkeep. Still, the family has to keep a tight budget and almost never eats out. “For birthdays and so forth, there are cheap Jamaican and Mexican places,” he says. “I can get a chicken tamale for a buck fifty. Our groceries we buy mostly in bulk, or at Key Food—pasta, pork chops, chicken, lentil soup. We are fortunate in that we have a 15-year-old American car that belonged to my parents, which we park in a friend’s garage.” Last year they took a rare vacation, a week at a relative’s house on the Jersey shore.

Next challenge: educating his daughter, who is now in preschool. “We’re concerned about the quality of the public schools in the neighborhood as they stand now,” Mark says. He is busy looking at his options—maybe trying to get his daughter bused to a lower-Manhattan public school, accepted at a Catholic school, or maybe even a coveted private-school scholarship. “You hustle whatever way you can in New York,” he says.

Miraculously, Mark and his wife have managed to stow away $5,000 in savings over the past few years, which they invested entirely in stocks. Its value has soared to around $22,000. “The way the stock market goes can save you or it will kill you, because you become dependent on that for your retirement,” Mark says. “I do work a lot of hours—usually at least 60 a week. But there is nothing wrong with working real hard, and I can’t complain. I’m in a good position compared to a lot of people—we have shelter, and I don’t have to worry about getting kicked out. As long as I hold up physically, I’m all right.” He hopes soon to buy life insurance, just in case. In all, he reflects, “maybe middle-class is just something that exists outside of New York.”

retail executive
$250,000

JACOB WAS A FULL-TIME LAWYER AND spare-time artist when he married Francis, an executive at a large clothing retailer. But after they married, his work began to sell some, she won a big promotion—suddenly making about $250,000 a year—and they had their first child. So he decided to become an artist full-time, augmenting her income with the occasional sale. In their late thirties, they are currently confronting one of New York’s most hard-won status symbols—remodeling the kitchen of their two-bedroom Manhattan apartment. “I know so many people who get a Sub-Zero fridge, a microwave,” Francis says. “We didn’t do any of that. We went through Ikea. You credential it by mixing in stuff from the flea market.”

Francis insists she doesn’t miss what she can’t afford. She makes about $10,000 a month after taxes, of which $4,000 goes to cover rent. “We do pay for a doorman building—it’s a necessity with a stroller. Disposable diapers are expensive, and those kinds of things add up,” she told me over the phone from her apartment one evening, baby in hand. “But with the baby, we stay in—no long social evenings—which saves a lot of money.” Still, it goes fast, and aside from what they’re putting into retirement plans, they aren’t saving anything.

What they can’t afford, at $250,000 a

year, is a country house. “Renting a place in the Hamptons would be phenomenally expensive. To live those kinds of lives, you need at least $300,000 a year.”

She doesn’t feel deprived, she says, because she grew up in the Midwest, where, she says, she learned to pack her own lunch, and not to pay $1.75 for a cup of coffee because she was too lazy to make it. “The people who are really scared are the people whose parents were lawyers and professionals in New York, back when lawyers made money,” she says. “There is a terrible fear in New York of not keeping up with your parents.”

People like her who grew up outside New York simply get used to less, she says: “I was recently talking at a dinner party with a person who I know for a fact is making about a million a year, and this person was just overjoyed that she owns this terraced house in SoHo and her children have access to a garden. One of those tiny little squares of green. The idea that you should declare triumphantly that your children have access to a garden is bizarre. I wouldn’t have thought that for a million dollars that was such a great feather in your cap. But I guess people’s caps just have fewer feathers.”

She does resent “the mystery cases,” friends who carelessly earn $40,000 a year in publishing or the arts but still live improbably well. “I remember when I turned 30, and suddenly friends of mine who really hadn’t done much with their careers were starting to buy apartments! Now I see junior members of my staff buying apartments!” she says. “Where the hell did that come from? Inheritance and parental subsidies are incredibly annoying—I think about that every day.”

Her husband, Jacob, the lapsed lawyer, has a gloomier assessment. “The fact is,” he says, “that we will never be able to live in New York anywhere near the way our parents did elsewhere. With $250,000 from Francis and occasionally something from me, we make a lot of money! But we don’t look very wealthy at all—a two-bedroom apartment with a half-kitchen! It is comical. To reproduce our parents’ standard of living even moderately, we would have to be very, very rich. In New York now, you have to be a capitalist. Only the people who own property and stock are increasing their wealth, and everybody who relies on their labor is just getting fucked. Even the doctors and lawyers, like me! It is a grotesque situation. The idea of selling your time is a waste of time. The best thing to do is sleep in and call up your money manager and ask how your stock portfolio is going.

“Now,” he adds, “praying for the crash is basically my only financial strategy. Otherwise, if we want to have a second child, what are we going to do, live in a two-bedroom the rest of our lives? The idea of finding a three-bedroom apartment in Manhattan that we could afford is just a nonstarter. I mean, sure, our standard of living is comfortable—we are just grumbling that it isn’t commensurate with our inflated salaries. But why not grumble about that?”

For Jacob and Francis, financing their son’s education is like an ominous cloud on the horizon. “I don’t sit around worrying about tuition,” Francis says. “There are good teachers everywhere, I suppose. And I am not against being very active in the public schools, trying to find the best one—arts schools, magnet schools, that kind of thing. You just trust in the kind of . . . I don’t know what you do, actually. You just do it, and you figure that something always turns up. Usually.”

doctor
$500,000

PETER AND HIS WIFE, IN THEIR LATE forties, are executing the Herculean feat of raising not two but three kids in Manhattan. A prominent New York endocrinologist making more than $500,000 a year, he has been a vigorous proponent of raising children in the city for years—since long before the city’s vaunted renaissance made it popular once again—partly because he helps recruit doctors to teach at a local medical school. “Sure, I could feel richer someplace else, but my kids have a certain amount of sophistication because it is such an urbane and heterogeneous place to grow up,” he says. He says he is “addicted” to the city’s museums, concerts, and theater, and so are his kids—they stop into the Museum of Natural History for twenty minutes and go to exactly what they want to see. “It is a myth that you have to have a backyard,” he says.

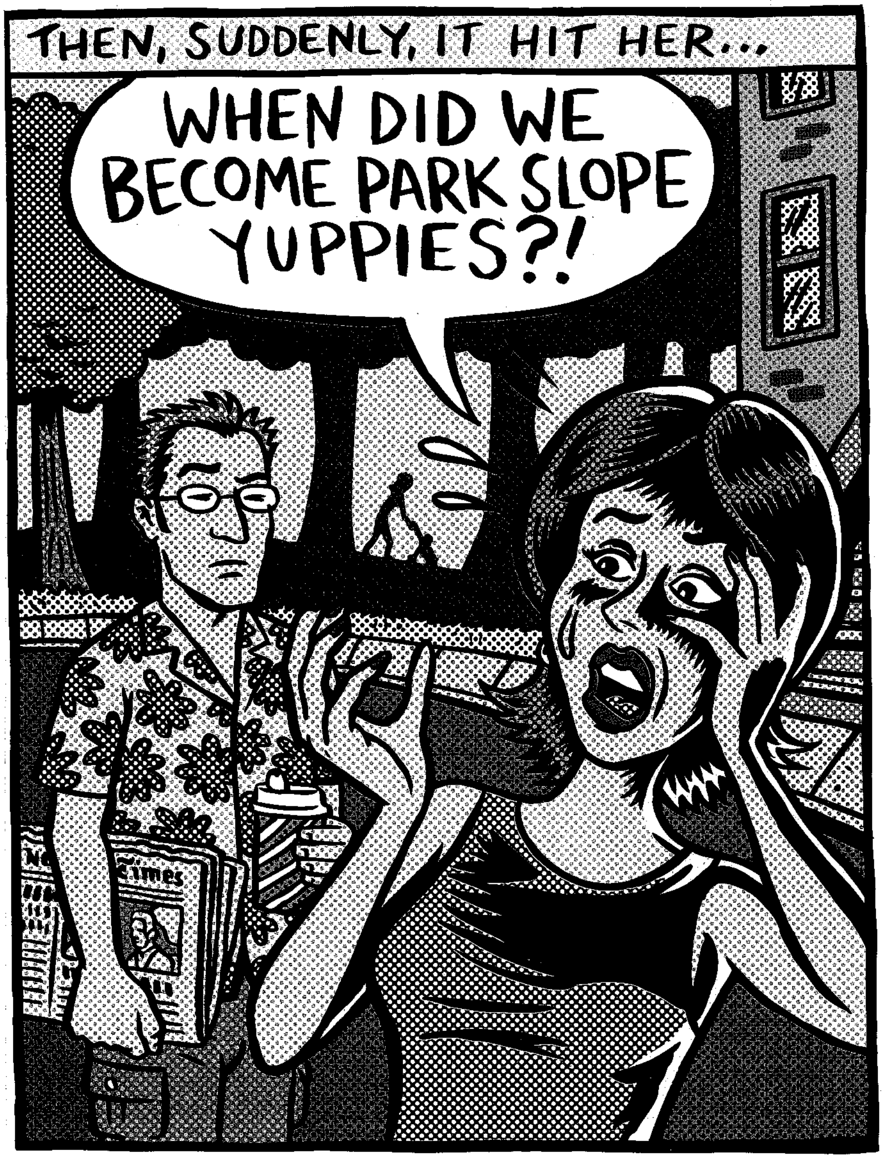
Growing up in the city, his kids have friends at all income levels, from working-class kids they meet in sports leagues to classmates at private school. They grew up understanding that people have different budgets and make different choices. One of his children, he says, came home from first grade and asked, “Did you ever think about being an investment banker? I don’t know what an investment banker does, but my friend’s dad is an investment banker, and he doesn’t seem to work nearly as hard as you do, and they take much better vacations.”

> **“The economics of the city are pushing out a professional class, getting rid of the doctors and law professors and academics, the ones who make the city vibrant.”**

But Peter has begun to wonder if his children will ever be able to afford a life like his for themselves. He recently packed his kids off for sleepaway summer camp and took them out to the theater the night before. They ate at a modest restaurant—$200, without beer or wine. (“What, are you going to tell your kids not to have dessert?”) And then they saw *The Music Man:* four mezzanine seats, $340. (“Going to the theater—isn’t that part of life in New York?”) With a cab ride home, that family night cost him almost $600.

As he loaded them onto the bus, he thought of his daughter heading to college and trying to move back to town. “I thought to myself, *My kids can’t come back,*” he says. “Will a kid graduating from college be able to spend $2,000 for a studio apartment? How can she start out unless she is going into business? Should I encourage my kids to go into investment banking? It is a real question how welcoming the city will be to anyone else—a doctor, a lawyer, a teacher, an artist.”

Wall Street’s looming prominence in the local economy has changed the character of the town, Peter maintains. When he arrived in New York, young professionals had options—cheaper housing in Morningside Heights, Kips Bay, Brooklyn Heights—but everything is expensive now. The city’s newfound safety helped retain families who would have left, push-


THEN, SUDDENLY, IT HIT HER...
WHEN DID WE BECOME PARK SLOPE YUPPIES?!
Times

ing up apartment prices, and the boom on Wall Street has inflated the price of everything else. "There were always investment bankers; New York was always Wall Street. But people weren't paying $20 million for apartments," he says.

Even with "a pretty nice income," he says, the expense of city living seems forbidding. A doctor or lawyer with two or three kids will want a seven-room apartment—mortgage and maintenance about $8,000 a month, or $96,000 a year. Tuition in New York is about $20,000 a kid—$60,000 for three kids. "If you are in that salary range—$500,000 to $750,000—do you want a weekend home? Unlike people who have endless money, we have a mortgage on ours," he says. The mortgage payments on the weekend house are about $5,000 a month, not including paying for an alarm system, someone to mow the lawn, transportation, and other incidentals. "We're on Long Island," he says, "but it's not even near the beach."

Affording those basics takes an after-tax income of $210,000, or about $400,000 before taxes, and that is just the beginning. Everything in New York costs more than it would somewhere else. "You go to a nice local Italian or French restaurant, you are going to drop $100 for two people. But isn't going to restaurants part of living in the city?"

People like him are becoming an endangered species, he says. "Professionals like us used to be considered affluent, but in this community, we are considered working-class! We can have such a much more comfortable life outside the city that there is a constant exodus of people leaving, and it is getting a lot harder to get professional people to come here. The economics of the city right now are pushing out a professional class, getting rid of the doctors and law professors and academics, the ones who make the city vibrant and come up with new ideas. Generating new ideas is what makes a city great. New York is suffering a real brain drain. If I was new to the city today, moving here would be totally out of the question. There is no way that a doctor like me could expect to pull it off."

investment banker
$1,000,000

JUSTINE AND HER HUSBAND LOOK very much like a young couple who have figured it out. In their early thirties, they own an apartment on the Upper East Side. They rent a place in the Hamptons over the summer. They lease a Jeep Cherokee. When she gave birth to her son a little more than a year ago, she quit her job indefinitely to stay home with the baby. Her husband supports her and pays for a nanny, too. And they are saving steadily to prepare for whatever uncertainty may lie ahead.

What does it take to live like this? Her husband, an investment banker, brought home more than $1 million last year, and, at another Wall Street firm, she made about $500,000 before she quit. "Even if my husband is making over $1 million, that's not much, you know, compared to a lot of our friends," Justine says. "Especially when you realize that he gets more than a third of his compensation in stock and we can't flip it for five years. So the opportunity cost of me not working is high—half a million. But I just can't imagine not being home with my son."

Welcome to the Park Avenue middle class. "We have a nice apartment on the Upper East Side—we paid over $2 million, for eight rooms—but it is not a mansion at all," she says. "You would be shocked. It is not at all palatial. We have a house in the Hamptons, a very basic thing, again, nothing palatial, not on the water. We pay $40,000 or $50,000 for the summer, for three months."

But housing is just the beginning. When you move into the rarefied world of $2 million Upper East Side co-ops, the little things in life turn out to be pretty pricey, too. Living surrounded by others whose pockets are even deeper raises costs all around. When they dine out with friends—which happens two or three times a week—it is at places like Cello or Pastis, and often tops $100 a head. If they are alone, though, they'll just have "something simple," like sushi, for $40 a head.

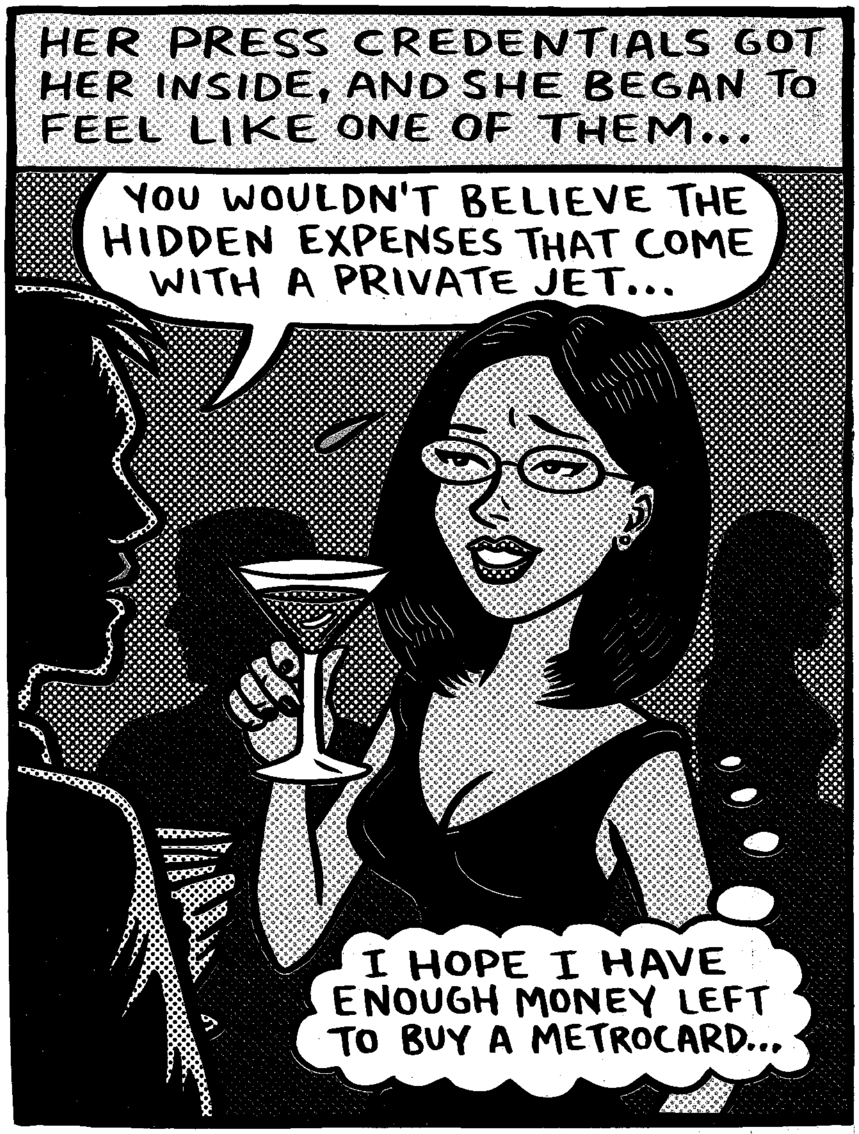
She has to have a cell phone, of course—$200 a month. "I make a lot of calls from cabs, because that is the time I have to talk," she says. Clothes add up, too—about $20,000 a year. "With women's fashion, you have to change so much,” she says. “My husband just takes off his jacket and tie, and it looks like a completely different thing.” Keeping up with her friends in maintaining her appearance is a job in itself. “A lot of my friends get their hair blown out or get manicures or pedicures and stuff. Thirty or $40 for each—you can easily spend more than $100 a week. And everybody gets a massage for $100 a week. Usually they come to your house.”

She belongs to a gym, of course—$1,100 a year, and $150 for each biweekly session with the trainer. And while Justine is out doing errands and taking the kids to their classes, someone has to clean up around the house, so she has a full-time housekeeper—about $450 a week.

Even for Justine, the cost of child-care is eye-popping. “The nanny—oh, God, you don’t even want to know what that costs!” She and her husband pay about $800 a week, or $40,000 a year—a babysitter who’s working on the books is considerably more expensive than one who isn’t. The cost that really pinches is child care on vacations. “Anguilla,” she says, “is the island where a lot of our friends go.” Bringing the nanny adds not only another plane ticket but a whole other room—as much as $10,000 extra for a two-week vacation.

What Justine doesn’t have is a car and driver, although a lot of her friends do, and she wants one: “A driver is a big help if you have kids. It is just sick and wrong to have babies on the subway, so I take taxis. It could easily be $30 a day for play dates and things, and a driver can pick up the kids, drop them off at school, get packages, take the nanny to the Hamptons. Why not? Once you have got the nanny.”

Still, Justine knows she is lucky. “Our life is middle-class,” she says, “but it’s not like the real middle class—we’re in a world where people make at least $200,000 a year.”


HER PRESS CREDENTIALS GOT HER INSIDE, AND SHE BEGAN TO FEEL LIKE ONE OF THEM...
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE HIDDEN EXPENSES THAT COME WITH A PRIVATE JET...
I HOPE I HAVE ENOUGH MONEY LEFT TO BUY A METROCARD...

wall street executive

$10,000,000

NOT LONG AGO, ERIC, A THIRTY-something executive at a Wall Street firm who made more than $10 million last year, ate dinner with a former mentor, an investor whose net worth is well over $1 billion. The meal was nice, although the food wasn’t memorable, and they drank wine. The tab came to more than $300. “It’s absurd. It’s offensive,” Eric says. “Even we get sticker shock.”

Strange but true: In New York these days, even multi-millionaires complain to one another about how expensive their lives have become. “When I first moved to New York, I paid $500 a month for an apartment,” Eric says. “Now I pay $500 a month to leave the car in a spot in a parking garage!”

The problem, Eric explains in an analysis oddly reminiscent of Karl Marx, is that an obsession with money is replacing people’s sense of its real value. Dizzy from the stock market’s exuberance, people see the world upside down: They want things simply because they are expensive, and they lose sight of intrinsic worth. Recently, Eric says, he flew to Europe for a business trip and brought along his wife. He paid $300 a seat to fly coach, but his wife wanted to pay $6,000 apiece for first class, arguing that after all, it was a business trip. “I told her she had to be kidding. The plane was practically empty. Why pay for first class when you can stretch out back here? But let me tell you: First class was packed.

“The problem is that there are now so many people who have made so much money they don’t give a rat’s ass. I just got off the phone with a friend of mine who is sitting on $400 million worth of an Internet stock. You can’t spend $400 million. I mean, what do you want? How many houses do you want? Dream big. Four? You still can’t spend all that money. So somebody like that doesn’t even care. Some people’s accumulation of wealth has accelerated so much more than the supply of everything else that the rest of us are getting left on the dock!”

Eric, too, just renovated his kitchen. “No big deal. New floors. New cabinets. New countertops,” he says. “It cost $70,000. It could have been double that—we economized! But nobody cares anymore. That is what is driving up the prices.” Restaurants are another example, he says. Eric and his wife eat out three times a week, paying at least $50 a person, often much more. “You do the math on what that costs. Eating out kills you.”

Even for people like Eric—Manhattan’s millionaire middle class—it is the stunning leap in Hamptons real-estate prices that tests their financial wherewithal. Among his friends, the going price to build a house in East Hampton has risen from about $150 a square foot a few years ago to $400 a square foot today. "The contractor says, *I got six houses to build and there are only so many Mexicans in Southampton to hammer the nails,* so he jacks up the price."

The Wall Street boom has raised the stakes considerably in the annual hunt for a decent summer rental. "You can spend half a million for the summer. It's easy. It's not hard at all. At the very least, a good summer house—four or five bedrooms, in a nice area a few minutes from the beach—runs about $200,000!" he says. In a house like that, there is enough room for four couples. "But how are you going to have something fun to do with all those same couples every weekend? Could you stand them?" he says. So he splits his house with a friend—$100,000 apiece for the summer—and they invite a lot of guests. "You're spending so much that you have to take your vacations out there, too! It's getting to the point that ordinary shmendricks like you and me, working people who might be worth maybe $50 million, can't afford summer houses anymore!"

"It's getting to the point that ordinary shmendricks like you and me, working people who might be worth $50 million, can't afford a summer house."

After all, making $10 million in a good year doesn't mean Eric is really all that rich, at least not by the standards of his world. It's not like he flies around in his own private plane the way some of his friends do. "A jet-share program—that is the way to spend some money," he says. Indeed. First, it takes a deposit of a million, borrowed and paid off at 7 percent, like a mortgage—$70,000 a year. After that, a share of the jet costs about $6,000 a month, plus $2,500 an hour while you use it. "You get a jet with an eight-seat cabin. Eight people at $2,500 an hour—$300 a head, if you fill it up. That's cheaper than flying first-class. If you're running a company, every company needs a jet! And it's very convenient. If you want to leave Nantucket at 2 A.M. to get back to the Downtown Athletic Club for your last hit of ecstasy at 3 A.M., it will take you!"

From such lofty heights, it can be hard to figure out just what all the ants are doing down below. Eric, for example, can't figure out why anyone would open another bodega in New York—the return has got to be lousy, so why not just put that money in the market? He agrees with Jacob, the former lawyer: While New York's cost of living is propelled by the rising prices of stocks, real estate, and other financial assets, trying to make money by selling your labor feels like a losing proposition. "I don't think there is a middle class in New York anymore," he says. "There is no Joe Six-pack here. You are either really rich and getting richer and you don't care, or you are really poor and getting poorer and you should move someplace else as fast as you can."

IN RECENT YEARS, ECONOMISTS HAVE tried to shed some light on the question of why even rich New Yorkers living in the best of times often feel that they are falling behind. "As economists, we assume that as people get richer they get happier, but it doesn't happen," says David Blanchflower, chairman of Dartmouth's economics department. The Japanese, for example, enjoyed a spectacular increase in their standard of living from the end of World War II, when their country was in ruins, until the eighties, when Japan was among the world's wealthiest nations. But surveys of their satisfaction showed little improvement. "It is a puzzle," Blanchflower says.

Blanchflower and Andrew Oswald of the University of Warwick, England, are studying data from surveys conducted across the United States each year since 1972 asking about people's level of satisfaction. Although prosperity doesn't do much, relative income buys quite a bit of satisfaction. "If we all go from one BMW to three, it doesn't make much of a difference," explains Oswald. "But if I get three while you have only one, then I am laughing. In that case, I will unquestionably get happier."

A decline in relative position, on the other hand, is extremely painful—a phenomenon economists call loss aversion. In one common experiment, Blanchflower says, students are asked: Would you rather get eight while everyone else gets four or get six while everyone else gets zero? Almost all answer six.

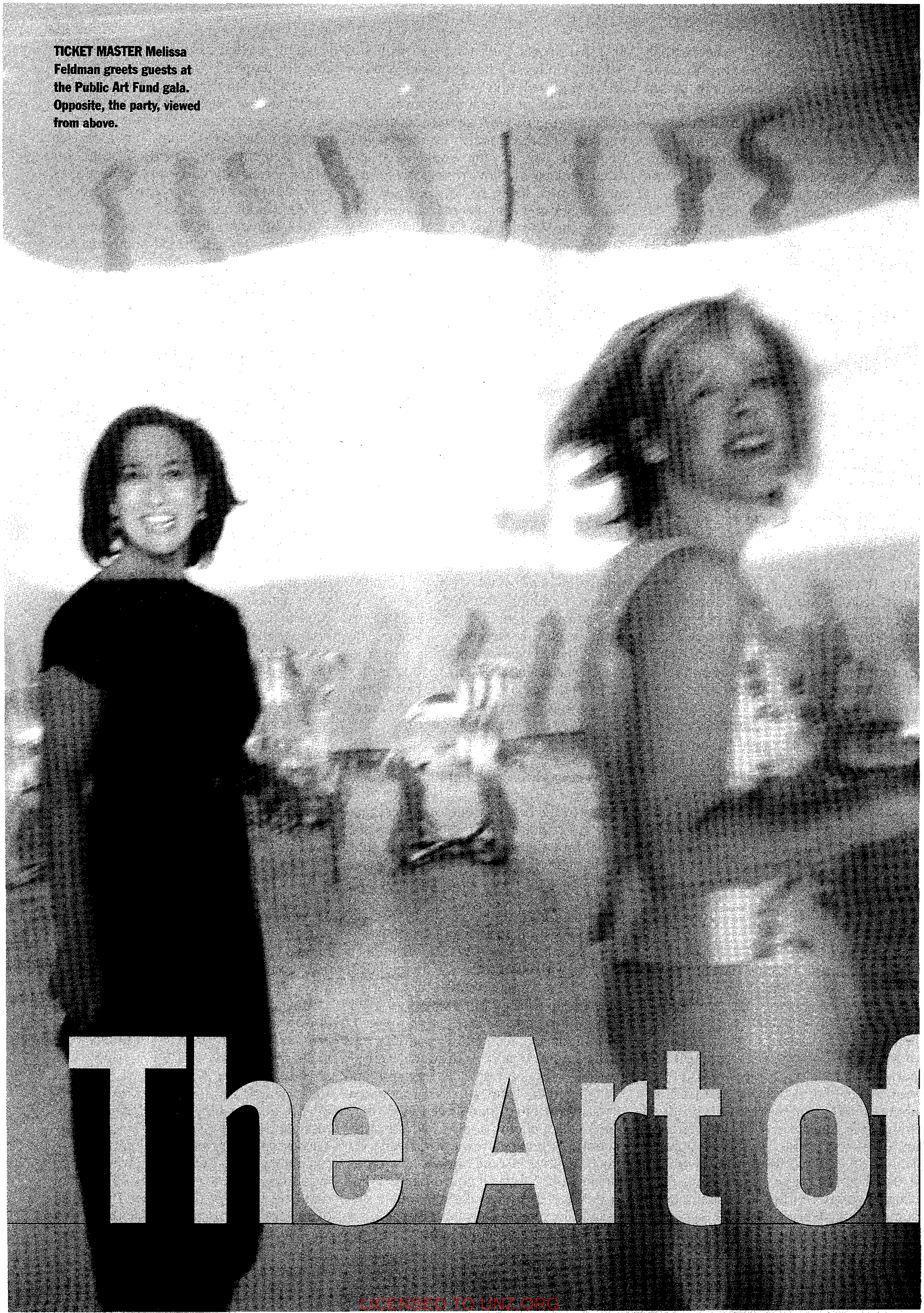
Blanchflower and Oswald say they are concluding that a lopsided boom may actually lower a community's overall satisfaction. "We are finding that inequality itself has an effect on people's happiness," Blanchflower says. "It appears that people care quite a bit about how they stack up relative to the rich, and they don't like to see the poor suffer, either."

New York is the perfect test case. Some sociologists argue that Americans feel inadequate in comparison with the luxurious lives they see on television, and that goads them to frenzied consumption. But you can turn off the television. Here in New York, we don't need to read a book about the millionaire next door. We see him at the deli, picking up a Duraflame log for his fireplace.

But if economic inequality is a recipe for unhappiness, why aren't Manhattan apartments cheaper? Why do we all still want to live in New York? Perhaps in part because there is a certain glamour in all that inequality. Rubbing shoulders with the wealthy and powerful may demoralize us when we balance our checkbooks, but it is exhilarating too. It feeds our fantasies that we so often seem to be just a step or two away from greatness, in whatever form we choose. *Isn't that Tom Wolfe at the next table? He wrote for this magazine, too, you know. I wonder where he bought that seersucker suit . . .*

What makes life here so hard to afford, even for the affluent, isn't just real estate and local taxes—it is also New York's effect on our habits as consumers, the sense of entitlement, the feeling that, as New Yorkers, we deserve taxi rides, weekends out of town, and fancy hybrid mountain bikes. After all, isn't going to restaurants and the theater part of life in New York? We are a whole city of underearners.

Maybe I could find work as a journalist elsewhere—*Texas Monthly,* the Chicago *Tribune.* I could probably afford a bike and a garage for it, too. But in truth, I can already afford a bike in New York if I start trying to impress dates with my well-intentioned cooking instead of my well-thumbed *Zagat.* Besides, leaving New York would impoverish me in myriad, incalculable ways. I would be giving up the museums, the concerts, Central Park. Not that I see much of them, since I spend all of my time in my office. But they don't know that back in Buffalo. ■



TICKET MASTER Melissa Feldman greets guests at the Public Art Fund gala. Opposite, the party, viewed from above.

The Art of

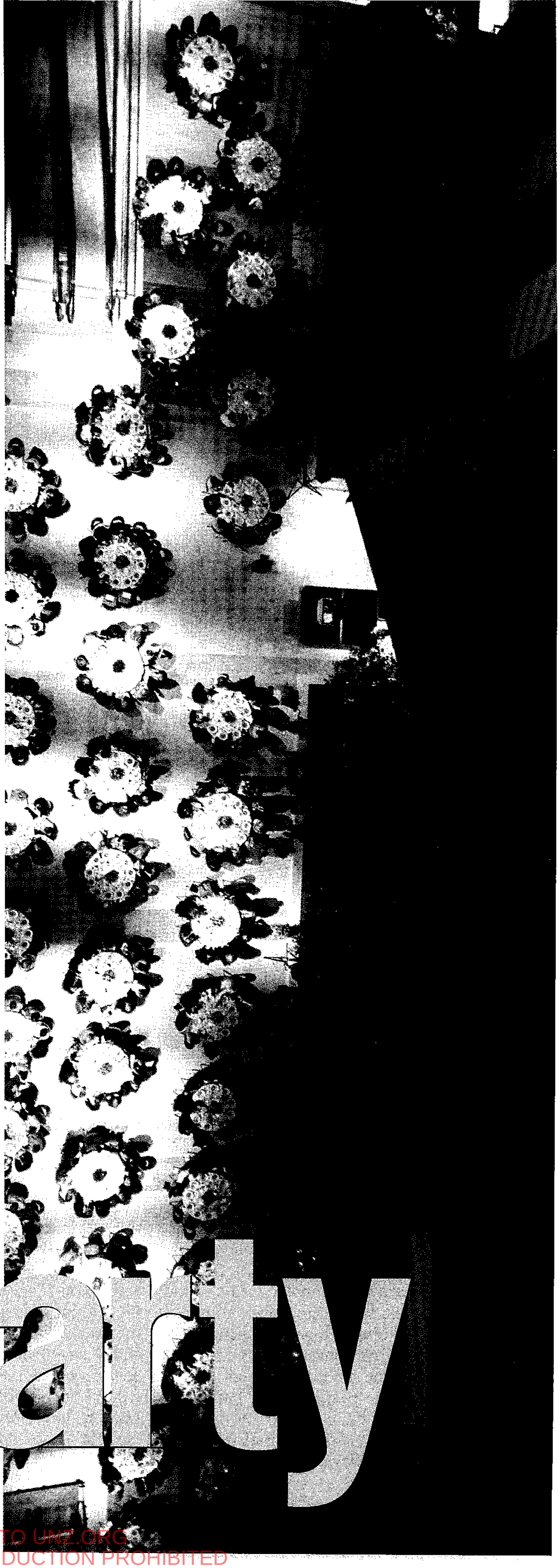
the Party

The art world is hotter than it's ever been, and everyone from collectors to corporations to nonprofits wants to be invited to the party. Who's throwing it? Melissa Feldman.

BY SARAH BERNARD

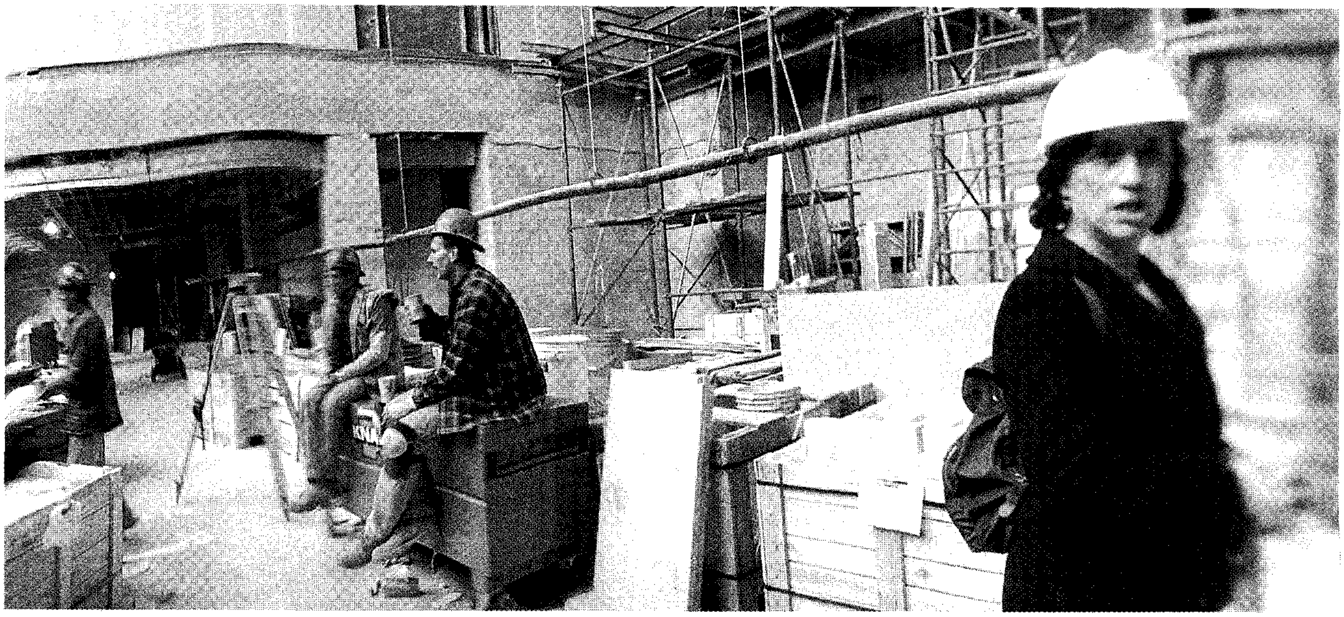
ON A MIDWEEK AFTERNOON IN MARCH, MELISSA FELDMAN, AN event planner specializing in art-world soirées, is a $15 cab ride from her Chelsea office. She's made the trip to Battery Park City for a walk-through of developer Bruce Ratner's Embassy Suites Hotel—at this point still a construction site—and has been forced by circumstance into accessorizing her army-green Prada backpack and silver Nikes with a standard-issue hard hat. • Deftly side-stepping two-by-fours, Feldman charges through the shell of the entrance hall, where a coterie of construction workers is lunching, and inspects the side ballrooms and the future Larry Forgione restaurant. When she climbs up the frozen escalator amidst a grinding concert of space heaters, it suddenly becomes clear why Feldman is here: Above the atrium looms an eleven-story-high Sol LeWitt wall drawing of interweaving royal-blue and violet swirls. Ratner, the multimillionaire real-estate mogul and CEO of the Forest City Ratner Companies, is also a committed patron of the arts, and he's treating the hotel as a contemporary-art gallery, working with the Public Art Fund to commission lithographs from three artists of the moment—Elizabeth Peyton, Sara Sosnowy, and Mary Heilmann—to be hung in every guest room, and to select a few Lichtensteins, Schnabels, and Kabakovs for the common spaces. He's also offered to merge the hotel's opening celebration with the fund's annual gala, which is where Melissa Feldman comes in. • For the past two years, Feldman has produced the Public Art Fund's benefit at the Central Park Boathouse, and she has been asked to outdo herself again. As she navigates through the clutter, she's picturing the moment three months from now

Photographed by Sylvia Plachy



when the Snapple containers and sawdust will have given way to a rarefied gathering of 450 art patrons in their best black suits and Gucci sheaths.

This kind of evening, pumped with cash and cachet, is typical of the city's burgeoning art scene, in which newly minted benefactors—from Internet millionaires with TriBeCa lofts to furnish to corporate entities seeking downtown cred—vie to rub elbows with suddenly glamorous painters, sculptors, and video artists. And Feldman's events are a prime point of entry. In the past season alone, her company, MF Productions, has organized the opening party for the "Sensation" exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum as well as galas for the Dia Center for the Arts, the Kitchen, and Yaddo, just to name a few. To the art world, she is like the creative-event producer Robert Isabell with the Rolodex of *Über*-publicist Peggy Siegal and the high-school connections of Alexandra von Furstenberg. (*Harper's Bazaar* editor Kate Betts and philanthropist Melissa Soros are childhood pals.) Says Hamish Bowles, editor-at-large of *Vogue*, who co-chaired a gala Feldman threw for the New York City Opera, "Melissa is the linchpin."



SITE SPECIFIC Feldman tours the Embassy Suites hotel-in-progress. Opposite, a video screen plays above a table at the Kitchen gala.

ASKING AN A-LIST CROWD TO PENCIL A Battery Park City evening into their Palm Pilots in the name of art is not as challenging as it once was. Gone are the somnolent years of the early nineties, when "art party" conjured up images of cramped gallery openings or struggling artists convening at someone's loft to consume white wine from plastic cups and white powder from bathroom counters. With the economy revving like the eighties, the art market is also back to eighties-style extravagance, from the inflated price tags to the high-velocity socializing. Any night of the week there are highbrow evenings to attend, where patrons pay up to $10,000 a table to dine in the presence of art-world luminaries.

Style arbiters who once cared only for starlets and ladies-who-lunch have found a fresh band of celebrities in artists who couldn't afford their rents in Williamsburg five years ago. Pretty young painters like Cecily Brown, Inka Essenhigh, and Anh Duong are touted as much for their sex appeal as for their work. Gallerists like Andrea Rosen and curators like Yvonne Force (her art-advisory company, Yvonne Force, Inc., is backed by Laurance Rockefeller), along with scuptor Rachel Feinstein (wife of art-world darling John Currin) and the ubiquitous Schnabel girls, are touted as new-millennium socialites. The young art crew even has its own paparazza, Jessica Craig-Martin, the British scenester-cum-photographer whom Anna Wintour collared to shoot for the party pages of *Vogue* two years ago. Soon, her artist friends were wedged between Brooke de Ocampo and Aerin Lauder in the society roundups. "Once they appeared in one magazine, they started appearing *everywhere,*" Craig-Martin remarks. And, just as happens to the boldface names of old, when the new art stars' personal lives get messy—as Brown's did this winter, when her ex-boyfriend attempted suicide—they end up on "Page Six."

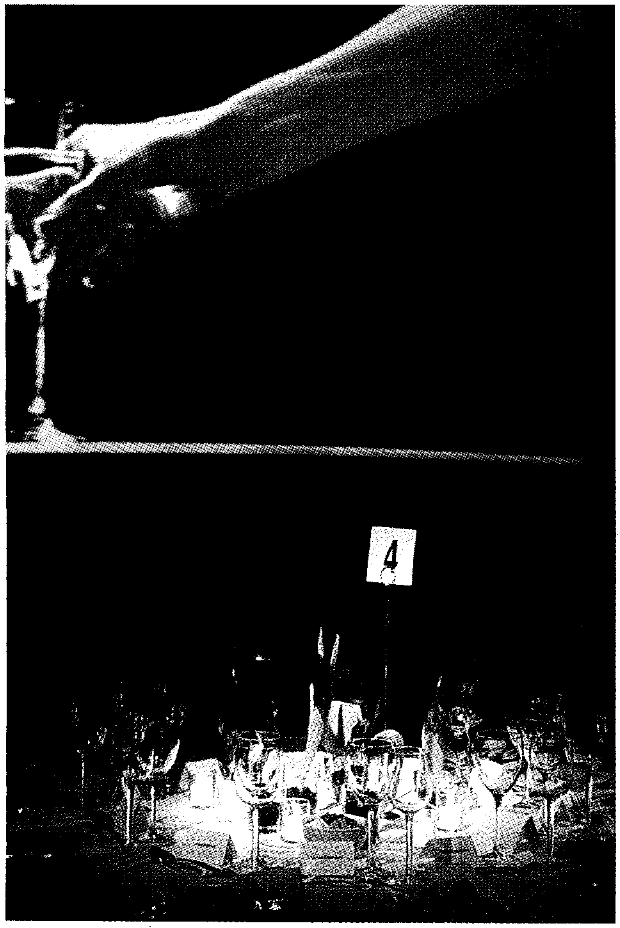
"A lot of style influence is coming from the art world now. There's been a seismic shift," says Hamish Bowles. "The difference is where the new money is coming from. Lots of those young *American Psycho*–era guys wanted to be living in the Dakota in oak-paneled rooms that Peter Marino had done for them. With so much money now coming from the Internet, I think that this generation doesn't feel it has any credentials to establish in that traditional way. They're looking instead to what is about now and tomorrow, and contemporary art is a sexy and exciting way to channel those energies."

"Artists are making money for a change," adds Amy Sacco, the modelesque owner of the nightly art-world salon Lot 61. "I don't think young artists were dressing in all this fabulous, expensive clothing—neither was I—five years ago." (Not that they pay for it: Painter Damian Loeb's wardrobe for Oscar week was provided, movie-star-style, by Burberry; Sacco herself has been dressed by Gucci and Helmut Lang.) "It's a very glamorous time," Sacco continues. "If you look back to the last time the economy was doing really well, that's when the Warhols were eating at Mr. Chow's every night, and they had wealthy patrons falling all over them. There are the popular kids right now: Cecily, Rachel, Damian, Matthew Barney. It's back to that eighties kind of rock-star glamour." Even Greed Decade stalwarts like Mary Boone have returned with a vengeance, trailing a new string of young talent and prompting sighs of discontent from some in the industry. ("The harbinger of doom," snipes one gallerist. "If Mary Boone's around, you know the crash is coming.")

And into the frenzy, guest list in hand, has stepped Melissa Feldman, 37, who is singularly well equipped to fill a brand-new and yawning void: giving the art stars and those who support them a place to act like, well, stars.

YOU CAN FIND MELISSA FELDMAN AT least once a day at Bottino—the West Chelsea restaurant that has become the Michael's of the art world. (Feldman is such a fixture that she's planning a vacation to Greece with the maître d'.) As she settles into her café table for some Marlboro Mediums and a glass of Gavi, Feldman identifies the players in a mock-documentary deadpan: Seated to her left is Michelle Reyes, the director of the Andrea Rosen gallery, who is married to the artist Sean Landers. In the corner are the owners of the gallery Metro Pictures, with Anne Pasternak of the public art nonprofit Creative Time and Bruce Wolmer, the editor of *Art & Auction*. "Love the vintage Courrèges," she says to an arriving *Vogue* photo editor. Feldman herself is wearing a black dress under a light-pink Burberry raincoat in honor of an earlier power lunch at Swifty's to plan next year's City Opera event. She spots one of Bottino's owners. "You're going to get a call from Tom Beller about a book party," she tells him. "*Elle* is throwing it. If you have something booked, you'll want to change it. I'm just helping him out as a friend." She turns her attention to her glass, but not for long. She eyes Paul Judelson from the I-20 Gallery: "Did you get our fax about the Public Art Fund event? It should be really nice."

"Melissa **KNOWS MORE PEOPLE** than anyone in the world. In Venice, she knows ***EVERYONE.***"



In reality, a *nice* party is not enough for Feldman's clients. She has to guarantee that the institution being fêted appears appropriately cutting-edge—a challenge the planners of, say, the annual Sloan-Kettering gala don't have to contend with—but at the same time worthy of support from potential patrons who receive literally hundreds of solicitations a year. Feldman is entrusted with not only image-making but also her clients' fiscal health; the bounty from just one party often provides more than half an institution's annual budget. For a six-month retainer (the average time it takes to organize an event), Feldman's creative fee ranges from $30,000 to $50,000, but the take is several times the service charge. The Yaddo Centennial Celebration, for example, netted more than $200,000 after expenses. This year's pot from the Public Art Fund's annual gala totaled $325,000—equal to all its federal, city, and state funding combined.

It's no surprise, then, that lower-profile institutions like the Bronx Museum of the Arts come calling on Feldman for advice on how to crack the benefit universe. After an initial attempt to host *intime* benefit dinners at Chelsea galleries fizzled, the museum's executive director, Jenny Dixon, turned desperately to Feldman. "Her connections to the art community were key," says Dixon. "When the first plan didn't work, she simply remodeled it." Feldman's idea was to hold the evening at Lot 61 and to make it more of a meet-and-greet cocktail party than a formal dinner. The image was casual, right down to the bright-orange invitations that offered "friend" tickets for only $150. "It *still* was hard," Feldman confesses. "We went to the Chelsea art community and basically strong-armed them into buying tickets."

On the night of the event, even though there were five other art-related parties that same evening, the restaurant was swarming with a miraculous mix of guests—Tiffany Dubin, Jane Holzer (Baby Jane of Warhol fame), and painter Alexis Rockman were there. Even Mary Boone made an appearance. "Carol Greene of Greene Naftali gallery, critic Dan Cameron," says Feldman, ticking off a list of attendees. "Danny Simmons—he's Russell Simmons's brother and runs the Rush Philanthropic Arts Foundation. That was my idea," she notes. "One of my best friends is Russell Simmons's attorney."

"Melissa knows more people than anyone in the world," says Pippa Cohen, who once worked as the director of MF Productions and is now an independent art consultant. "I've been to Paris with her, and she'll run into people. In Venice, she knows *everyone*. And she doesn't have stupid friends."

SANDS POINT, LONG ISLAND, WHERE Feldman grew up, may be an hour on the Long Island Expressway from the cobblestones of SoHo, but Feldman came to the art world early. Her father, who owned a lumber company (he died when she was in high school), and her mother, an antiques dealer, were patrons of the arts who filled their Tudor home—the former doctor's house on the Guggenheim estate—with friends' paintings. At Choate, she gained a reputation for socializing that was to prove prophetic. "She was the ringleader of the dorm," remembers Kate Betts. "Her room was a kind of social center. She just had this great energy. She still does."

In her junior year at NYU, Feldman landed a coveted if lowly position as the front-desk girl for the legendary gallerist Leo Castelli and at night mixed with Jean-Michel Basquiat and Kenny Scharf at Area and Paradise Garage. Feeling like a well-schooled veteran at the age of 24, she decided to try her hand as a gallerist and used the money she had inherited from her father to move abroad and set up shop in Florence. It didn't last; she returned to New York after two years. Ever the entrepreneur, Feldman smuggled in a trunk of Alighiero e Boetti tapestries and drawings she'd bought with funds on loan from her mother and acted as a mini-dealer, hosting private showings in her SoHo loft.

In 1992, Larry Gagosian hired her for his new space on Wooster Street, once again as the front-desk girl. While helping to organize exhibitions for Richard Serra and Walter de Maria, Feldman also began to arrange the gallery's events, like a bash at Nell's to welcome painter Peter Halley into Gagosian's stable. The social scene proved addictive. "When it came down to it, selling art wasn't what I wanted to do all day," confesses Feldman. "To be a successful art dealer you have to be out schmoozing 24-7. I don't have that kind of personality; I like working behind the scenes." She pauses. "Now, ironically, we sell art at every event we do."

Her interest in party planning piqued, Feldman called up Anne Livet of Livet Reichard—the first event-planning firm to mine the art world—who immediately hired her for an Art Against AIDS event in Venice. "They needed someone who knew the art world and who knew Italian," Feldman recalls. "We did a dinner for 500 chaired by Marella Agnelli"—wife of Gianni Agnelli, president of Fiat—"who is basically the queen of Italy. I didn't sleep for a month, but it netted over $1 million."

"There's **A LOT OF ENERGY** right now," says Yvonne Force. "And the arts deserve it. I think things are finally back to **THE WAY THEY SHOULD BE.**"

After directing events for the Robert Mapplethorpe Gallery at the Guggenheim and the inauguration of the American Center in Paris, Feldman decided, once again, to strike out on her own. She began with the opening-night party for an exhibition of the sculptor Mark di Suvero's work at the 1995 Venice Biennale. A valentine-themed party for Creative Time, its first major fund-raising effort, followed. She cajoled 150 artists into creating original valentines, which were then raffled off. William Wegman supplied a cartoonish drawing of a love story, Kiki Smith a Japanese-paper vagina sculpture, David Salle a small painting of a milk pitcher. To top it off, Feldman called up a friend, photographer Nan Goldin, to shoot partygoers' portraits in a bedroom set designed by André Balazs to simulate a suite in the Chateau Marmont. The evening raised $75,000—Creative Time's entire annual budget at the time was $300,000—and put the organization on the social map.

"Melissa takes a project and gets to its soul. From there, she puts on a new armature of muscle and bone until it becomes a functioning event," says Ealan Wingate, director of the Gagosian gallery. "It's like a really great stylist in a magazine. It's not just selling the dress; it's selling the point of view of the person who's going to *wear* that dress."

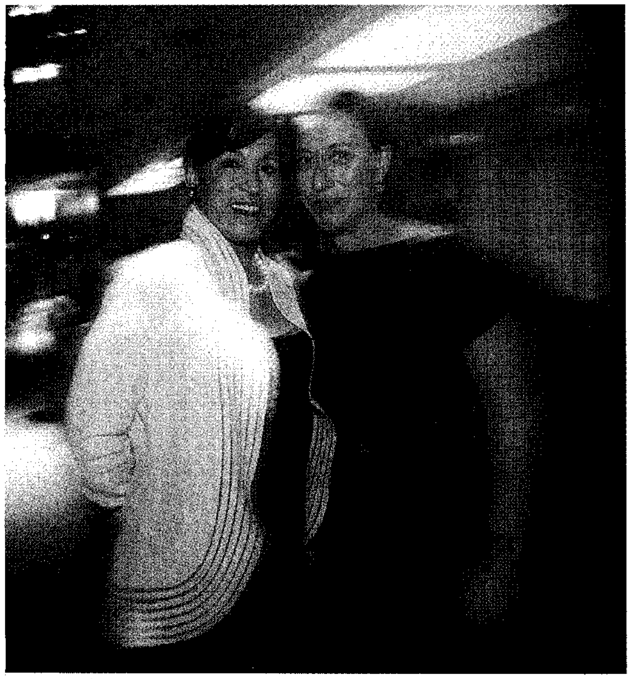
AT THE MAY ANNUAL GALA FOR THE Kitchen, the multidisciplinary art space, Feldman's glittering handiwork is in full bloom. When guests arrive at the Roxy, the roller rink turned disco at 18th Street and Tenth Avenue, they are ushered into a pitch-black entryway, illuminated only by the blue light of a videotaped Laurie Anderson performance playing on TV sets perched, one after the other, on each tier of a seemingly endless staircase. On the tables, centerpieces are made not of real bouquets but virtual ones—digital pictures from the flower market printed on acetate. Philip Glass is over by the bar. Cindy Sherman arrives in polka-dot pony mules trimmed in fur and brushes by Met executive Ashton Hawkins and a waiter brandishing plates of caramelized bacon and barbecued beef on tiny buns. (Since the evening is in celebration of the Kitchen's video archive, Feldman devised a menu theme of TV dinners.)

"Everyone is having a good time," says Feldman through gritted teeth, as a video of a greased-up bodybuilder flexing his thighs plays on a giant screen above. "Everyone but *moi*. We've been insane all day. Last-minute seating changes. There's Robert"—she waves to Robert Soros, George Soros's son—"and Eric and Fiona" (as in Rudin, of a branch of the Scott Rudin–and–Beth Rudin deWoody clan). "Hi, Fred," she chirps to Fred Schneider from the B-52's. "He's moving from music to photography. He has a piece in the auction," she explains after he's out of earshot, gesturing to the silent auction set up on tables along the length of the room. Everything from eight assorted Pipilotti Rist videos to a Robert Mapplethorpe print to two tickets to the MTV Video Awards is on offer. Standing by the first piece, a photograph of a mouth by John Baldessari (which the Soroses will promptly snap up), Feldman is keeping a close watch on her favorites, hoping for the Jeff Koons *Puppy* vase or the Doug and Mike Starn tree print to add to the small collection in her London Terrace one-bedroom. She can tell she is already outbid, as usual.

Such auctions, in this tight market, are extremely popular with budding collectors who wouldn't normally make it on a gallery's most-wanted list. "A gallerist's job is to place the works as well as possible," sighs Andrea Rosen, who gets hundreds of requests a year for her artists to donate their art. "When a piece goes to auction, you totally forfeit the opportunity to do the best thing you can for your artist. But Melissa is extremely responsible," she adds. "You build a reputation where people trust you and what you're involved in. That's something Melissa's definitely done."

Feldman surveys the main floor, interrupted by guests cornering her and her clipboard in the hope of inspecting the list of their dinner companions. "I think you're at a really good table," she says to a concerned Holly Solomon, who recently moved her gallery to a space in the Chelsea Hotel. "This is the hardest part," she mutters, as Solomon wanders away. "You have to be everyone's psychologist."

As the art market has heated up, the networking over the third glass of white wine has intensified in kind. "Art-world people, especially people competing for money, *live* for these kinds of social events," one gallerist notes. "The opportunity for schmoozing—that's why people pay to go." "We're mingling and mixing on a more consistent basis than we did in the past," notes *Vanity Fair*'s Amy Fine Collins. "Melissa has been one of the people who have helped bridge that gulf. She's not the cause of it—in some ways she's the consequence of it—but she also is a facilitator."



PUBLIC AND PRIVATE Feldman with her mother, Dagmar, at the Public Art Fund. Opposite, left to right, Elizabeth Peyton at the Public Art Fund party; Cindy Sherman at the Kitchen; Jeff Koons at the Public Art Fund.

Even corporations, which stayed away from the arts during the Andres Serrano and Robert Mapplethorpe scares of recent decades, are lining up to get in on the action. Some underwrite entire events; others cover the cost of components ranging from the liquor to the printing of invitations (Philip Morris pays for the invites for many Feldman parties). Still more drop their signature products into gift bags—which are often worth more than the value of a dinner ticket. Pairing corporate sponsors with the appropriate organizations is another of Feldman's specialties. "Corporate America is recognizing that a large percentage of its target audience is found in these cultural sectors," says Sara Fitzmaurice of Fitz & Co., a public-relations firm that collaborates often with Feldman. "Something like Gucci's sponsorship of the U.S. pavilion at the Venice Biennale"—a Feldman coup—"reaches a broad spectrum of people, ranging from the high-end lady collector to the younger woman who can afford Gucci luxury goods and clothing. The arts bring all of those worlds together."

But the nonprofits and the corporations aren't the sole beneficiaries of the benefit scene; the artists themselves don't exactly roll out of bed for nothing. Although as a rule they duck the high cost of entry to the events (usually the invited guests of patrons, institutions, or their press-hungry gallerists), artists are there to parlay some visibility into buzz and, of course, sales. "I see Cindy Sherman in the party pages," says Sara Sosnowy, an abstract artist whose work will be featured in Ratner's hotel, "and I think it's great. You've got to play this game to a degree if you want to have a certain kind of success. Collectors love to meet the artists. I've been to collectors' homes for dinner."

"Our culture understands that visibility is a commodity," says painter Alexis Rockman. "But sometimes being in those party pages is a disaster," he notes, alluding to the overexposure of some of his colleagues who appear to spend more time on the circuit than they do in the studio. "A lot of artists really pursue it," adds artist Izhar Patkin, who donated work to both the Kitchen and Yaddo auctions. "Galleries are like yesterday's movie studios," encouraging talent to market themselves, he says. "And parties are a vehicle."

THE SUN IS STILL GLARING ON THE banana-yellow Pat Steir mural in the now-completed Embassy Suites entry hall as the first guests arrive for the Public Art Fund's fête in their Jimmy Choo heels. This June evening is the last production of Feldman's season. So far, it is not an insider crowd. "Artists are always late," says Feldman, standing guard in black Gaultier (it's hers, but she, too, is the beneficiary of designers' largesse; she was allowed to pick out several Missoni ensembles earlier in the season). "It's the corporate people that come early." And they're doing their part by spiritedly bidding up the auction. "The seventies was music, the eighties was art, the nineties was fashion. Now it's art again," offers a lawyer as an explanation. "When you've done real estate, done the stock-market thing, the art market is a great place to be." "I'm *so* going for Prince William," says a 24-year-old collector, upping his auction bid by $500 for a lithograph of the teen prince by Elizabeth Peyton.

Within the hour, Jeff Koons is chatting next to *Donkey*, the polished stainless-steel piece he donated for the evening's auction, valued at $12,000. Sculptor Mark di Suvero is picking out his table number. Yvonne Force, in a lavender pony Marni jacket, and her husband, video artist Leo Villareal, are politely posing for photographers at the bar. So are art dealer–cum–bar owner Gavin Brown and his wife, fashion designer Lucy Barnes. "There's a lot of energy right now," says Force, "and the arts deserve it. I think things are finally back to the way they should be." "It's a very optimistic time," agrees Koons. "Parties like this are great; they're a place people can be exposed to avant-garde work and feel comfortable with it."

Feldman joins her table, which includes executives from the Public Art Fund, the Robert Mapplethorpe foundation, and the Gagosian Gallery—and her mom—as the first course, of chilled pea soup, is served. During the requisite speeches, splinter factions of partygoers roam the hotel, riding the elevator to the top of the atrium to peer down on the party below, which looks like a colony of ants, itself an abstract piece of art. "People are mixing nicely," Feldman says. Her mood is buoyant. "These people have to go to these events a lot; they get sick of seeing people in the field. But they're in a really good mood tonight. I can sense it."

As dancing begins, Feldman's crew sets up gift bags by the door. To go along with the venue, they are "overnight stay"–themed: a Michael Graves–designed alarm clock, Kiehl's shampoo. It's already clear from the turnout that the night has pulled in more than twice as much as last year's gala. But Feldman has an eye on the future. "The art world is huge compared to when I started working in it," Feldman marvels. "It's only getting bigger and bigger." Next season, the lines are blurring further: Doctors of the World has called on her for her Rolodex—she is putting together an art auction and has already signed LVMH as a sponsor, Michael Crichton and George Soros as honorary chairs. She's working on getting Julia Roberts to attend. In October, a photo auction she's planning at Christie's with Uma Thurman, this one for underprivileged infants, will feature Baby Gucci in the gift bags. Which is not to say that as the parties multiply and the money keeps flowing, the art world will become an open door.

"As Truman Capote observed," says Amy Fine Collins, "parties are not about who you invite but who you exclude. Now there's more people to invite," she notes. "And more people to exclude." ■

HEAVY PETT

In her debut film, ***The Tao of Steve,*** writer-director Jenniphr Goodman proves that **a fat man is good to find**. By Derek de Koff

JENNIPHR GOODMAN COULDN'T SLEEP the night before introducing her directorial debut, *The Tao of Steve,* to the 1,300 audience members at this year's Sundance Film Festival. "I'd practiced all day," she says, "and all I had to say were three lines: 'We're so thrilled to be here. Thank you for coming. We hope you enjoy it.' " As she stepped out in front of the crowd, her two younger sisters, Greer and Dana, both of whom co-star in *Tao,* cowered in the back row, chewing their nails. "As I looked at the audience, I managed to get out one word, *We're,* before bursting into tears." The crowd responded with a collective, sympathetic "*Ohhh!*" that only made her sob more.

There was no reason to be nervous—the audience ended up loving the unusual sex comedy, and three days after the first screening, Sony Picture Classics snapped up domestic distribution rights. The film, a dead-on depiction of male bachelorhood, manages to avoid all the usual clichés. For one thing, Dex, the leading man played by Donal Logue (best known as the Alanis Morissette–singing taxi driver in those ubiquitous MTV plugs), is seriously overweight—we're talking a beer belly of epic proportions—yet somehow women can't keep out of his size 44 jeans.

Today, just two weeks before the film's theatrical release, Jenniphr Goodman is in the kitchen of her sister Greer's SoHo loft. She's got her eye on an array of Carr's crackers, cheese wheels, and what looks like the entire line of Pepperidge Farm cookies. "I thought you might want a snack," Greer says, pushing the crackers toward me. She watches me eat one, then scoops up her preposterously fat tabby, Redford, and blurts out, "So you're not going to write down everything I say verbatim, right? You're just going to extract nuggets, right?"

"No, he's going to publish everything we say, word-for-word," Jenniphr says, taking a cookie. "It's going to be a fascinating 30-page read."

Of the three sisters (Dana, 26, is also there, listening intently while sipping a Sam Adams), you wouldn't peg Jenniphr as the director. Greer, 34, was always known as "the academic one." Dressed in a conservative green turtleneck and khakis, she's well-spoken, although more than a bit tightly wound. ("Sure, you can smoke over there—but please, *please* be careful not to fall out the window.") Jenniphr, 38 ("the rebellious one"), seems more like the actor in the family: jangly bracelets, big floppy T-shirt, tattoos, eccentrically spelled name. She's nervous, too, though, and starts belching uncontrollably. (*"I've done it my whole life,"* she burps. *"The doctors say there's nothing they can do . . ."*)

In the $1.2 million film—shot in Santa Fe, where Jenniphr lives with her husband—Greer plays Syd, the one woman who's immune to the hero's charms (he consequently falls in love with her), and Dana has a smaller role as a philosophy undergrad who's effortlessly seduced by the flabby Don Juan. Jenniphr, aside from directing the film, collaborated with Greer on the screenplay, along with their close friend Duncan North, who happens to be a real-life overweight charmer with a history of bedding more women than anybody they've ever known. They made the film out of "frustration with being unemployed and not doing anything with our lives, despite having two graduate degrees between us." (Greer went to Yale School of Drama and Jenniphr went to NYU film school.)

On one level, the film provides a foolproof method for seducing women. Dex's approach is cobbled together from bits of Lao-tzu, Heidegger, and Steve McQueen. He calls it "the Tao of Steve," and Greer coolly lays out the three basic tenets for me: "Number one, be desireless, as in, don't come on too strong and don't seem sexually interested. Two, be excellent—somehow leave an impression that you're charming and great, like McQueen or Steve Austin, the Six Million Dollar Man. And three, be gone—after you wow your would-be date, depart so that *they start pursuing you."*

"Duncan's theories about women completely work," says Jenniphr. "We were just at a film festival in Nantucket. He was juggling about five or six girls."

"All on the first day," says Dana.

"And these women had *seen* the movie," Jenniphr adds. "They knew it was all about him, and they *still* went for it."

"It works because he's so respectful," says Dana. "He's very funny, he's very smart, and he's a good listener. Period."

"He's more or less trained himself to be all these things," Greer says. "It's almost manipulative—almost. It's like Newton. He didn't discover gravity; he just wrote the laws. There are laws about how men and women interact, and figuring out how they work—is that manipulative? We could argue for years about it. But my stance is, because Duncan is overweight, he's had to develop a more sophisticated way to get women—it's like blind people developing an acute sense of hearing."

"Well, of course, Greer knows firsthand about being seduced by Duncan," Jenniphr burps. "Greer, shouldn't we *illuminate*—?"

Greer freezes, genuinely angry. "Well," she says, "I dated Duncan for about two weeks—"

"I just thought the spark you had between the two of you was germane," Jenniphr prods. "For a while, there was this ongoing sexual tension between the two of them, until finally—"

"Redford!" Greer shouts, stopping the conversation—and the interview—dead. The cat is on the counter, deep into the Cheddar. "He always does this; I'll go wash the cheese . . ."

(I reach Duncan at his home in Santa Fe. He admits that he and Greer broke up because they were "two way-too-strong personalities," but nothing more. As a consolation prize, he offers his take on the Goodmans as a whole: "They're characters out of a Jane Austen novel—only they don't have that nineteenth-century smell. They're three women from Womanland, an alternate universe where none of that regular girl stuff works on them.")

Greer returns with more trays of food and another six-pack of Sam Adams. "Sorry about that," she mutters. "Can I offer you some more cheese?" ■

Photographed by Jon Ragel

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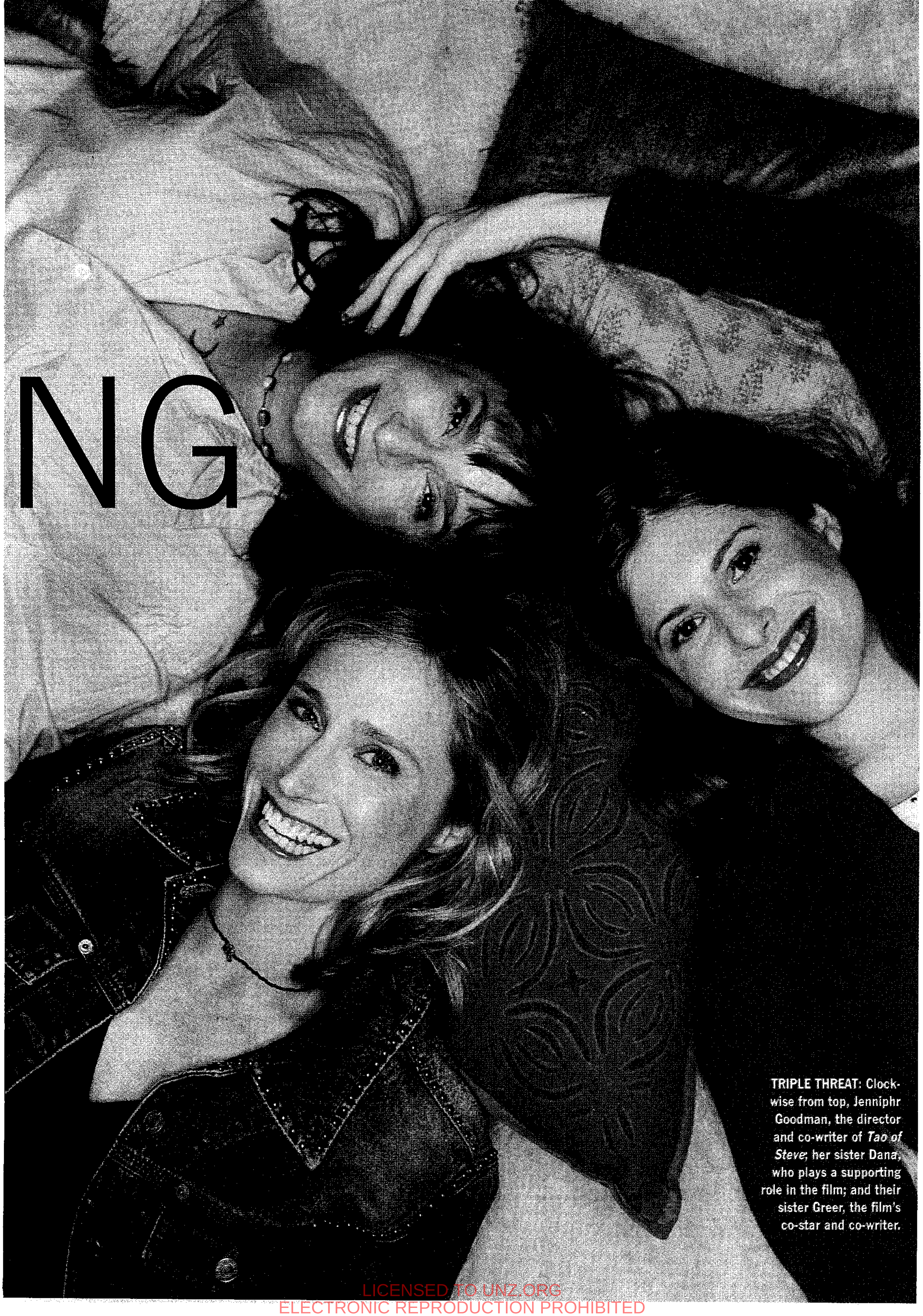


TRIPLE THREAT: Clockwise from top, Jenniphr Goodman, the director and co-writer of *Tao of Steve*; her sister Dana, who plays a supporting role in the film; and their sister Greer, the film's co-star and co-writer.

Cosmopolitans
Tiny vintage sweaters

How the West

Won Me

Overcome by the percolating panic of New York's literary life, the author shed her Prada pumps and ironic affectations and moved to Wyoming—to a town with seven taxidermy shops and no Gap.

By Lily Burana

I LEFT MY MANHATTAN APARTMENT for the last time wearing black sunglasses, a black T-shirt, a long, slim-fitting satin Chinese-print skirt, and matching sandals. As I lifted my leg to get in the cab to the airport, the entire back seam of the skirt ripped—from hem to zipper. • In retrospect, the incident seems portentous. I wasn't heading out for a Western holiday, a cowboy-themed interlude; I was moving to Wyoming. • And the minute I was out of New York range, my fashion pretensions were rendered useless. I was so pleased when I found a Ralph Lauren suit for half-price at the local mall in Cheyenne, I drove home with the garment bag swinging victoriously from the gun rack in my truck. I haven't worn it since. Running errands in my maroon velvet tank dress—which I did all the time in New York—garnered more amused stares than I'd gotten since I was a goth teen in suburban New Jersey. And perhaps it's no surprise that I've yet to find an occasion that calls for a Gucci bag.

Illustration by Susy Pilgrim Waters

So how did I end up in Cheyenne? The cute response is that one snowy December night when I was on assignment at a honky-tonk here, a charming roughneck asked me to dance. Long-distance courtship ensued, and then, lured by the promise of love and low overhead, I moved west in 1998.

But there's more. Quite apart from any amorous pursuits, I realized, I had been consumed by what my friend Maija calls the "Want Monster." I had changed from a sincere, arty gal to a junior media type and in the process become petulant and ungrateful in the extreme. It didn't matter that I was doing fine, certainly better than expected. I'm a high-school dropout; having fashioned a career that didn't involve asking "Do you want fries with that?" meant I'd triumphed over statistics. But so what? Dissatisfaction is common if not celebrated in a town where ambition carries the day. An acquaintance who published four successful books, earns thousands per gig lecturing, and had his novel optioned, once said, "In New York, you never really feel successful, because there's always someone who's got so much more than you. There is no ceiling to success here. There is never enough."

And so I'd go haring off each day in search of the elusive *enough,* hastened by a sense of entitlement and armored in irony. In a city so brutally competitive as New York I suppose it's a critical survival mechanism, but while it may be a handy way of shielding your vulnerabilities, it's also a cultural paralytic. I've watched a lot of very talented, inventive people lapse into scenester para-creatives—privy to the galleys of every book and rough cuts of every film, present at every party, and able to tell you the picayune details of all of the hot deals being made in art, film, literature, and real estate—but unable to create anything meaningful themselves. Too stymied by affectation to make a move, they've traded output for access.

I was headed that way myself. Living in the shadow of the ultimate punk-rock landmark, the Hotel Chelsea, I was as happy as I'd ever been. But it was only a matter of time before my entire existence involved standing around in clever outfits, tossing back martinis, and sneering about how derivative someone's work was.

Eventually, I lapsed into a profound funk—I'd sit in Veselka, spooning borscht and observing my ilk with their scrubby hairdos, or see them swarming the Angelika in their *interesting* spectacles, and think, "My God, there are so many of us." All those aspirations crammed into a small, finite space—it seemed futile. Was I crazy or just claustrophobic? I couldn't tell. I sequestered myself in my tiny apartment, watching *Seinfeld* reruns and weighing my options. When a leak in the roof of my building brought on an infestation of gargantuan flying cockroaches, I made my decision. I wanted out.

Leaving New York is anxious-making. New York is a font of myth, a locus of opportunity—you're deathly afraid that you'll miss something. Or that no one will miss you. Still, I steeled my nerves and bailed, because other friends had left and thrived. One went to Manila to head a division of an advertising firm. One went to London for a change of scene. Still another headed to a sleepy Massachusetts hamlet to finish a screenplay. Each of us left for a different reason, but we all planned to return eventually.

SOUTHEASTERN WYOMING, WHERE I LIVE at the moment, looks nothing like the mountainous picture-postcard perfection one might expect. It looks more like Nebraska's leftovers. Not that life in the high plains isn't pretty; in the springtime, the foothills are carpeted in wildflowers, and in summer, the afternoon showers often produce double rainbows. And the sky—it's immense, clear, and mighty. During the day, monster clouds roll in over the Front Range of the Rockies. At night, the Big Dipper spans the distance between four telephone poles and the Milky Way stretches all the way across mid-Heaven, a translucent silver ribbon.

Winter can be hell. The bitter cold and 60-mile-an-hour gusts dissuade one from leaving the house, let alone outdoor sporting, and the only life you'll see on the plains is the stubble of prairie grass poking through the snow and the occasional shivering antelope. But it's worth enduring for the summers, when the air smells of horse apples and sweet grass, and the thunderstorms blow in on a loam-scented breeze.

Moving came with a package of predictable difficulties, including identity crises. New Yorkers are renowned as savvy, tough, determined, and eccentric. When you leave the city, are you no longer any of those things? Surviving the daily grind is testimonial to strength of character, so now that you're out of it, have you gone soft? And this surfeit of irony—do you need it? It's scary for a New Yorker to dismantle the irony device, because you're afraid something awful might happen. Like you'll turn into a Californian. But when I peeled away my anxiety about descending into dithery Stuart Smalley–ism, I found that at the core of the ironic affectation was a huge knot of panic. Distinctly New York panic. Even if you're at the top of your game, you live in fear of being edged out of your job, your social niche, your apartment. But once you're gone awhile, you realize you don't need the hypervigilant detachment, and it falls away like a snake's old skin. Life lightens up considerably.

Although I live at more than 6,000 feet above sea level, I've never had altitude sickness. I did, however, quease at the lateral expansion. As a New Yorker, I was used to living within tight geographic boundaries, maneuvering within a certain moral and aesthetic, as well as physical, realm. With unlimited space, what do you do? I started by learning things I had never bothered with before. I was shockingly ignorant about many fundamental grown-up tasks. I didn't know how to change a flat tire. I'd telephone my mother in a panic: "How do you bake a chicken?!" Lawns and gardens? Apparently, if you don't water them every day or so in summer, they turn brown.

Out here, one is advised to leave the big-city attitude behind. Deigning to enlighten the local citizenry on some matter might yield naught in return but an indignant snort—or even a black eye. Believe it: They really don't *care* how they do it in New York! For months, every time I showed up someplace, someone would razz me by yelling, "New York City?!" like the hicks in that Pace picante-sauce commercial. When I opened a checking account, the teller said, "You're from New York, huh? Well, don't tell anybody back there about us. We don't want them coming here."

OF COURSE, WYOMING IS NOT A TOTAL backwater. We have body piercing, alternative radio, latte, botox, and aromatherapy, all of which balance nicely with the remaining vestiges of regional purity. Cheyenne, the state's capital and largest city (population 55,608), has seven taxidermy shops but no Gap.

And leaving New York is a little easier when your destination has its own major-league mythos. Which Wyoming certainly does; this is cowboy country, pard! Everyone's infatuated with the cowboy, even in Wyoming. There are other icons of butch Americana—the soldier, the astronaut, the rock star—but none has the cowboy's pansexual allure.

"Where Have All the Cowboys Gone?" is the plaintive wail of singer Paula Cole. Anyone who dares to venture west of the Ohio River or east of Sunset Boulevard will find that the cowboys haven't gone anywhere. It's just a matter of whether you're willing to overlook your raw-boned fantasies about what cowboys are really like and stare into the eyes of the real deal.

Real cowboys aren't always nice—and by the same token, they're not always tough. They may prefer Ozzy Osbourne to George Strait. They use cell phones. They don't all work on the range; some are professional rodeo athletes; some were raised as hands, then became laborers or accountants or content providers. Among the men laying claim to cowboydom, there's a huge credibility shakedown—who's the genuine article and who isn't. In a country-and-western bar, you hear more cries of "wannabe" and "poseur" than at a hip-hop club or a punk show. "Couldn't ride a stick horse" is the ultimate dis, and it's often bandied about. Elitism doesn't just come teetering in on a pair of Manolos, you see. Sometimes it wears Ropers, too.

I had my reservations about giving in to cowboy courtship, since it was unlike anything I was used to. Instead of stories about Ivy League high jinks or what it was like to see Richard Hell at CBGB's, I was regaled with tales of Little Britches rodeo and jumping Harleys off a freeway exit ramp. But once I got past the cosmetic differences, I was totally charmed. Masculine ardor tempered with rural mellowness has much to recommend it. The amped-up Master of the Universe mania starts to look ridiculous by comparison.

I'M NOT CERTAIN IF LIVING OUT HERE HAS made me a nicer person, or if I simply have fewer opportunities to be a jerk. What I do know is that I no longer confuse panic with vitality; time is more ally than enemy; and the urban dictum of "Eat or be eaten" has become, instead, "Eat . . . or don't." I'm doing okay.

Or so it seems most days. Other days, I'm not so sure. Like several weeks ago, when my New England friend e-mailed. He'd had enough of life in the Berkshires, he wrote. He's headed back to town. Where will he be living? The Hotel Chelsea.

The bastard. ■

"There are other icons of butch Americana, but none has the cowboy's pansexual allure. . . . Masculine ardor tempered with rural mellowness has much to recommend it. The amped-up Master of the Universe mania starts to look ridiculous by comparison."

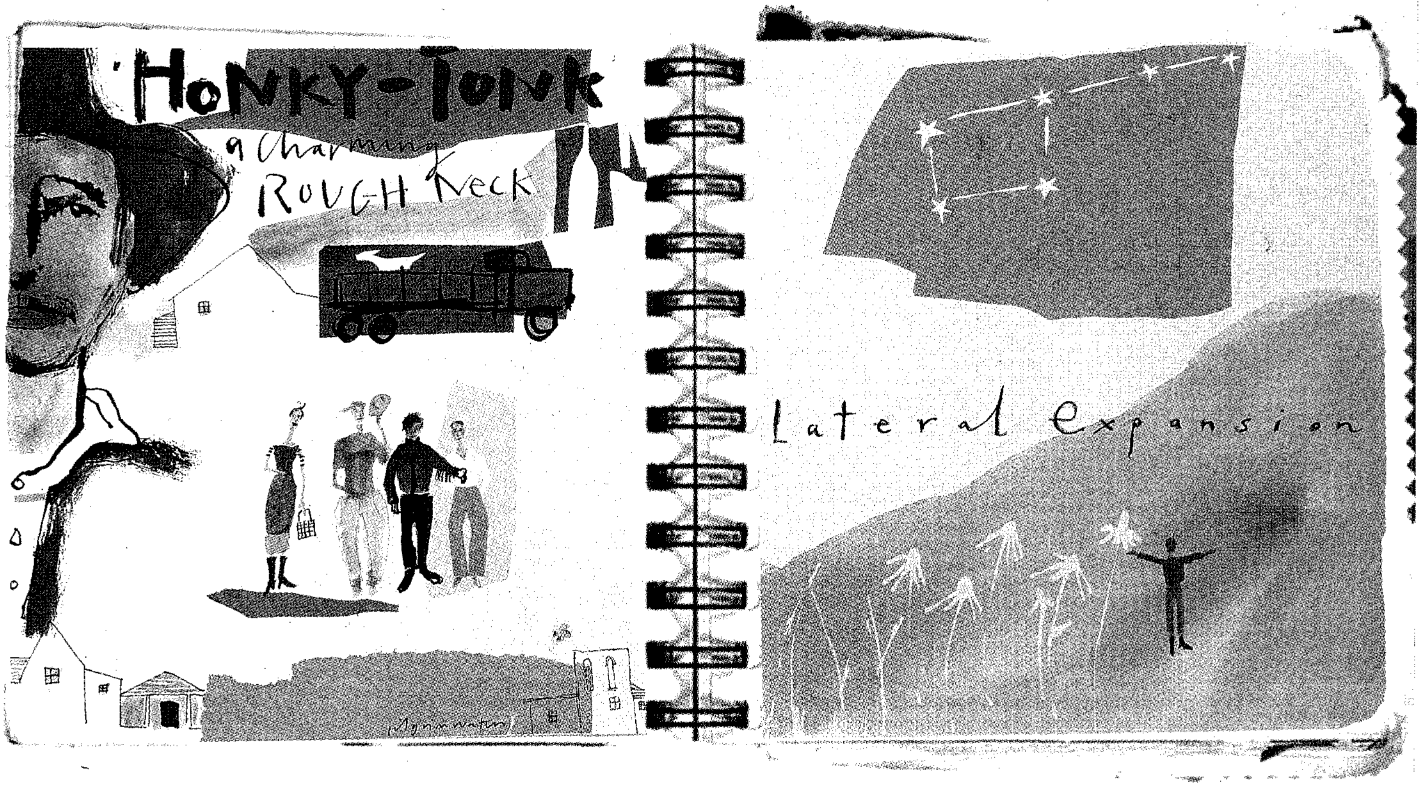
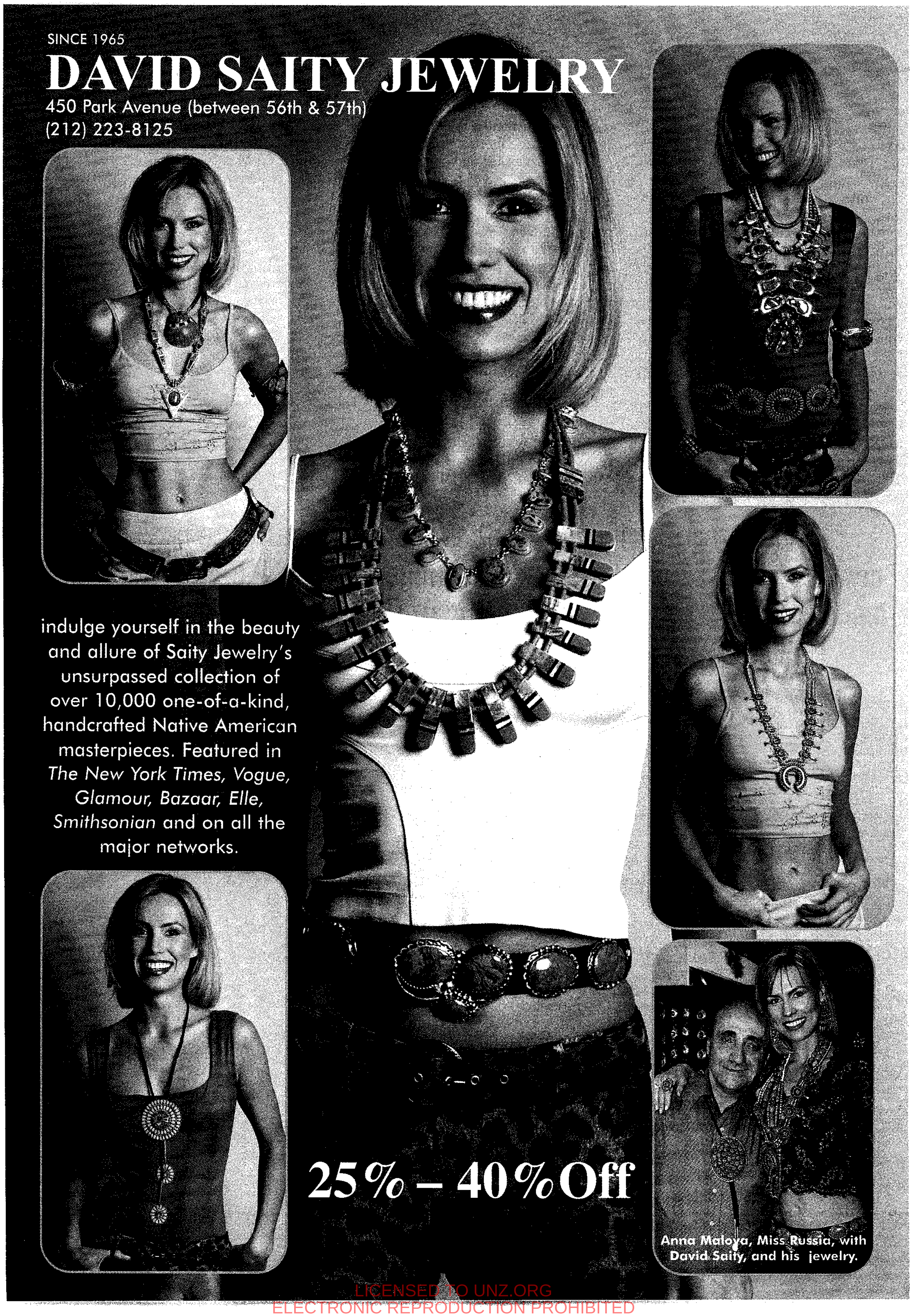


Illustration by Susy Pilgrim Waters.



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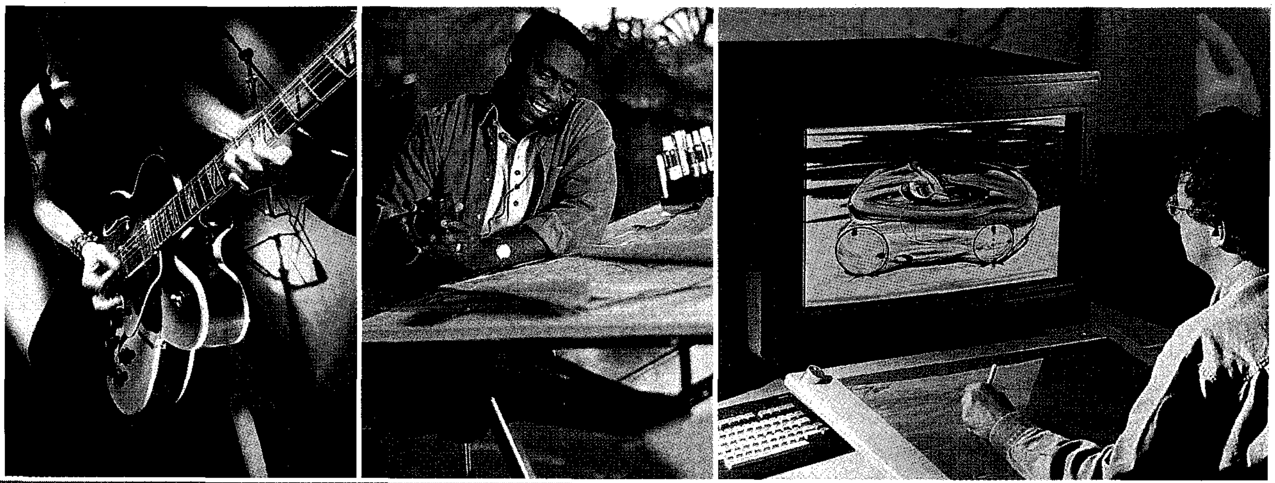
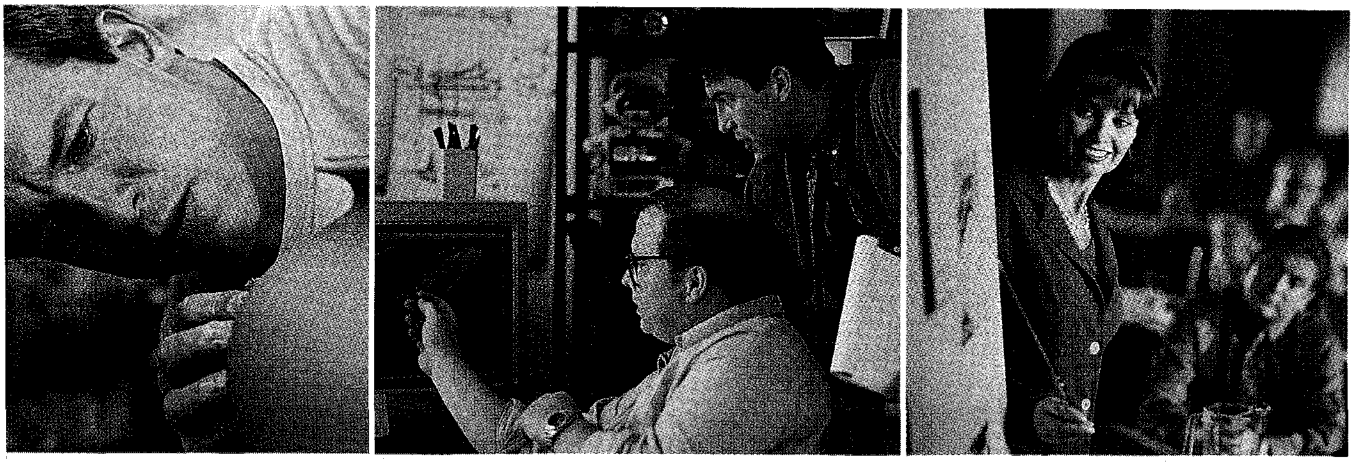
Learning 2000



Continuing Ed Classes that Make the Grade

It's school time again, and what better place for it than New York City, home of the nation's largest continuing education programs, not to mention some of the most culturally diverse and intellectually stimulating offerings on the planet. Whether you're expanding your horizons, pursuing personal enrichment, or are charting your course to a challenging new career, use this special section as your syllabus.

Beverly Hood Allen Creative Services Director Christy Casamassima Editor Bolle Design Creative Jason Forsythe Writer Lory Conklin Research



New York University School of Continuing and Professional Studies

7 E. 12th St., 11th Floor, 998-7080;
www.scps.nyu.edu; e-mail: scpsinfo@nyu.edu

"Noncredit enrichment courses are making a comeback at **New York University**. "We're finding that professionals want to develop their personal sides," explains Dorothy Durkin, associate dean of marketing at NYU's School of Continuing and Professional Studies. "Market research and focus groups have shown us that today's professional, although she works 14 hours a day at a dot-com to advance her career, still remains interested in self-enrichment." This is why The Virtual College™ at NYU-S.C.P.S. is offering a variety of distance learning courses for busy professionals this fall in the arts, sciences, and humanities such as, "Elements of Fiction Writing," "Screenwriting," as well as a program that ends in a certificate in English-to-Spanish translation.

The same is true for NYU's International Affairs program, as well as S.C.P.S.'s offerings in metropolitan studies, psychology, and the sciences. "We have many young people in their late 20s and 30s who are taking courses simply for personal enjoyment," says Vera Jelinek, director of international programs at NYU's S.C.P.S. A cosmology course, "The Mysterious Universe," consistently attracts a range of nonscience types, while another course in global politics recently attracted 90 students. "Each semester, at least 25 percent of our courses are new," says Jelinek. "People want to stay current, and taking a course that responds to the changing global marketplace is one way to do it."

With annual enrollments of nearly 70,000 in its professional development and degree programs, and with 2,500 plus courses, S.C.P.S. has become the largest institution of its kind in the nation. S.C.P.S.' highlights for this fall include courses in e-business, along with a host of distance learning courses offered through The Virtual College. Some of the technical courses offered online this fall include "Introduction to Programming Using Java," "Investment Research and Trading," "Certificate in Internet Technologies," and a graduate level "Advanced Professional Certificate in Information Technology." Meanwhile, S.C.P.S.' e-business courses teach how to use the Internet for marketing, selling, sourcing, communicating and image-building. Fall titles include "Putting Your E-Business on the Web," "Internet Market Research," and "Cyberbranding." The course listings are endless and literally cover just about any subject area you can imagine. Some popular examples include: film, video, CAD, construction, finance, marketing, management, real estate, sports & fitness, and even philanthropy. If you have an interest–any interest–New York University has a course to match it.

School of General Studies (GS) at Columbia University

2970 Broadway at 116th St., 4th Floor;
1-800-893-0245; www.gs.columbia.edu
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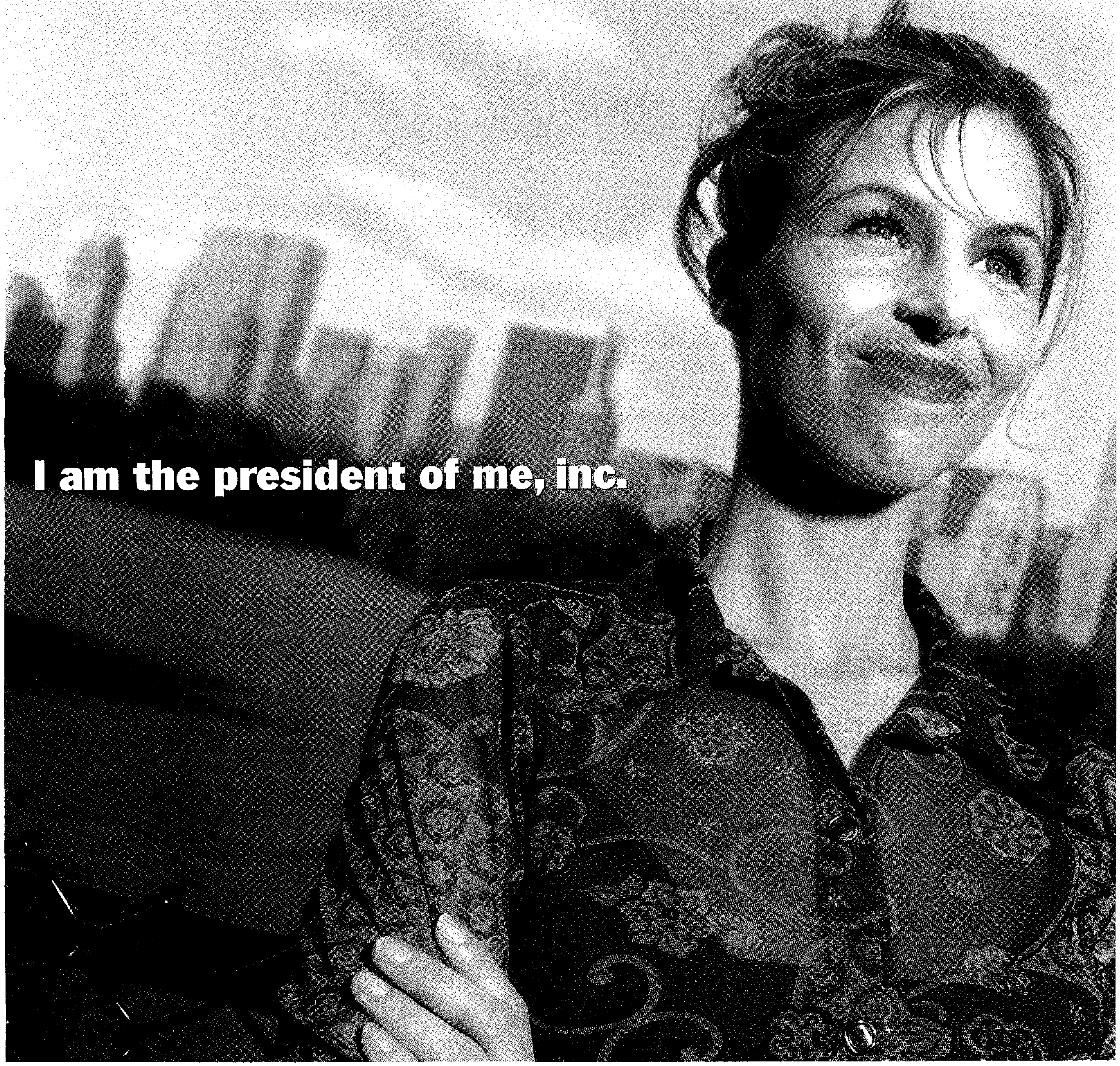
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any point in their lives, not just immediately after high school," says Dr. Peter J. Awn, dean of **Columbia University's School of General Studies**. "What distinguishes GS from similar colleges for returning and nontraditional students is that GS students are fully integrated into the University's undergraduate curriculum. Whether our students are dancers, writers, or computer programmers, whether they are in the challenging joint program with Jewish Theological Seminary or were recently discharged from the Israeli army, whether they are international students or new Americans, they receive the same superb education as all other Columbia undergraduates."

GS bills itself as the nation's premier college for nontraditional students who have interrupted their education for at least one year and who now wish to complete the B.A. or B.S. degree. Some attend part-time, others full-time. GS also accepts applications from recent high school graduates who, for compelling personal and professional reasons, can only attend part-time.

GS is a small liberal arts college within the larger university that is academically integrated, but administratively separate. The separation means GS can focus on the needs of returning nontraditional students. Academically, the 1,100 bachelor's degree candidates take the same classes and study with the same Arts & Sciences faculty as do students in Columbia's three other undergraduate colleges. Whether they attend full- or part-time, GS students can choose from 1,500 courses and from majors in more than 40 departments.

Located in Morningside Heights on Manhattan's Upper West Side, Columbia University is the focal point of a residential neighborhood full of bookstores, restaurants, shops, and coffee bars. With Barnard College, Teachers College, Union Theological Seminary, Jewish Theological Seminary, and Manhattan School of Music all in the neighborhood, Morningside Heights is one of Americas most vibrant academic communities.

Continuing Education and Special Programs at Columbia University

2970 Broadway at 116th St., Lewisohn Hall, Room 203;
www.ce.columbia.edu, or call 854-2820; request a catalog at
854-6483; e-mail: cesp-info5@columbia.edu

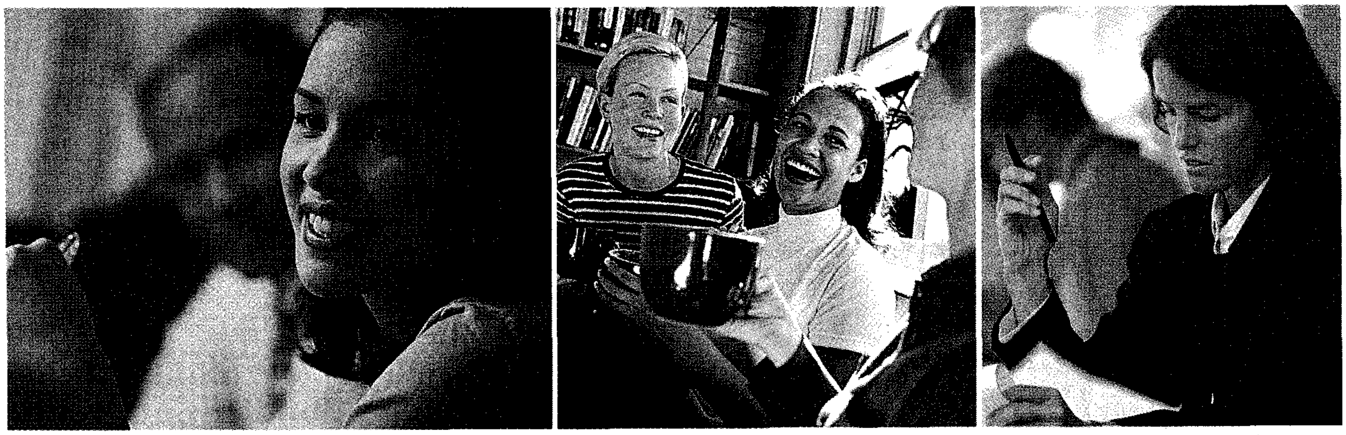
"Diversity, variety and opportunity abound at New York's only Ivy League university," according to Frank Wolf, dean of **Continuing Education and Special Programs at Columbia University**. "Continuing Education offers several options for achieving academic goals. All of our programs share one thing: their Columbia quality."

Degree and non-matriculating students convene in 34 areas of study in the Arts and Sciences. Many enroll in a single credit-bearing course. Some of the more intriguing and diverse topics on tap this fall include: "Race and Racism: Literary Representations of an American Crisis," "Politics and American Film," "Salsa, Soca, and Reggae: Popular Music of the Caribbean," "Religious Cults in American Society," "Reform and Revolution: Middle East in Historical, Comparative Perspective," and "The Changing American Family."

Others attend noncredit certificate programs in the popular Computer Technology and Applications (CTA) and Advanced Information Technology Management programs. Students can also attend these courses at the new downtown center on Williams Street.

Students can study abroad in Beijing, Paris, Berlin, or Scandiano, Italy, while talented high school students can take college courses. The TESOL (Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages) certificate program prepares candidates to teach English as a second or foreign language.

Adult courses begin September 5, CTA courses begin September 9, and high school courses begin September 23.



The New School

66 W. 12th St., 1-800-319-4321 ext. 883; www.nsu.newschool.edu/fall8
For degree and certificate programs, call 229-5630

The New School has been a pioneer in adult education every year since 1919—and this fall is no exception. It is currently offering more than 1,500 courses (1,000 for credit to a Bachelor of Arts in the Liberal Arts) in topics ranging from creative writing and computers to dance and the culinary arts.

The New School is making a major effort to offer classes online. It began offering online classes in 1994, and now offers more than 300 courses representing curriculum areas as well as the Bachelor of Arts in the Liberal Arts and a Master of Arts in Media Studies. Over half of The New School's B.A. students take courses online.

The hot topics this fall are writing courses and the Web. Enrollments in computer-related courses this past summer were up 50 percent over the previous summer, which was also up about 50 percent. "We can't seem to offer enough courses in Web design, e-commerce and Web project management," says Elissa Tenny, acting dean.

The other hot ticket is writing courses, which are all taught by working writers. The writing program includes 16 online writing courses. "We ask our faculty to come up with their dream course," states Tenny. "We don't have anything like Writing 101. Instead, we have topics like 'Writing a Woman's Life: A Poetry Workshop,' or 'Accidental Realities: Writing Experimental Nonfiction.' These are topics the professors are experts in, and they bring their enthusiasm to the classroom."

This fall, The New School is collaborating with The New York Public Library's "Utopia: The Search for an Ideal Society in the Western World" exhibition. Several leading writers have been invited to read and discuss their work, and several utopia-themed courses, along with a science fiction film series, are on the fall agenda. In all, The New School features more than 70 special events and readings every year.

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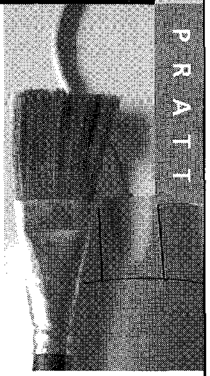

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Learning 2000

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Continuing Education and Professional Studies: 217-7178
or 1-888-817-4767; e-mail: conted@fitsuny.edu

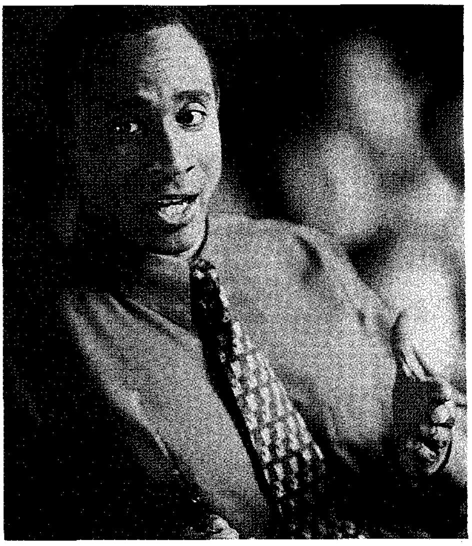
Yes, it's fashion. But **Fashion Institute of Technology** is also art, design, communications, manufacturing, and now, e-commerce. FIT is one of eight colleges in the U.S. to receive a $275,000 grant from Bill Gates and the Microsoft Corporation as part of a national $7 million effort to "foster community-oriented technology and training programs that meet local business needs."

FIT's new Center for e-Commerce, which is being launched this fall, offers three noncredit certificate programs: e-Business Design, Marketing, and Merchandising Online, and Small Business e-Strategies, all through the School of Continuing Education and Professional Studies. The Center is also offering stand-alone workshops and presentations for e-commerce professionals to showcase new technologies and provide a forum for discussion of current issues and opportunities in the digital economy.

Some e-commerce courses this fall include "e-Law: Business, the Internet and the Law," "Online Start-Up: Using the Internet as a Business Resource and Communication Tool," "Case Studies: New Media Models for Entrepreneurs," "e-Commerce Design Tools," "e-Commerce Design Principles," and "e-Merchandising."

In all, FIT offers evening and weekend study to more than 5,000 students a year, and more than 1,000 credit and noncredit courses, some of which can lead to the completion of certificate or degree programs. For the most part, the courses are taught by industry professionals, and entering students do not need a portfolio to get started.

An open house for the School of Continuing Education and Professional Studies will be held Monday, August 21 and Saturday, August 26 at FIT's Feldman Center. Classes begin Monday, August 28 and end December 18, 2000.



TalkPower, Inc.

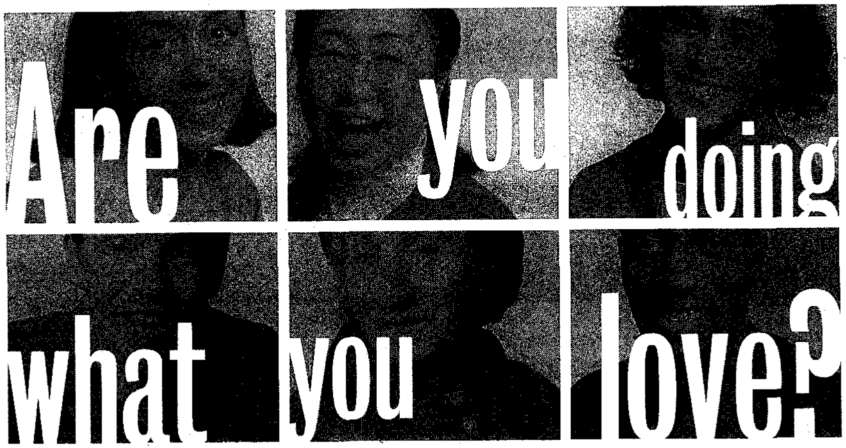
333 E. 23rd St., 684-1711;
www.talkpowerinc.com

"To speak and maintain your concentration while the audience is looking at you is a skill that even the most anxious and uncomfortable person can learn," says Natalie H. Rogers, founder of **Talk Power Seminars**. Rogers should know. The foremost authority specializing in public speaking phobia, she has been developing and teaching her innovative program for the past 22 years.

In her new book *The New TalkPower, The Mind-Body Way to Speak Without Fear* (Capitol Books; in stores this month), she describes her original step-by-step method for overcoming the fear of public speaking.

TalkPower Seminars is utilized by managers at American Express, IBM, AT&T, and Dewey Ballantine. In a safe, nonintimidating setting, the same hands-on program is offered one weekend each month. Video is never used. Instead, 18 hours of concentration and performance techniques are taught, along with speech crafting and self-esteem training. The intensive program is enough to transform even the most audience-shy person who has never spoken in public into a successful speaker.

"Whether you have trouble with a job interview, meetings, formal stand-up presentations or even walking down the aisle in public, we can help," states Rogers. "Everyone can re-pattern their brain for the skills of performance." The TalkPower Seminars offer a money back guarantee for transformation. Call for a telephone consultation with Rogers and a free informational brochure.


Are you doing what you love?

FIT's School of Continuing Education provides expert instruction in everything from merchandising and advertising to design and eCommerce. So stop doing what you like, and start doing what you love. **Come to our Adult Open Houses** in the Feldman Center lobby August 21 (4:30 pm-6:30 pm) and August 26 (10 am-12 pm).

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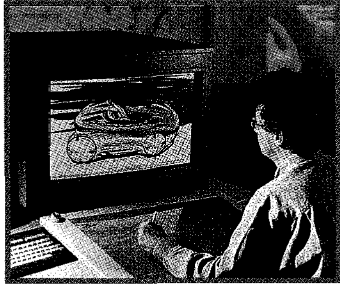
The Learning Curve

To receive information from the schools listed, just check the appropriate box(es), fill in the coupon, and mail it to the address indicated.



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The Center for Christian Studies

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church
7 W. 55th St., 247-0490;
www.christianstudies.org or www.fapc.org.

The Center for Christian Studies is open to people of all faiths and ages interested in intellectual, emotional, and spiritual inquiry. In the coming year, the Center will be offering 84 courses in literature, church history, music, the Bible, theology, practical theology, art history and drama. The professors are distinguished faculty from university seminaries, along with Fifth Avenue's staff.

Some highlights include "Theology and Science: Eschatology from a Scientific Prospective," which is taught by Gregory Cootsona, a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, Princeton Theological Seminary, and the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley. This course will look at the volatile relationship of theology and science. "C. S. Lewis, Scholar and Dinosaur" is taught by James Como, graduate of Columbia's Language, Literature and Communications program and professor of Rhetoric and Public Communication at CUNY's York College. "Spiritual Theology" is taught by former Rhodes Scholar Diogenes Allen, Stuart Professor of Philosophy at Princeton Theological Seminary. Other topics include "Creative Balance: Spirituality and the Active Life," "Women in the Bible," "American Church Music," "New Testament Ethics" and "Highlights of the Book of Revelation."

There are two five-week fall terms, the first from September 24 through October 25, and the second from November 5 through December 13. Weeknight classes meet on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays at 7 p.m., and Sunday morning class is at 9 a.m. The price of each five-week class is a $15 registration fee.

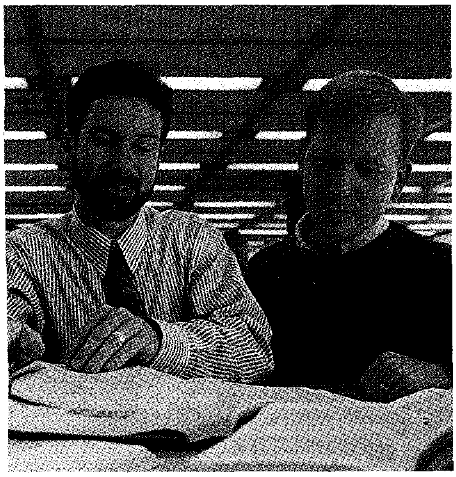
Pratt Institute

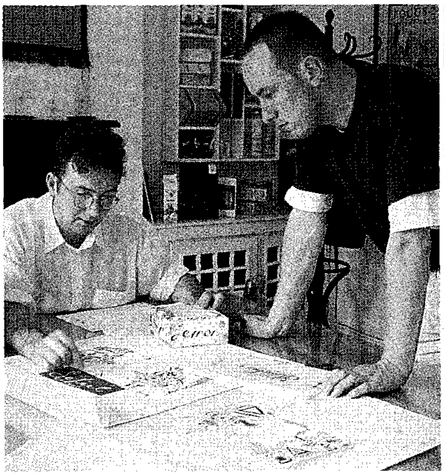
Center for Continuing and Professional Studies
Manhattan, 295 Lafayette St., 461-6040
Brooklyn, 200 Willoughby Ave., 718-636-3453;
www.ProStudies.pratt.edu; e-mail: prostudy@pratt.edu

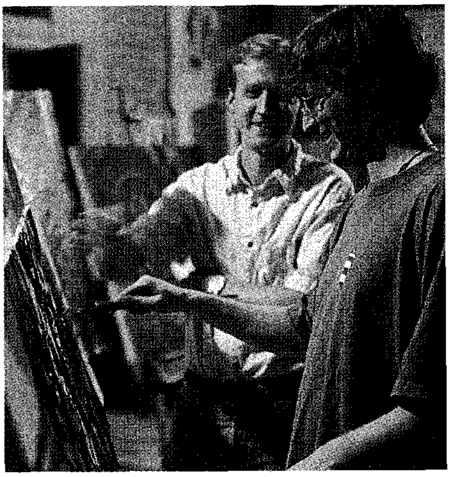
As always, **Pratt**'s two New York campuses will be hopping with activity this fall. The Brooklyn campus offers a range of noncredit and credit classes primarily in art and design and in computing and computer graphics. The Manhattan Center teaches these topics along with courses in the decorative arts. Manhattan also offers career development and pre-college preparatory programs. Visit their computer graphics open house at the Manhattan campus on Friday, August 11 from 5:30 to 7p.m. for a preview.

In the meantime, some popular courses to look for this fall include a metalworking workshop at the Brooklyn Campus taught by a sculptor who specializes in the technical aspects of complex and large projects. At Manhattan, two noteworthy classes in the decorative arts include "Stained Glass," and "Book Arts and Beyond," which is on hand-made bookmaking, basic papercraft techniques, and collage. Another unique course offering is "Web Accessibility for the Handicapped," which explores issues of how to make the Internet more accessible to everyone. Another popular course is "Web Design & Graphics with Adobe Web Programs: ImageReady, GoLive & LiveMotion." This one is for graphic artists, designers, and marketers looking to create and manage Internet Web pages.

The Brooklyn campus is located in the Clinton Hill Section of Brooklyn near BAM and downtown Brooklyn. The







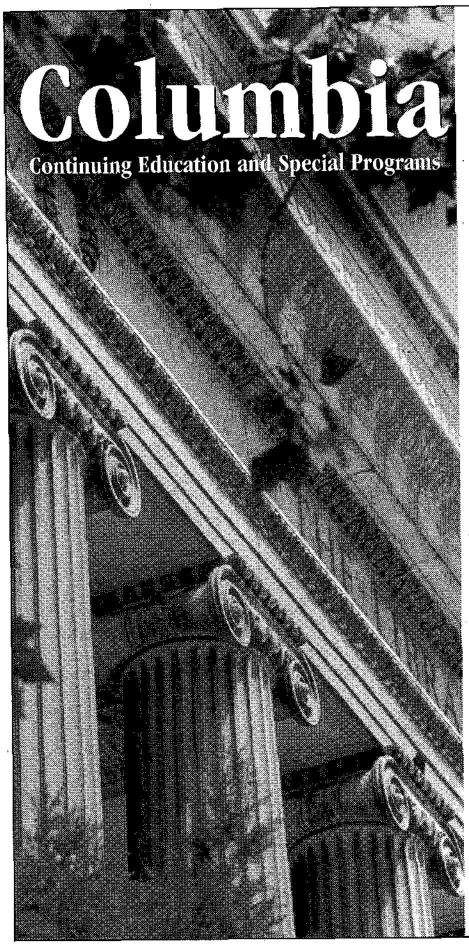
Manhattan campus is located in the landmark Puck Building in the heart of SoHo. The fall session runs from September 1 through January 5.

The Institute of Classical Architecture

225 Lafayette Street,
Suite 1007, 917-237-1208;
www.classicist.org

"The **Institute of Classical Architecture** was founded in 1991 to address the shortcoming that we sensed in architectural education, which today does not teach in any way, shape or form classical or traditional architecture as derived from the Greco-Roman tradition," Christine Franck, director of the Institute's continuing education program. "Until the mid-20th century, every architecture student studied the classical orders of architecture, not as an historical dead subject, but as a living and vital language used to approach contemporary design problems. Nine times out of 10, the structures being built today are done in a traditional language, and yet most of the people working on them don't have the training to accomplish it."

To address this need, The Institute offers comprehensive training in classical and traditional architecture for professional architects and interior designers, as well as for students and non-professionals. This fall, courses will cover proportion, perspective, and wash rendering (a type of watercolor painting), traditional construction in detailing, and interior design and room building. The courses range from one to 12 sessions, one night a week. "We try to make the courses flexible, so professionals can take a few in topics they feel they need," says Franck.



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School Days (and Nights)

When it comes to adult education, the choices are endless, particularly in the New York market. How to decide? Use the following resources to get a more in-depth look at the classes and subjects that interest you most. These days, full course catalogs are available through a quick phone call or a visit to a school's Web site. Another easy way to receive course materials from multiple schools at once is to send in The Learning Curve response card on page 7a. Now that's putting your brainpower to work!

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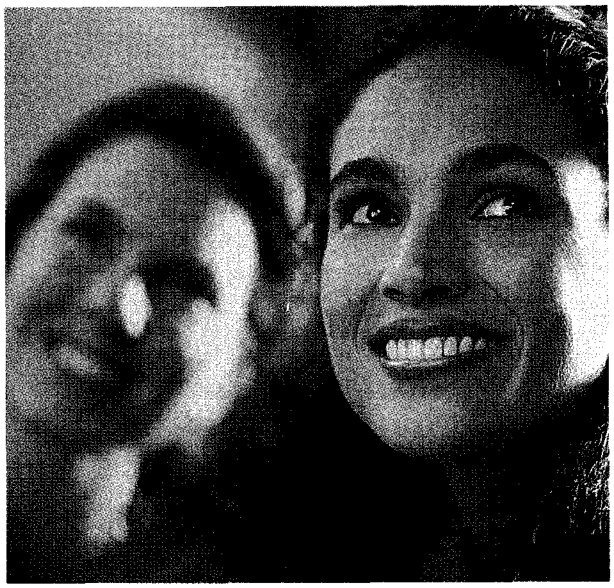
333 E. 23rd St., 684-1711; www.talkpowerinc.com

> *"Anyone who stops learning is old, whether at twenty or eighty. Anyone who keeps learning stays young. The greatest thing in life is to keep your mind young."*
>
> Henry Ford (1863-1947)



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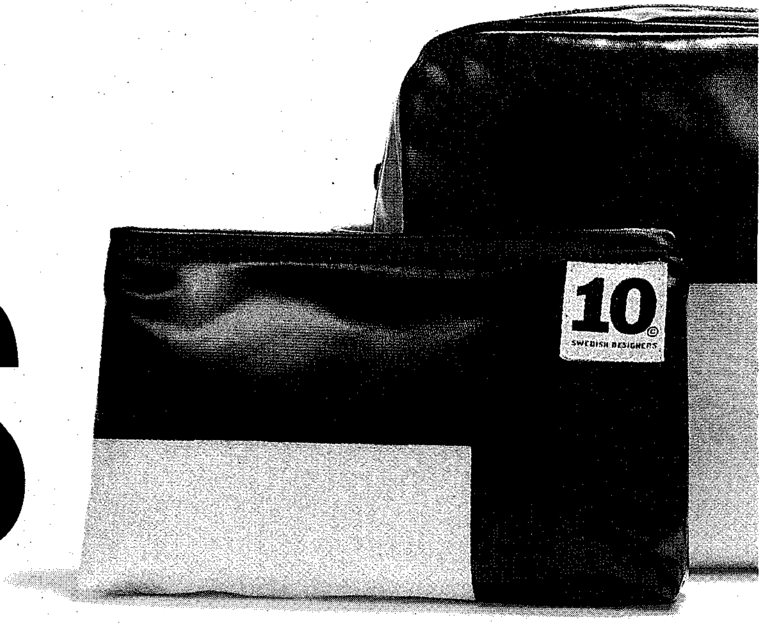
BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

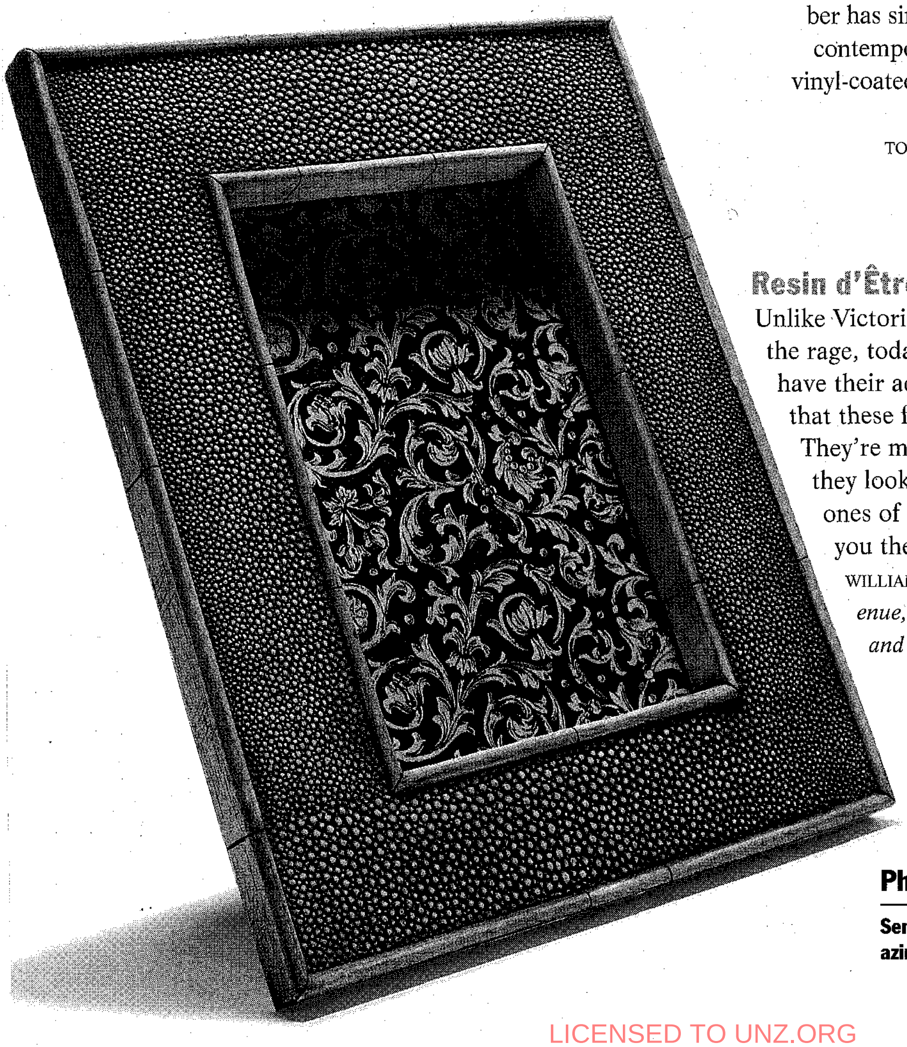
BY CORKY POLLAN



Nordic Pack

We seem to be in the midst of some sort of Nordic craze not limited to the need to acquire lots of Alvar Aalto and Hans Wegner furniture. Boldly patterned products from Swedish company 10 gruppen have become international must-haves. The company was founded in 1970 by ten textile designers, whose number has since shrunk to three. Swedish folklore and contemporary art are the group's inspiration: This vinyl-coated dop kit that looks so familiar—and yet so new—is just a tease ($45).

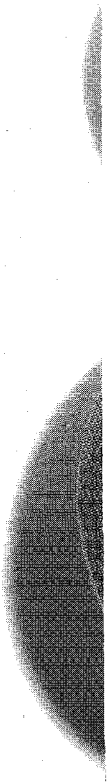
TOTEM/*71 Franklin Street/212-925-5506*



Resin d'Être

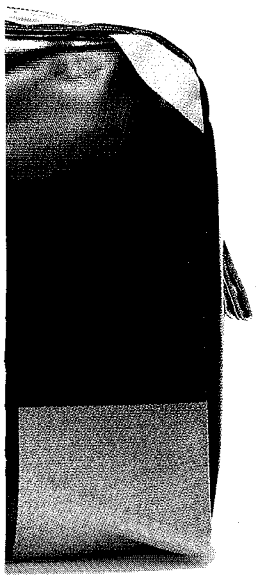
Unlike Victorian times when shagreen was the rage, today even sharks and stingrays have their advocates. So it's nice to know that these frames are totally *faux.* They're made of resin, and though they look like the coveted shagreen ones of old, their gentle price tells you they're not ($30).

WILLIAM-WAYNE & CO./*846 Lexington Avenue, near 64th Street/212-737-8934; and 40 University Place/212-533-4711*



Photographed by Nedjeljko Matura

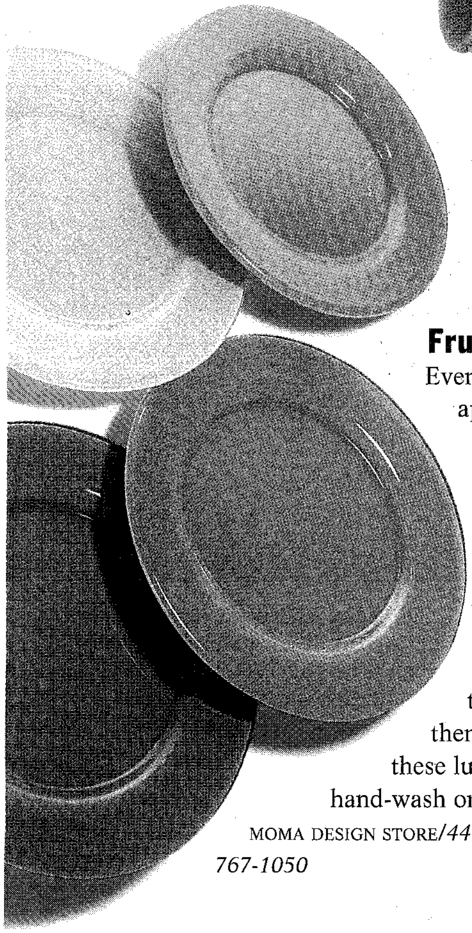
Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.



All in the Wrist

Watches with curved cases that sit on the edge of the wrist first surfaced in the thirties. They were created by Jaeger-LaCoultre for Cartier and designed for hands holding a steering wheel. André Le Marquand—maker of the famous "spaceman" watch—has devised a jazzier version. His Swiss-made Chronotimer Side Watch has a carbon-fiber case (the material used by NASA) and a leather band, and comes in colors that are far from classic. And Le Marquand's timepieces have proved as useful for cycling as for driving ($125).

KAMIA/*424 West Broadway/212-334-6046*



Fruit at the Bottom

Even an ordinary sliced apple will look special served on one of Love's glass plates. They come in sets of four, each plate a different fruity color. The German company makes them of translucent glass and then paints the backs in these luscious shades ($50; hand-wash only).

MOMA DESIGN STORE/*44 West 53rd Street/212-767-1050*

Photograph by Joe Scafuro.

Playground Zero

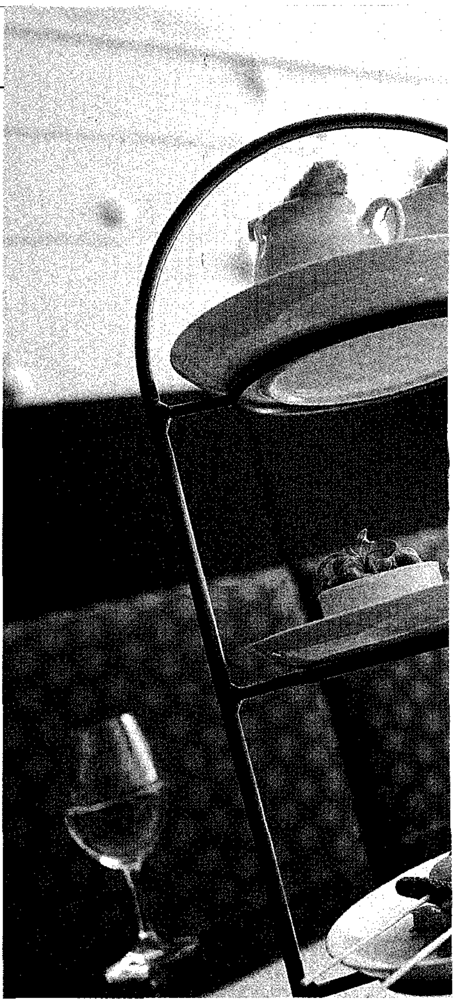
Tucked away on the third floor of a nondescript office building is Rain or Shine, a mini–department store for kid stuff. Marion Sakow and Annette Tomlinson have filled it with just about anything a child might want or need—from newborn to teen. There are things for them to sleep in (Moses baskets, hand-painted cribs, and Maine Cottage beds in child-pleasing colors), to play with (blocks, wood castles, dollhouses, and retro peddle cars), and to wear (Zutano onesies and Penny Candy sweaters). But there's more, like unusual musical instruments, crib linens, hooked and braided rugs, wicker and Windsor chairs, even armoires. (From 99 cents for a bubble set to $40 for a puppet theater to $495 for a hand-painted table-and-chair set to $1,500 for a bed frame with side rails.)

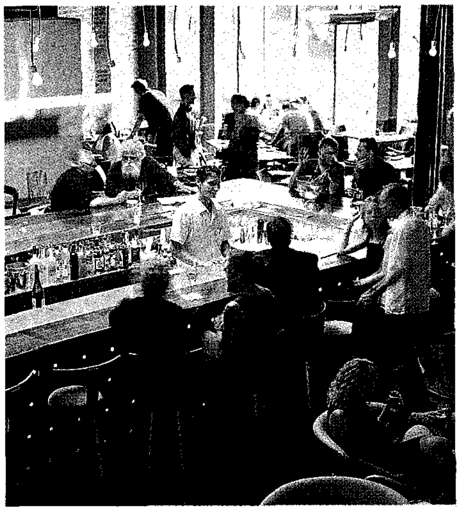
RAIN OR SHINE/*202 East 29th Street/212-685-8556*

SMARTCITY

List Servers

An ongoing wine-bar boom means more opportunities than ever to take by-the-glass tours of the world's wine regions. By Rob Patronite and Robin Raisfeld





When it comes to wine, Americans aren't the most conspicuous consumers. In fact, a mere (and no doubt euphoric) 5 percent of the population drinks 75 percent of the wine. But you'd never know it from Manhattan's recent wine-bar boomlet. More than a dozen have opened in the last year, all vying for the attention of that meager demographic, and hoping to wean the rest off their Cosmo and Diet Coke dependencies.

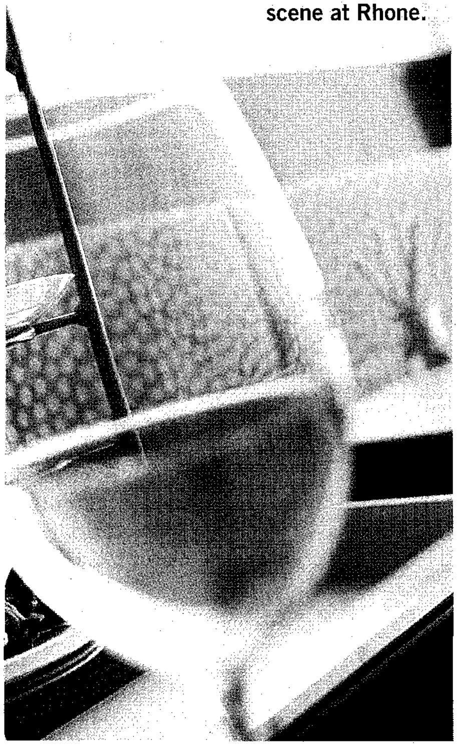
The best of this new breed express a true passion for wine and a desire to share that passion, preferably by the glass, the perfect way to sample unfamiliar varietals and vineyards. They pay attention to ancillary details like stemware (which does make a difference), high-tech wine-preservation systems (which might), and food that enhances the taste of the wine and vice versa. Another reason why ordering by the glass benefits the consumer, according to wine expert Kevin Zraly, who advocates unbridled tasting as the best wine education: "Everybody overpours."

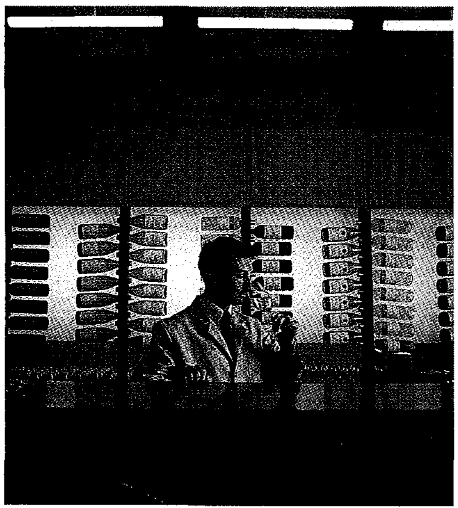
At **Bar Demi** (125½ East 17th Street; 212-260-0900), none of the delectable wine-food flavor combinations are left to chance. In what used to be her takeout canteen, Verbena chef-owner Diane Forley has erected an elegant twelve-seat wine shrine named for its half-address, diminutive size, and devotion to hard-to-find half-bottles. Forley and her sommelier, Aaron von Rock, take the tasting concept to extremes with their ingenious seasonal "tiers" ($10 to $18), shareable tea-tray arrangements of flavor-packed finger food, matched with a choice of wines by the glass or half-bottle. The summer tiers are, as you'd expect, crisp and refreshing, or at least the wines are—the luxurious, buttery skewered croque monsieur terrine oozing with Fontina in the "Rosé" tier is anything but. Crudités meet their ultimate creamy match in a zesty tonnato dip, and the classic fig-and-prosciutto combo gets a sprinkling of Roquefort—tastes which work beautifully with either of the recommended wines, a Tavel or a Mendocino Sangiovese-based Rosato. You've got at least through Labor Day to sample Sauvignon Blanc paired with European mountain cheeses; Alsatian-style whites (including an Australian Riesling) with smoked-salmon, smoked-sturgeon, and duck-rillette toasts; and a Pinot Noir option that showcases a rich, velvety foie gras mousse. And you can always flex your own wine-pairing muscles by ordering à la carte.

The owners of **The Tasting Room** (72 East 1st Street; 212-358-7831) don't so much dictate your order as gently nudge you in the right direction. The 340-bottle, all-American list reads part restaurant, part wine school; varietals are defined, described, and accompanied by suggestions from chef Colin Alevras's smallish seasonal menu. Summer selections, including a roasted-eggplant-and-Vidalia-onion dip and molasses-glazed-barbecue pork ribs, come in two portion sizes, for hoarding ($6 to $14 for "tastes") or sharing ($10 to $26). The guiding principle of the frequently updated wine-by-the-glass list is quality over quantity: Rather than bewilder with a half-dozen Chardonnays, Alevras and his wife, Renée, select a single Chard that expresses a particular style.

Simplicity isn't what **Morrell Wine Bar and Café** (1 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th Street; 212-262-7700) aspires to, and with a well-stocked wine shop next door, why should it? The 100-plus by-the-glass selections certainly make for interesting, if not exactly economical, reading. Where else can you taste-test a first-growth Bordeaux or savor a glass of Napa's renowned Dominus without springing for the bottle? At $60 a pop, the latter may cost more than what most of us are willing to pay for a bottle, but for only

Photographs by Scott Jones





TRAY PERFECTO Clockwise from top: the summer tier at Bar Demi; bartender Jean Roberto Cornwell at Bar Veloce; the after-work scene at Rhone.

$50, bargain hunters can try the Monday-night wine-tasting menu, which pairs five three-ounce tastes with three courses culled from the regular dinner menu. Not that hungry? A $25 glass of 1997 Etude Pinot Noir (which happens to be the per-person minimum for tables) will buy you a piece of prime sidewalk real estate. Just swirl and sip *very slowly*.

The knowledgeable young staff at **The Bar @ Etats-Unis** (247 East 81st Street; 212-396-9928) take their jobs so seriously that it's sometimes hard to distinguish between a paying customer and a waitress perched on a bar stool, making sure the Collioure is up to snuff. (It is.) The bar shares an impressive cellar with Etats-Unis, the sister restaurant across the street, from whence comes the daily-changing menu of hearty, sophisticated French-American fare. You can't go wrong with farmhouse cheeses and charcuterie, but there are also exceptional braised meats, roast chicken, and leg of lamb, from $8 to $16. With nearly twenty by-the-glass selections (from $6 to $16)—including some intriguingly unfamiliar numbers like Dôle (a light-bodied red Swiss stunner) and Scheurebe (a Riesling-Sylvaner hybrid)—a well-informed staff is key. But considering all the diligent on-the-job tasting, you may want to check the math when the bill arrives.

Given a cultural model that takes between-meals snacking so seriously, it's unsurprising that Italian wine bars excel at simple, tasty morsels and the wines that best suit them. **Enoteca i Trulli** (124 East 27th Street; 212-481-7372) has the formula down pat: a spare menu of first-rate cured meats, cheeses, and olives, and 42 Italian wines available by the glass or the flight—a three-glass grouping of two-ounce tastes, fastidiously served on demarcated place mats. Compare three Chiantis back-to-back, pit the north against the south, or simply unwind to the low-decibel opera soundtrack and relish the perfect match of a piquant Parmigiano Reggiano-Zanetti with Amarone, the raisinated knockout from the Veneto.

Bar Veloce (175 Second Avenue; 212-260-3200) and **'ino** (21 Bedford Street; 212-989-5769), in the East and West Villages respectively, squeeze considerable style and substance into tiny spaces, where well-crafted panini are washed down with easy-drinking wines that sell for less—typically much less—than $10 a glass. And in Alphabet City, the same harried crew behind the popular Il Bagatto have opened **Il Posto Accanto** (190 East 2nd Street; 212-228-3562), literally "the place next door," their homey, low-key tribute to Italian wines. Nearly 100 are sold by the bottle, the half-carafe, and the quarter-carafe, which measures about a glass and a half—enough to accompany a cheese plate, a panino, or a rustic crock pot of warm vegetables drizzled with truffle oil. This is a place to while away an evening, the way you might at a friend's house.

Like Italians, the French consider wine the ultimate flavor enhancer; it's as familiar a presence on their tables as Heinz and Gulden's are here. Such is the case at **Chez Bernard** (323 West Broadway; 212-343-2583), Bernard Eloy's butcher-shop-cum-café turned *bistro à vins*, decorated with walls of wine shelves and antique viticultural equipment like the grape press standing sentry by the door. Across the street from the SoHo Grand and a short block south of the frenzied nexus of SoHo's café society, Bernard's is a laid-back, untrendy anomaly, the perfect spot to enjoy a chilled glass of fruity Brouilly from the selection of 40 or so wines by the glass ($5 to $14) listed on chalkboards above the bar, and a plate of Eloy's superb homemade ham from the nosher's menu of infallibly Gallic bar food.

A very different sort of Gallic ambiance—the relentlessly chic sort—can be found at **Rhône** (63 Gansevoort Street; 212-367-8440), a sexy new bar in the meatpacking district. The hard industrial edges of this former garage have been softened somewhat by knotty wood furniture and low-slung fifties-era Artifort chairs. The owners are erstwhile sommeliers who've embarked on the curious mission of introducing New Yorkers to wines from the Rhone Valley, which they offer in 33 by-the-glass selections ($5 to $20). If you've ever confused a Côte Rôtie and a Côtes du Rhône-Villages, now's the time to clear things up, to the accompaniment of Gramercy Tavern alum Payson Dennis's sophisticated version of French country cuisine. Splurge on caviar and lobster-truffle salad, or keep things simple with cheese and charcuterie, but don't expect to rely on your waiter's expertise. Judging by the copy of Robert Parker's *Wines of the Rhone Valley* on the zinc-topped bar, and the blank expression we got when we asked for food-pairing suggestions, training is ongoing.

For an independent tutorial in sherry and Spanish wines, there's no better place than the seven-year-old **ñ** (33 Crosby Street; 212-219-8856), a bustling sliver of a tapas bar, to conduct your own tasting of finos, manzanillas, amontillados, olorosos, and palo cortados, $3 to $6 per *copita*. The Spanish wine list is just as affordable and appealing, whether you stick with Rioja or venture into the terra incognita of Penedès and Ribera del Duero. Regardless, fuel your research with classic tapas like a Spanish omelette and garlic shrimp, and newfangled grilled manchego sandwiches or bacalao-stuffed piquillo peppers. Our enthusiastic young British bartender impressed us so much with her knowledge of sherry that we wanted to taste them all, and we tried not to look askance at the couple next to us blithely downing vodka tonics. You can bring the crowds to the wine bar, after all, but you can't make them drink the wine. ■

SALES & BARGAINS

SHYAMA PATEL

Style Setters

This week's highlights: *A fab haircut doesn't require a second mortgage or months on a waiting list: These stylists are pros at* **budget cutting.**

MANHATTAN IS SO taken by the cult of the hairdresser that it sometimes seems there's nobody between Garren or Fekkai (at $350 a trim) and your local barber. But plenty of up-and-coming hair wizards—the kind who do "the shows" and pop up in major fashion magazines—charge $100 or less to work their magic. A few of our favorites appear below; for further bargains, consider their staff stylists, who charge as little as $50.

A bright, pretty salon with sixties barber chairs, **Glow Salon New York** is a favorite of editors at *Elle* and *Paper*. It's homey and unpretentious; a single stylist may wash, cut, color, and dry your hair. The salon gets top ratings for its sharp, modern haircuts, but it's known for extensions—pop singer Monica and models Kiara Kabukuru and Melania Knauss are all fans. $65 to $85. *36 E. 23rd St., tenth floor (212-228-1822).*

Give it to me straight: Glow Salon's rates won't leave you in the red.

Warmly decorated in mahogany, crimson, and gold, the three-year-old SoHo salon **Space** is a surprisingly well-kept secret. The four owners tend to clients like Christy Turlington and Ed Burns (when they aren't busy on shoots for *InStyle* and *Harper's Bazaar*) and have ten stylists on staff. Haircuts are $75 to $95. *155 Sixth Ave. (212-647-8588).*

Tired of minimalism? **Red Salon** is done up nineteenth-century-boudoir-style, with deep-red curtains and chandeliers. The atmosphere is low-key in a downtown way, drawing everyone from Lou Reed and the Cardigans to *Vogue* and *Allure* editors. You'll pay $70 to $100, depending on the cut, not the stylist (so it's great for a trim). Highlights are $135 to $175. *323 W. 11th St. (212-924-1444).*

Don't be put off by the industrial elevator—the two-year-old **Vega** is ground zero for trendy cuts, color, and extensions. Owner Creighton, who's worked for *The Face* and Italian *Vogue*, snips many fashionable manes, as do the four up-and-comers on staff (loyal clients include Tommy Hilfiger and Jane Pratt). The vibe, he says, is "Welcome to my party—let's do your hair." Haircuts, mostly $50 to $65; $100 for Creighton. *36 W. 17th St., fourth floor (212-366-1792).*

In spite of—or because of—its goofy name, **Dop Dop** is packed with scenesters: the Mercer hotel crowd (it's across the street), plus Patti Smith, Rachel Hunter, and Gavin Rossdale. Co-owners Jo Blackwell and Antony Sabateir don't need a publicist—word of mouth keeps magazines like *Marie Claire* calling for stylists. The $63 to $85 haircuts don't hurt, either. *170 Mercer St. (212-965-9540).*

Picks of the Week

Language, the ultrahip purveyor of Chloé, John Bartlett, and other lines, is offering most stock at 50 to 80 percent off, mostly from $20 to $500. *238 Mulberry St. (212-431-5566); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sat. 11–7, Thurs. till 8; 8/1–8/5.*

Metromom is clearing chic maternitywear at half off—$40 to $148. Sizes XS–L. *Maternal Fitness, 108 E. 16th St., fourth floor (914-472-9223); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Thurs. 8–8; 8/2–8/3.*

R 20th Century's warehouse sale has tons of Knoll and Perriand furniture at up to 30 percent off, from $200 to $10,000. *67 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg (718-599-4385); A.E., M.C., V.; daily noon–7; 8/2–8/9.*

Urban Outfitters is clearing a vast showroom of cute summer and fall clothes for next to nothing—$3 to $25. *209 W. 38th St., seventh floor (212-302-7166); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 10–5; 8/3–8/4.*

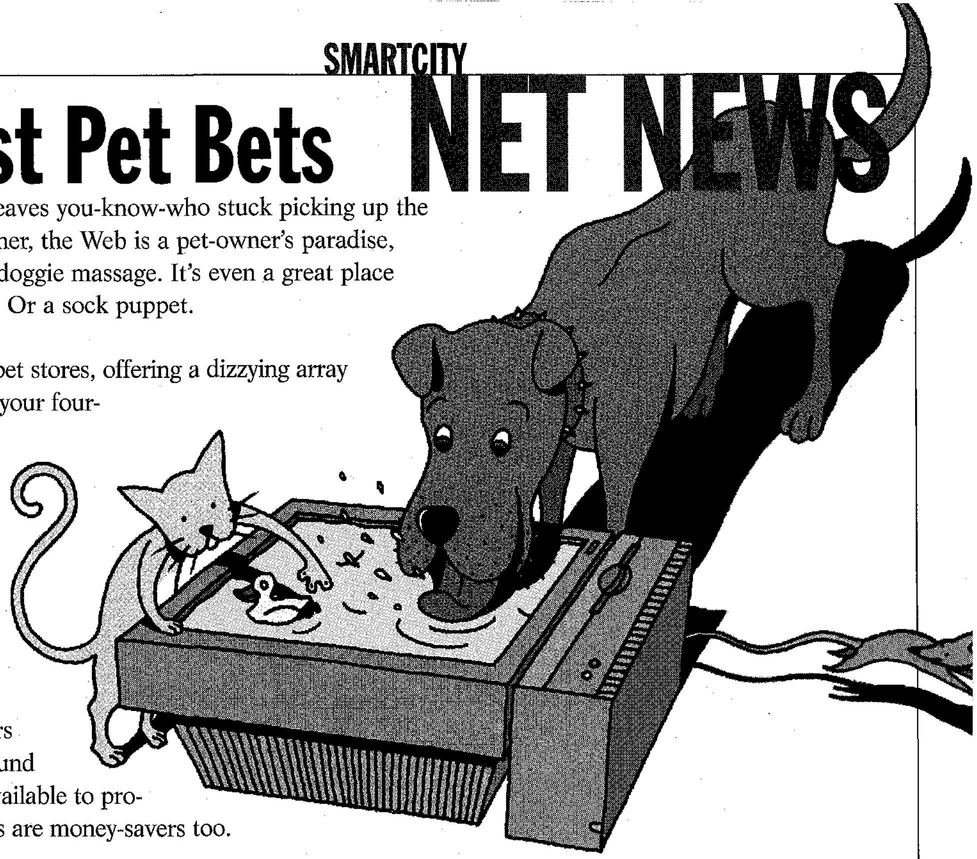
Joel Name Optique de Paris's sale means 20 to 70 percent off frames by designers like Armani, Moschino, and Persol, from $75 to $320. *65 W. Houston St. (212-777-5888); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. 11–6; 8/1–8/31.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photograph by Eric McNatt.

SMARTCITY NET NEWS

The Net's Best Pet Bets



Pets don't drive *or* use the Net, which leaves you-know-who stuck picking up the puppy chow. In case you don't drive either, the Web is a pet-owner's paradise, offering everything from flea collars to doggie massage. It's even a great place to start if you're looking to adopt a pet. Or a sock puppet.

Pets.com is the Wal-Mart of online pet stores, offering a dizzying array of food, treats, toys, and everything else your four-legged, finned, or winged companion could conceivably need. You can even bone up on any relevant legal issues in the pet-law section. Competitors **Petsmart.com** and **Petopia.com** sell similar stuff, and also offer interesting information: Petsmart even compares different brands of dog and cat food.

Epetmart.com grooms a few dollars off Manhattan vet bills by spreading around the dog-shampoo discounts once only available to professionals. The Epet doctor consultations are money-savers too.

Karensnyc.com, the online outpost of the tony Upper East Side shop and groomer, sells a selection of the store's chi-chi pet paraphernalia. Looking for a fab new python or rhinestone-studded collar? Perhaps a *faux*-fur coat? Is Rover outgrowing his basket and ready for a roll-up doggie futon? Just don't be surprised if he starts whining about getting his own loft.

Animalelementals.com offers Dr. Goodpet's homeopathic remedies for calming frazzled nerves, relieving itchiness—even fending off canine morning breath. But Animal Elementals doesn't stop with flower power—the site also sells "magnetic therapy" aids: bandannas, mattress pads, and hip and shoulder wraps that create a magnetic field to help pet cells heal themselves. Why should poor Kitty be left out of the homeopathic craze?

cats
fish
birds
ferrets
rep
rstore, a grocery store, a specialty store
...delivered to your do
buy one get one free
on selected items
cat
y this for dogs
Or this for cats
Pet Safe Big Dog Trainer with Video
price: $109.99
Staywell Clockwork Feeder

Travelpets.com offers a new leash on life for anyone who's ever smuggled his canine companion into a roadside motel, only to spend the whole night trying stifle its whimpers. This online guide to animal-planet travel includes everything from cheap motels to cozy B&Bs where you and your best friend can enjoy a luxurious weekend together. With special beds and a day camp for dogs, the Three Buck Inn should earn four paws.

Java Scripts **Drew's Script-o-Rama is to film dialogue what Napster is to albums—except the only people it stands to put out of business are SoHo street vendors. Would-be screenwriters can click on hundreds of movies—from hits like *X-Men* and *The Patriot* to classics like *Annie Hall* and *Vertigo*—and get links to printable versions of full scripts from sites around the Web, some of which are even legal. Script-o-Rama (www.script-o-rama.com) also offers first drafts, unproduced screenplays, and sitcoms, although most of the TV shows are transcripts. Perhaps aspiring screenwriters don't mind sitting down and transcribing every line of *Friends*.**

Free Net **Attention New Economy shoppers: If you're used to getting things on the Internet without paying, the freebie area of About.com (freebies.about.com/shopping/freebies/ might) will help you locate plenty of goodies offline as well. Hosted by giveaway guru Lee Seats, a Web developer and self-proclaimed "avid freeloader," the section lists all kinds of offers—everything from mail-in coupons for sanitary napkins to custom-designed online jigsaw puzzles. Deep in the dross, there are some real gems, including no-cost phone, fax, and voice-mail service, and demos of CD-ROM games. Hey, if information wants to be free, why wouldn't everything else?**

About
Guide of the
Bob Timm
Ska/Reggae

BY HILLARY ROSNER

Illustration by Ingo Fast.

PETER RAINER

Head for the Hills

'The Wind Will Carry Us' follows an aloof stranger to remote Kurdistan, where he's charmed, if not changed, by the knowing mountainside denizens.

THE GREAT IRANIAN DIRECTOR ABBAS KIAROSTAMI has said in an interview that "I immediately stop in front of a subject that invites me to contemplate it." He was referring to his work as a still photographer (which, as it happens, is currently being exhibited at the Andrea Rosen Gallery), but the same approach is evident in his films, and none more so than his newest, **The Wind Will Carry Us**. The terrain he offers up to us has a rough serenity; the ridged, rolling hills are monumental yet evanescent in their remoteness. Kiarostami is no mere picture-postcard portraitist. For him, the changeableness of landscapes, the way light and shadow play across them and colors deepen or pale, is a spiritual value. The invitation to contemplation that he talks about is really an invitation to bring our way of seeing into harmony with nature. The human drama in his new film is charged with the drama of the encompassing universe. It's all part of the same continuum.

As a film director, Kiarostami places himself among his audience; his imagery seems to open up its revelations to him at the same time as it unfolds for us. Most filmmakers do not invite us to collaborate in the visual experience; their vision is presented to us as a kind of proclamation, with all the inherent ambiguity in the imagery shaved away. Kiarostami, whose approach to nature must partly derive from Muslim culture (although it also seems pantheist), leaves the meanings open and various. The rich, slow deliberativeness of his style is in the tradition of directors like Yasujiro Ozu and Satyajit Ray, who also found great resonance in the communion between man and nature. With those directors, one often felt that a film of theirs consisting entirely of rivers or cloud formations or just empty rooms would still convey more of the eloquence of life's passage than an ordinary director's acted-out drama. So it is with Kiarostami. The introduction of people into his supernal tableaux does not alter his vision so much as it completes it.

In *The Wind Will Carry Us,* a producer from Tehran (Behzad Dourani), accompanied by a camera crew (whose faces are never shown), arrives in the remote mountain village of Siah Dareh in Iranian Kurdistan to record the impending ritual funeral ceremony of an ancient woman he has been told is near death. The villagers believe these men to be engineers intent on uncovering buried treasure from a local cemetery. With his jeans, unbuttoned shirt and sunglasses, and ever-present cell phone, the producer—no name for him is given—is a figure of some amusement in the valley. Whenever a call beeps, he charges in his Land Rover to higher ground in order to get proper reception; as the days stretch on and the old woman inexplicably improves, his crew threatens to mutiny. The producer doesn't have time for the villagers at first, except as potential co-conspirators. He befriends a young schoolboy, Farzad, in order to get the inside scoop on the old woman's health. He regards most of the locals as quaint artifacts of a vanished culture.

The community, however, is far from vanished, and it slowly elicits from the producer a vivid sympathy. Through poetry recitations he tries to draw out a young uneducated girl milking a cow in a cave; he tells her that "writing poetry has nothing to do with diplomas," and he means it. But Kiarostami isn't going for anything as simple as a back-to-nature idyll here. The villagers aren't some hazy, salt-of-the-earth conceit; they're a joking and savvy bunch, and their imbroglios, such as a scene involving a complaining waitress and her sullen male clients, are folkloric comedy sketches. (The contrast between the majesty of the natural surroundings and these petty flare-ups is a constant source of humor.) When the producer organizes a rescue operation for a local man who has been buried alive, the old doctor who arrives on his rickety, buzzy motorbike is not one to speak reverently of religion and the purported glories of the afterlife. "Prefer the present to these fine promises" is his choice advice.

Kiarostami preserves his outsider's view in *The Wind Will Carry Us* and, by doing so,

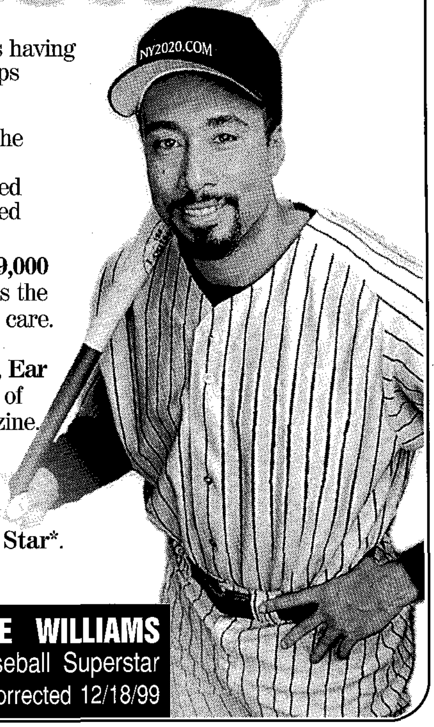
Mountains' majesty: A young woman from the village of Siah Dareh, in *Wind*.

brings the film even closer to us than if he had attempted to go native. There is much for the eye to take in: the harsh contrasts of weathered women in their black chadors against the village's piercingly bright white walls; the panoramas that look like pastel-tinged Ansel Adams vistas but with layered bunches of color reminiscent of Morris Louis. Kiarostami has a sophisticated aesthetic sense that never fades into pure abstraction. His artifices are his way of moving deeply into the overwhelming mystery and emotion conjured up by this material. As with his old doctor here, Kiarostami's preference is for the present; he's ravished by the ineffableness of what he sees. The villagers are right: The producer is indeed looking for buried treasure. He doesn't find it in a local cemetery, though, but in the air and the people all around him in this dappled, murmurous valley.

PATRICE LECONTE'S **Girl on the Bridge**, SHOT in silky black-and-white that at times turns sulphurous, has the look of a forties Hollywood film noir crossed with a French art-house classic, and that might describe its content, too: Gabor (Daniel Auteuil), a has-been knife thrower, rescues a despairing girl, Adele (Vanessa Paradis), from jumping into the icy Seine and recruits her as the new partner in his act. The two form a chaste, mystical bond; the sex is all in the throwing, as Gabor, whose eyes glower here like no one's since Bela Lugosi's, flings his blades around Adele's curvy form as she gasps deliciously. This doesn't even qualify as metaphor, does it? Renowned for his versatility, Leconte will go *anywhere* for an effect. In *Girl on the Bridge*, he throws it all in—fairy tales and occultism and Felliniesque carny melodrama and casinos on the Riviera. His mixture of moods and styles really doesn't add up, but the two leads have an intriguing Svengali-Trilby thing going on, and the knife-throwing sequences are so rattling that you leave the theater grateful you weren't nicked.

In brief: Wonderland, DIRECTED BY MICHAEL Winterbottom and written by Laurence Coriat, puts an impressive amount of kitchen-sink realism to work on a rather shopworn multistoried scenario about all the lonely people looking for love in the big city, in this case South London. Gina McKee and Shirley Henderson give the gruel some spice. . . . **Loser**, writer-director Amy Heckerling's first film since *Clueless*, is about two sweet college ne'er-do-wells, played by Jason Biggs and Mena Suvari, who discover in the end that they are right for each other. It takes them much too long. ■

Peter Rainer's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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BOOKS **DANIEL MENDELSOHN**

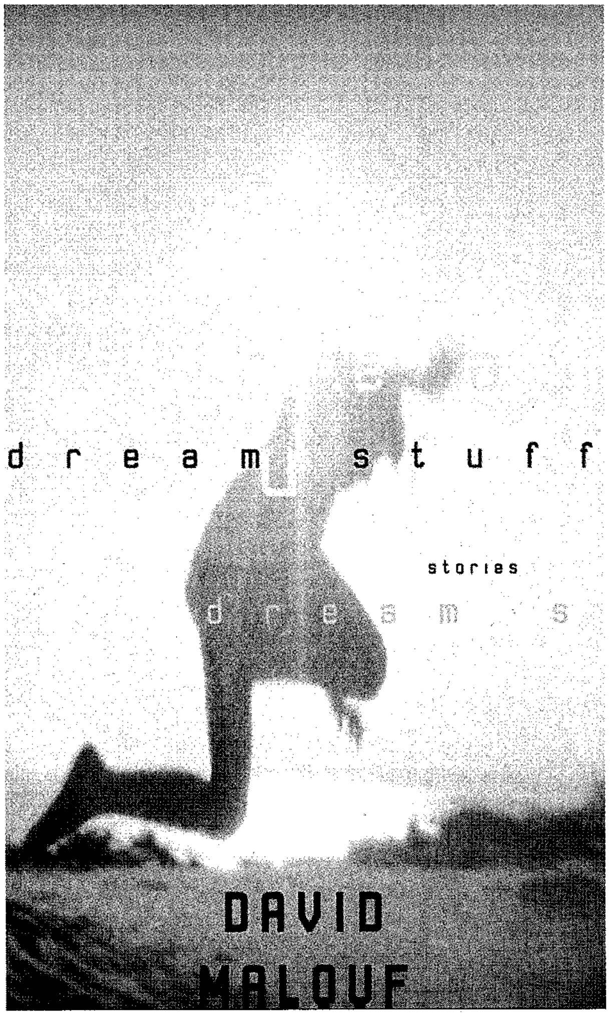
Uneasy Pieces

David Malouf's striking new book sustains his obsession with the tension between Culture and Nature; strangely, Noël Coward's novel does the same.

Dream Stuff: Stories
BY DAVID MALOUF
Pantheon; 185 pages; $22

Pomp and Circumstance
BY NOËL COWARD
Methuen; 308 pages; $12.95

BY MY COUNT, THERE ARE A LOT MORE NIGHTmares than dreams in David Malouf's subtle new collection, but I guess a book entitled *Nightmare Stuff* might be mistaken for the latest Stephen King (and, unlike the inexplicably underappreciated Malouf, actually get read). In almost every one of these nine stories, set in his native Australia, random acts of violence explode well-ordered existences. The results of these irruptions of chaos into everyday life range from the disorienting to the devastating. In either case, they make for quietly unsettling tales.



Oz's wizard: Malouf explores a central theme of Australian and American culture, man vs. continent.

The uneasy equilibrium between order and chaos, often expressed as conflict between civilization and the wildness of nature, is a literary preoccupation as deeply Australian as it is American—an inevitable artistic theme in a European outpost ruthlessly imposed on a preexisting native culture. It's been at the center of Malouf's work from the very beginning. (He's written ten novels, six volumes of verse, a memoir, and two opera librettos.) *Fly Away Peter* (1982) is about the unlikely friendship between a Cambridge-educated Australian and the rough woodsman who shows him how to manage the vast property he's inherited; in *Remembering Babylon,* shortlisted for the Booker Prize in 1993, a 13-year-old boy raised by aborigines returns, with difficulty, to civilization. Even when Malouf has strayed far from his native territory, he manages to find his signature theme: In the very beautiful and haunting *An Imaginary Life,* the ultracivilized Roman love poet Ovid, exiled by the emperor Augustus to the farthest outposts of the empire, befriends a wild child who has been raised in the forest. That's as stark a contrast between Culture and Nature as you could hope for, but it's just a more extreme version of the oil-and-water couples and conflicts you'll find all over Malouf's writing.

In the title story of the new collection, a successful author returns to Brisbane to do a reading and on his way back to his hotel is viciously attacked on the street by a deranged man; in "Night Training," a pair of youthful Air Squadron volunteers during the Korean War are terrorized at night by a sadistic officer, who forces them to strip and drills them stark naked; a middle-aged man and his wife in "Lone Pine," on a camping trip in the outback, come up against a kind of wildness they hadn't expected—a youth who steals their car and trailer.

It's true that in a few of these stories, people have pleasant dreams. Jack, the boy whose difficult coming-of-age is the subject of the quietly affecting World War II–era story "At Schindler's," has "half-waking dreams" of his beloved father, who's missing in action and, as Jack comes to realize, won't be coming home; the young girl who narrates "Closer" dreams that she can make contact with the glamorous gay uncle her Pentecostal family has physically barred from her house. (On holidays, he drives home in his shiny BMW and stands just outside the fence, shouting at them.) The long-dead father of Colin, the writer in "Dream Stuff," dreamed of Athenian ruins well before he ever got to see them. But in these stories, the dreams, the visions of happiness, order, restored domesticity, and civilization, are always counterbalanced by nightmares—the wild, savage, violent stuff that we can't contain and that always catches up with us: libidinous urges, war, hatred, naked aggression.

There are places in the new collection where the oppositions feel a bit artificial. "Jacko's Reach" is an eight-page reverie about a parcel of outback, adjacent to a big city, in which bad things are said to have happened: murders, suicides, possibly a kidnapping, certainly lots of adolescent sex. We read that it is going to be turned into a mall, and then get to the defiant climax. ("If there is only one wild acre somewhere we will make that the place. If they take it away we will preserve it in our head . . . That's the way we are.") Symbolism Alert! "Jacko's Reach" represents, if you didn't get it by now, the bit of wildness in all of us. "Blacksoil Country," narrated by the ghost of a nineteenth-century pioneer's son who's been murdered by aborigines, is very good—creepy and well paced—but even here the "moral" about colonization threatens to eclipse the narrative.

In the best of Malouf's stories and novels, the schematic structure disappears behind carefully observed psychological details and vividly painted landscapes. Malouf's thematic oppositions become part of a complex, textured moral vision. For him, "nothing"—neither civilization nor the wildness it seeks to eradicate—"ever gets *lost*." Indeed, sometimes the author suggests that the darkness we fear isn't so much outside of us (in nature, in criminals) as it is within. In "Great Day," the final, longest, and best story in this collection, Audley, the aging scion of a prominent Australian family, watches as the museum of local history that his family built burns to the ground on his birthday; to his surprise, he feels a secret elation. "There is ancient and irreconcilable argument in us," he thinks as he watches the intensity in the dreamy faces of the people watching the fire, "between settlement and the spirit of the nomad, between the makers of order and our need to give ourselves over at moments to the imps and demons, to the dervish dance of what is in the last resort dust." That's as good a summation of Malouf's career-long preoccupation as you could hope for; it lies at the dark heart of the exquisite miniatures you find in the new book, too.

It's curious, given the seriousness of Malouf's concerns, to say nothing of the consistently high quality of his output and the almost transparent beauty of his prose, that he seems to be on so few people's radars. I was struck by how many publishing people I knew told me, when I mentioned I was writing about him, that they knew he was supposed to be good but had somehow never gotten around to reading him. "Oh, I just don't go in for that Cairo stuff," one well-read friend of mine said; it took me a minute to realize that he thought I was talking about the Egyptian Nobel winner Naguib Mahfouz. After reading these nuanced and slightly disturbing new tales, however, you can see why Malouf has never been "huge": The delicate tensions and difficult compromises that he likes to write about—the way our nightmares always lurk beneath our personal and cultural dreams (and are sometimes indistinguishable from them)—don't make for the blockbuster satisfactions provided by either dreams or nightmares in their distilled literary forms: heartwarming novels inevitably ending with the triumph of the human spirit, etc., etc., or hair-raising thrillers, like Mr. King's. Whatever its small inconsistencies, *Dream Stuff* is a beguiling introduction to the work of a writer whose refusal to offer easy answers will wake serious readers from their reveries and keep them thinking for many nights to come.

DANGEROUSLY BEAUTIFUL SOUTH PACIFIC locales; gentle tensions between European colonists and a native population that's been reduced to grumbling servitude; the sudden, violent disintegration of civilization into total chaos: Who'd have thought that Noël Coward's deliciously ditzy *Pomp and Circumstance* could have so much in common with the ultraserious Malouf? With Labor Day just a month away you should really do yourself a favor and snag a copy of the Master's sole novel—the perfect beach read. Never mind the zany plot, which is about how news of an impending royal visit destroys the delicate social fabric of a tiny British island possession called Samola; it's Coward's flawless pacing that's sheer heaven—the way some bit of offhand hilarity waits for you at the end of nearly every sentence like an olive at the bottom of a perfect martini. (Of the colonial governor and his wife: "They were both dim and a bit desiccated and lacked vitality to such a degree that one felt oxygen should be served after the fish.") *Pomp and Circumstance* hasn't lost a bit of vitality since it was published in 1960; I read it every August on vacation, and each time (I have witnesses), it leaves me literally weeping with laughter, if not worse: There's a bit about Prince Philip and a broken toilet seat that might have *you* peeing in your pants. ■

Daniel Mendelsohn's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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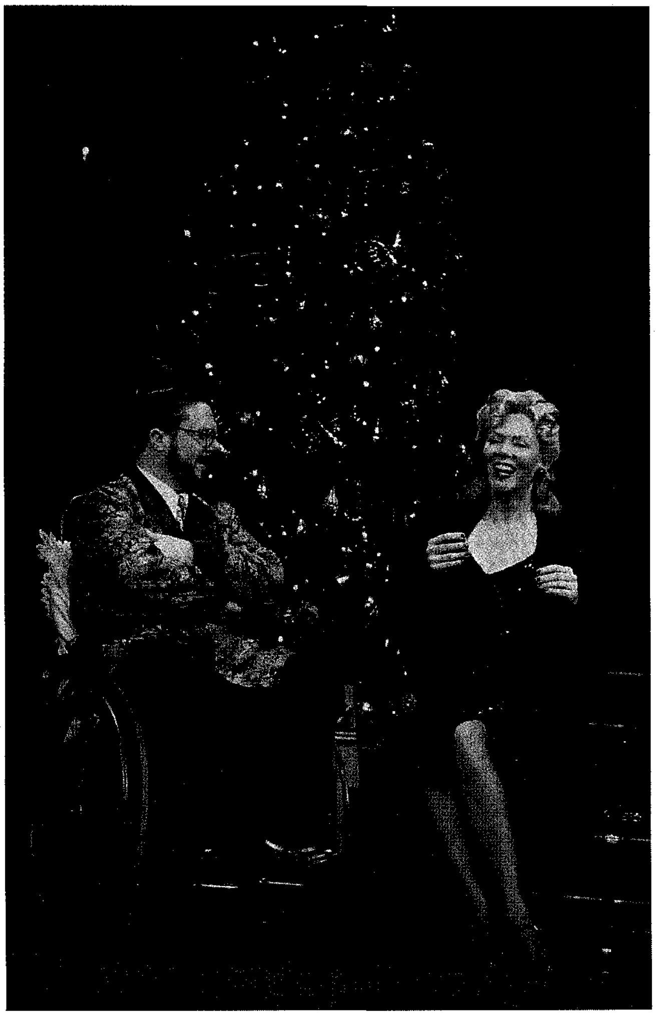
THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Nathan's Famous

In 'The Man Who Came to Dinner,' Nathan Lane hits his old stride; 'Spinning into Butter' speaks smartly about racism and political correctness on campus.

AS IS WIDELY CONCEDED, **The Man Who Came to Dinner** is one of the American theater's funniest farces. It is much funnier than the same Kaufman and Hart's *You Can't Take It With You,* because it is less good-natured, and amiableness is not what farce is about. The reason it isn't done more often is, I suspect, the difficulty of finding the actor who can carry off the wittily acid-tongued and egomaniacal, yet somehow not hateful, curmudgeon Sheridan Whiteside—a part that Monty Woolley created onstage and, more permanently, onscreen, to such perfection that few have dared follow in his intimidating footsteps.

The Roundabout Theatre Company has bravely inaugurated its new home, the American Airlines Theatre, with this capital farce, and in Nathan Lane they have found the right man for a risky role. Lane has been in a rut for some time, playing some roles to which he wasn't suited and others for which he was so fatally suited that he just kept repeating himself. With Whiteside, he turns, if not quite a new leaf, at least a new petal. The character is semi-Lane, semi-lion, and the actor nicely adds the bitchy fierceness to his customary campiness. The result is not quite an epochal Whiteside, but a highly commendable one, perhaps closer to Alexander Woollcott, on whom the character is based, than others have been.



All the dish: Lane and Jean Smart in Kaufman and Hart's *The Man Who Came to Dinner.*

The plot needs no more retelling than that of *Hamlet.* The director, Jerry Zaks, who, like his star, has been floundering (remember *Epic Proportions*?), recovers here his lost standing as a leading farceur, and supplements the Kaufman-and-Hart wit with the old Zaks razzmatazz. Some of his shtick may be excessive or even anachronistic (like the swish J. Edgar Hoover bit), and he neglects to make the co-opted Stanley living room as messily Whitesidized as the script calls for, but otherwise he is on target, even if he doesn't know that "Pago Pago" is properly pronounced "Pango Pango."

There is not a weak link in the large cast. My personal favorites are Jean Smart, whose Lorraine Sheldon gets every laugh with the utmost ease and efficiency; Mary Catherine Wright, who rightly makes Nurse Preen touching as well as comic; Lewis J. Stadlen, who gets high Marx (a perfect three) for his Banjo; and Byron Jennings, whose Beverly Carlton (a.k.a. Noël Coward) is better than impersonation, incarnation. But the others in the mad scramble are only a hare's length behind.

William Ivey Long's costumes, Paul Gallo's lighting, and especially Tony Walton's set that cunningly mirrors the auditorium's somewhat faded splendor are no less on the mark. And with admirable decorum, American Airlines did not change the description of Whiteside, who flies around as much as he broadcasts, from Idol of the Airwaves to Idol of the Airways.

REBECCA GILMAN'S **Spinning Into Butter** IS A BRAVE, HONEST, intelligent, and important play, which mitigates its being only intermittently well-written. It concerns racism by the educated white, liberal woman dean of a small Vermont college but also reverse racism by a Puerto Rican student who aggressively puts the would-be helpful dean, Sarah Daniels, on the defensive. It reveals the hypocrisy of various types of whites who claim to be concerned anti-racists—a couple of other quite insensitive deans, a Wasp senior who organizes a Students for Tolerance group from self-serving motives—but it ultimately also attacks political correctness, the no-win situation into which the fictional Belmont College, like so much of America, has steered itself.

We see here characters so concerned with doing the politically correct thing that they neglect doing the humanly right one, which is to engage in any sort of dia-

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

logue with the black student who has been getting anonymous, threatening hate letters. When Sarah, at play's end, reaches out to him, the promise of future understanding is guardedly adumbrated.

The play has at least two triumphs. The major one is a twenty-minute monologue in which Sarah—with great candor, insight, and unsparingness—relates and analyzes the history of her racism, in a way that must buttonhole, disturb, and set to constructive thinking every unclenched spectator. If the writing were on this level throughout, the play would be a surefire winner.

The minor triumph is twofold. When Sarah tells Ross, the truly liberal fine-arts prof and her former lover, that she hates Toni Morrison, and makes out a case for why "her books suck," and again later, when she tells the fellow deans, "So what if she won the Nobel Prize? So did Pearl S. Buck." It takes considerable courage in this p.c. society to attack this most overrated bad writer full blast. And where a lesser playwright would have written "Pearl Buck," that mock-conscientious "Pearl S. Buck" augurs the master.

There are, however, flaws. The protocol and procedures of a college are oversimplified and even distorted; the circumstances of Sarah's dismissal are a bit forced; the salt-of-the-earth, blue-collar, white campus cop is idealized, though Gilman says that idealization is a form of patronization; the lone art professor is not representative of the faculty; the nonpresence of the college president is a definite minus, though I can see how Gilman wanted to be economical—one set, small cast—to facilitate inexpensive productions.

Daniel Sullivan, one of our best directors, has perhaps improved the play by exacting certain rewrites, but has not given it quite the visually indelible and psychologically incisive direction he is famous for. The students enter a dean's office far too casually, and throw themselves and their belongings about rather too imperiously. The door of the office is left open by too many who enter, although this is to set up a crucial instance when Sarah, quite improbably, manages to hide behind this opened door. And Sullivan has cast the supporting roles less than flawlessly: Though Daniel Jenkins's Ross isn't bad, think what, say, Daniel Gerroll could have done with the part.

John Lee Beatty's set is pertinent, especially what we see of the campus through a window; Jess Goldstein's costumes, perhaps a shade too stylish for Sarah, are cogent; and Brian MacDevitt's lighting is, as always, wonderfully dramatic.

Hope Davis has hitherto, in films and plays, always been miscast as the sweet, lovely ingenue. I suspected that, as Sarah, she would at last be good. I was wrong: She is much more than that, marvelous. Her outbursts of warmth and sudden frosts, enthusiasms, and anxieties, little victories and not-so-small defeats must be carefully calibrated. She must never ring false, do too much, lose our sympathy. Miss Davis does all this flawlessly, sometimes even sublimely.

Spinning Into Butter is a play that, lapses and all, demands to be experienced, reflected upon, and, if possible, digested. To avoid it is not only to cheat oneself as a theatergoer; it is also, more gravely, to shirk an opportunity to think about serious matters involvedly.

A POEM BY OSIP MANDELSHTAM LAMENTS, "Within the walls of the Acropolis I was consumed / By sorrow for the Russian name and Russian beauty." You, however, needed to go no farther than the inhospitable premises of Fordham's Pope Auditorium to catch Moscow's Vaktanghov Theater butchering Aleksandr Ostrovsky's delightful **Innocent as Charged**, and be consumed by sorrow for Russia's good name, and shame for its current theater.

Ostrovsky (1823–86) was, with the possible exception of Gogol, Russia's premier playwright between Pushkin and Chekhov. As the author of 52 plays, and ending up as manager of the Moscow Imperial Theaters, he knew the life of the theater, both onstage and off, intimately. *Innocent as Charged* (1884) is part melodrama, part farce, part *comédie larmoyante* (tearful comedy à la Musset). In a program note, Boris Sretensky observes, "Many directors of the Soviet era [cheapened] Ostrovsky by treating him naturalistically." This could not have been worse than Pyotr Fomenko's current treatment of him as vulgar camp.

The worst offenders were Lyudmila Maksakova and Viktor Zozulin; best were Yulia Borisova and Yuri Yakovlyev among the elders, Yelena Sotnikova and Nonna Grishayeva among the young. Incidentally, some performers were decades older than their parts called for, which close arena seating indiscreetly revealed, adding embarrassment. The sets were shoddy, the costumes gaudy and sometimes absurd, and the music inappropriate. Miss Maksakova's anachronistic croaking of "Autumn Leaves" while hop-skipping around (along with flinging herself about, her trademark) and senilely flirting with the audience in the round was especially excruciating. So, too, was the bursting into snatches—or whole stretches—of uncalled-for song, and twice even into an unhinged cancan line. The Russian woman translating over the headphones contributed additional farce, as when a dying baby was "wizzing" and eyes filled with "tares." ▬

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PETER G. DAVIS

For the Birds

More Messiaen at Lincoln Center, including his 'Turangalîla-symphonie,' failed to reveal the transcriber of warbles as more than a cult composer.

Messiaen around: Reinbert de Leeuw (right) conducts the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center with soloist Peter Serkin playing *Des Canyons aux Étoiles*. . . .

'MY TIME WILL COME," GUSTAV MAHLER once said, and indeed it did. His symphonies, often maligned and infrequently performed during his lifetime, are now as firmly entrenched in the standard repertory as Beethoven's. Could the next candidate for equivalent posthumous success be **Olivier Messiaen**? Some think so, and the Lincoln Center Festival's recent mini-celebration of the composer, who died in 1992 at the age of 83, helped promote his cause.

Avery Fisher Hall may not exactly have been packed for the three concerts, but the response was enthusiastic and the audiences included many young listeners apparently receptive to this French composer's singular blend of Catholic mysticism, ornithology, and colorfully innovative musical vocabulary. Each concert featured one evening-length piece written during a different period in Messiaen's life: the *Turangalîla-symphonie* (1946–48), *Des Canyons aux Étoiles* . . . (1971–74), and *Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà* . . . (1987–91). It's also worth noting that all three scores were commissioned by American patrons or musical institutions, and all were first heard in this country. On this occasion the performance duties were divided between the New York Philharmonic, Hans Vonk conducting, and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, led by Reinbert de Leeuw.

Perhaps one shouldn't pursue the Mahler-Messiaen analogy too far, but there are a few significant parallels. Both composers shared a love of nature that they expanded into a world vision, and they were not shy about painting large musical panoramas with great brushstrokes or drawing on a wide range of musical sources. Their major works are generous in length, instrumental requirements, and expressive gestures—and neither man is afraid of being obvious or even vulgar. It's rather ironic that, as a teacher and theorist, Messiaen had such a huge influence on composers (Boulez, Stockhausen) now accused of being the elitists and aesthetic terrorists who turned off an entire generation to new music. In his own creative work, Messiaen promotes no rigid dogma, only his deeply held religious beliefs and eagerness to embrace everyone within earshot.

The big difference, of course, is that Mahler's vision is both secular and shot through with an emotionally charged angst that connected powerfully with late-twentieth-century sensibilities. Messiaen, on the other hand, is the eternal sunny optimist who relates everything around him, from the birds and the bees to the canyons and the stars, to Catholic theology with the childlike wonder of a devout believer—it's rather like opening the front door and confronting a wide-eyed representative from Jehovah's Witnesses. I wonder whether general audiences, even those who find Messiaen's vivid musical imagery intriguing, will ever feel comfortable with this side of the composer.

Even Leonard Bernstein, who conducted the world premiere of *Turangalîla* in 1949 and later sparked the Mahler movement in this country, never cultivated much of a taste for Messiaen. I don't believe he ever touched *Turangalîla* again, although in many ways that exuberant score would seem made to order for him, the celebration of a sexuality so divinely inspired that it can be practiced without guilt. For some, I suppose, that message forgives the pages of stupefying banality, but I can't be so charitable. To me, this religio-erotic love bath just sounds embarrassingly awful, rather like Rachmaninoff on acid or, as Virgil Thomson once remarked, music straight from the Hollywood cornfields.

Later on, Messiaen did find more refined ways to establish a relationship between musical sounds and religious concepts. But even so, I am placing no bets on this composer's imminent liberation from cult status, or on his ascent to join Mahler in the pantheon.

Peter G. Davis's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Russian Evolution

A revamped Bolshoi Ballet makes its first New York appearance in years—but is its new, streamlined look a change for the better?

MOSCOW'S **Bolshoi Ballet** HAS JUST BEEN IN town—at the New York State Theater for a week after ten years' absence. It's a new, modernized Bolshoi, led by Alexei Fadeyechev, who is overseen by Vladimir Vasiliev, director of the whole Bolshoi Theatre, both men distinguished dancers in their time. Alongside nineteenth-century masterworks—*Giselle* to represent the Romantic era, the "Kingdom of the Shades" scene from *La Bayadère* to represent the Classical—and an excerpt from *Spartacus* lest we forget the Soviet aesthetic, it danced Balanchine's *Symphony in C.* Banned for decades from Soviet ballet stages for its ostensible political incorrectness, Balanchine's dance for dance's own sweet sake, with its prodigious extension of the traditional classical vocabulary, poses a challenge the new Bolshoi responds to with mettle.

Staged by John Taras, the Bolshoi's rendition of *Symphony in C* was commendable. Yes, the dancers looked slightly behind the beat because the New York City Ballet typically anticipates it. Yes, they looked studied because, trained to emphasize the sculptural aspect of dancing, they can't be as wild and free as NYCB dancers, whom Balanchine urged to throw caution to the winds for the sake of fleetness and spontaneity. But as a group they were strong, clear, and unmannered—committed, despite some evident residual puzzlement, to learning the unfamiliar language without imposing their prejudices on it.

The *Giselle,* Vasiliev's version, performed in a storybook-pretty set, is an uneasy amalgam of old and new. For instance: The mother's mime monologue, presaging the heroine's fate after death, is omitted, though it's a telling part of the original choreography, while the peasant pas de deux, a hallowed-by-time interpolation, is transformed into a simplistic exercise for four couples organized to show off how nicely they do the steps they learned in school. The acting is disappointingly tame—the ballet is, among other things, a marvelous melodrama—presumably held in check to give pure dancing every chance to shine. Pure dancing shone to far greater effect in the sublime "Kingdom of the Shades" scene, where no acting whatsoever is called for.

In accordance with the company's reconfigured ideals, the brawny, impassioned manner of moving with which the Bolshoi first wowed America in 1959 has completely given way to a cool, svelte, light-as-a-cloud style, with streamlined bodies, rather than feistily chunky ones, clearly the model. The company has decided to cultivate the ineffable. As if by edict, muscular effort is now concealed: Leaps float in space, turns are ball-bearing smooth, small jumps with beats appear to be incised on the air with etching tools. The ebb and flow of energy has been rendered invisible, and it is sorely missed, since it contributes to the rhythmic element at the heart of dancing. Sadder still, this suave idiom is being imposed uniformly; today's Bolshoi is a mythical kingdom that acknowledges only aristocrats—no sturdy bourgeoisie, no earthy peasants, no one fascinating for the way in which he or she inflects or even contradicts the norm. The beauties of this sort of dancing are essentially inhuman. Once your initial admiration for the exquisiteness evaporates, you realize how overcontrolled this approach is, how asexual (attributes such as the extreme flexibility in the hip joint that makes for sky-high leg extensions having been cultivated in men and women alike), and how monotonal, physical and emotional excitement constantly being muted so that a superrefined harmony can prevail. Watch the new Bolshoi for any length of time and you have the eerie sensation that you've been damned to perfection.

Because of the uniformity imposed upon the dancers, however, the corps de ballet is especially satisfying. The women, softly synchronized, give an over-

Star turn: The Bolshoi's Nina Ananiashvili in *Giselle.*

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE SCAFURO

all pearly glow to the Wilis' passages in *Giselle* and to the "Kingdom of the Shades," in which the ensemble is, collectively, equal in importance to the principals and soloists. The male contingent is terrific as the lusty warriors of *Spartacus* and in a brief passage in the finale of *Symphony in C* where they gather and jump, in unison, higher and more incisively than I've ever seen in my dozens of viewings of that piece over the years.

All but one of the performers featured in this engagement were unknown to the New York audience and are relatively young. Nikolai Tsiskaridze stood out among them, equaling his colleagues' elegance without consenting to becoming a cipher. As the exotic prince in "Kingdom of the Shades," a flesh-and-blood Albrecht in *Giselle,* and the engagingly devilish lead in the ebullient third movement of *Symphony in C,* he lets some individual temperament break through. The tall, flawlessly proportioned Dmitri Belogolovtsev is the most promising of the new faces. He's still quite raw, executing his wonders—those leaps, for instance, which are both thistledown light and precisely chiseled—with the air of a youthful prince or god who hasn't fully realized he's about to come into his kingdom. As for the women, the company seems to be placing its bets on the 20-year-old Svetlana Lunkina. Her technique—showcased in *Giselle*—is as highly cultivated as her mentors might wish, but she's not yet interesting as an artist.

The only great mature artist on the roster was Nina Ananiashvili, an international star familiar to the local audience through her regular guest stints with American Ballet Theatre. Reabsorbed into her home company for this season, she looked—to me, for the first time—like a ballerina sure of a place in the history books. In full command of the impeccable technique the Bolshoi strives for nowadays, she unites it with nuanced interpretations of her roles. Her ability, in the celebrated adagio movement of *Symphony in C,* to give the abstract choreography a deep, soulful dimension earned her comparison with predecessors like Suzanne Farrell and Allegra Kent. At the opposite end of the spectrum, she made the virtuoso exploits of the "Don Quixote" pas de deux witty as well as breathtaking, a feat I've seen brought off only once before—by Natalia Makarova. Her Giselle was marvelously realized: the dancing ravishing, the characterization poignant, and both elements so richly modulated they might usefully serve as an object lesson to the rest of the company. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

cue

A Weekly Guide t ainment and the Arts in New York

He Could Have Danced All Night

Choreographer **Daniel Gwirtzman** and Co. take over downtown's Flea Theater for six premieres, page 101

art 87
concerts 101
dance 101
kids 104
the mix 102
movies 76
nightlife 98
radio 102
estaurants 91
sports 103
television 102
theater 83
the written word 103

movies

Margaret Cho . . . *Saving Grace* . . . Sci-Fi Fest

New Films

The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle—Mildly enjoyable live-action and animation big-screen update of the Jay Ward TV show. Its not quite kiddieish enough for the kiddies and not quite brainy enough for their parents. Jason Alexander and Rene Russo star as Boris and Natasha; Robert De Niro, who looks like he's on a much-needed actor's holiday, plays Fearless Leader. (Rainer; 7/17/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

Alice and Martin—Andre Techine has one of the most rapturous film techniques around, but this amour fou is mostly play-act passion. Alice (Juliette Binoche) is a violinist in Paris who gets turned on by the turmoils of Martin (Alexis Loret), a male model who is running away from his past. Both actors have an opaqueness that undercuts the lyricism. (Rainer; 7/31/00) (2 hrs.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

American Pimp—The Hughes brothers' first feature-length documentary examines the wide and not-so-witty world of pimps: the expensive clothes, the flashy automobiles, the fat bankrolls—not to mention the multitude of women they exploit. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

American Psycho—Christian Bale plays the designer serial killer and Wall Street hotshot Patrick Bateman in this overconceptualized movie adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's controversial, overconceptualized novel. Director Mary Harron has done an admirable job paring down Ellis's numbing catalogue of conspicuous consumptions, and the film is less gory than the book. The movie comes across as a classy slasher flick. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews State.*

Benjamin Smoke—Jem Cohen and Peter Sillen's compelling documentary about Benjamin (no last name), a speed-addled, HIV-positive drag queen who fronts a punk-country-blues band called Smoke. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Big Blue: The Director's Cut—Luc Besson's 1988 film returns to the theaters as it was originally intended. Roseanne Arquette plays the love interest of handsome Jacques Mayol, who stars as an eccentric diver who has more rapport with porpoises than with human beings. (2 hrs. 43 mins; R) *Clearview's 59th Street East.*

Big Momma's House—*The Nutty Professor* meets . . . *The Nutty Professor* in this Martin Lawrence vehicle, which finds the would-be funnyman playing an FBI agent who has to dress up as an obese southern grandmother in order to nab some crooks. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria.*

Blood Simple—The Coen brothers' audacious debut, about a green-eyed Texas bar owner who puts a contract out on his wife and her lover, returns in a trimmed-down director's cut. Starring John Getz, Frances McDormand, and Dan Hedaya. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Boys and Girls—Freddie Prinze Jr. and Claire Forlani co-star in this teen romantic comedy. At first, the two can't stand each other. But suddenly . . . (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Bay Plaza; UA Marboro; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld.*

But I'm a Cheerleader—The tale of a teenage girl (Natasha Lyonne) whose high-school friends become convinced she's a lesbian after learning she likes Georgia O'Keeffe, hates kissing her boyfriend, and doesn't eat meat. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Butterfly—This film—a huge hit at the Sundance Film Festival as well as the recipient of thirteen Goya (Spanish Oscar) nominations—stars Spanish megastar Fernando Fernán-Gómez as a kindly schoolmaster who helps a timid new student adapt both to his campus and to the world around him. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

★**Chicken Run**—The Bristol, England–based Aardman Studios has fashioned its first feature-length claymation movie, and it's a pip: a prison-break movie starring chickens, a kind of egglayer *Stalag 17*. The concept itself is funny, but co-directors Nick Park and Peter Lord bring in a lot more, including an assortment of hens who together make up a panorama of British spinsterhood. Mel Gibson is the voice of the Rhode Island rooster who helps with the rescue, and he's jauntier here than he is in *The Patriot*. (7/10/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Chuck & Buck—Buck (Mike White) is a 27-year-old man-child who sucks lollipops and listens to old LPs; Chuck (Chris Weitz), his childhood friend, is a successful L.A. record executive. When Chuck attempts to reunite with his old chum by moving close to him and stalking him and propositioning him, the film turns into a demento erotic thriller. Unfortunately, Chuck is the inner-child hero of the piece, and what's disturbing about him soon dissipates. It's as if we were meant to take dear old

Opening
Cho 'Nuff

Those who missed Margaret Cho's 1999 Off Broadway show *I'm the One That I Want* won't have to glower anymore while their friends act out her "My Mom Reads *Ass Master* Magazine" routine word-for-word. The filmed version of the show (which ran for eleven sold-out weeks here) opens this week—which means viewers will now get to hear lines like "In the past, I've given a lot of unnecessary head" in LucasSound. The show deals with Cho's experiences starring in *All-American Girl,* an almost-immediately-canceled ABC sitcom that gave sitcomland its first-ever Asian-American family. "From the start, I had a lot of difficulties with the show," says Cho from her home in Los Angeles. By now, just about everybody knows the scoop: Executives and publicists for the show insisted that Cho lose weight in order to play the part of herself; she embarked on a crash diet; she had to be hospitalized as a consequence. After *All-American Girl* was discontinued and *The Drew Carey Show* put in its place ("I love Drew," Margaret says in *I'm the One,* "but I can't watch his show because they use all our old furniture. I keep wanting to scream, *'That's my lamp!'* "), Cho began a long, much-publicized descent into drugs and alcohol. "I would've kept going on that way," she says, "but I learned that living your life in this fashion ultimately makes you a very unhappy person, especially if you're not mainstream but are somehow trying to fit into the mainstream." That said, it seems worth reiterating that this show is *funny,* and should certainly do the trick in tiding Cho's fan base over until next spring and the release of her autobiography as well as a new stand-up routine. *I'm the One That I Want* opens August 4 at the Quad Cinema.

Derek de Koff

'Cue' cover photograph by Felix Portela.

Norman Bates as Huck Finn. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

Coyote Ugly—Piper Perabo is Violent, a twentysomething who's just moved to Manhattan in the hopes of becoming a songwriter. In the meantime, she's working in a grubby East Village watering hole called . . . (1 hr. 37 mins.; R). *Opens 8/4.*

★**Croupier**—Mike Hodges, the much underrated English director, teams with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg in this sharp, cool drama about a would-be novelist, smashingly played by Clive Owen, who works as a croupier in a posh London casino. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Decalogue—Krzysztok Kieslowski's ten-part mini-series, each episode cheekily based on one of the Ten Commandments. (NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Dinosaur—This latest Disney animated feature uses digital techniques against mostly live-action backdrops, and the cost of the whole shebang is said to top $140 million. The visual expressiveness of the dinos is expert, but the script is the usual homiletic Disney dishwater. Thankfully, it's not a musical. May be too scary for little kids. (Rainer; 5/29/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Loews State; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Disney's The Kid—Bruce Willis stars as a caustic, snide image consultant who magically connects with himself as a chubby 8-year-old (Spencer Breslin) in this gooey movie that's all about the virtues of locating one's inner child. Hollywood would be better off trying to locate its inner adult. (Rainer; 7/17/00) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**East Is East**—The great Indian actor Om Puri towers in this jagged, well-made comedy about a Pakistani father in England trying to cope with his unruly family and his own fundamentalist ways. It could have come across as a mixed-race *Life With Father*, but the complexity of Puri's performance transforms it. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Sutton; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

★**East-West**—A hokey, melodramatic, enjoyable Cold War drama from France about a Russian émigré physician (Oleg Menchikov) who returns to Stalin's postwar police state with his French wife (Sandrine Bonnaire) and pays the price. Catherine Deneuve plays the French actress who helps save the day, and her cheekbones and lip gloss have never seemed so politically correct. In French and Russian with English subtitles. (Rainer; 2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Eyes of Tammy Faye—A mocking, self-satisfied documentary about the weepy evangelist and mascara maven. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Five Senses—Canadian director Jeremy Podeswa's American feature-film debut examines a series of intertwining relationships that are all inexorably tied to taste, touch, hearing, smell, and vision. No, it's not a prequel. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas—Prequels being all the rage, the Flintstones take us back to Fred and Barney's youth, when they were courting their future wives. Mark Addy and Stephen Baldwin star as Fred and Barney, respectively. Features Alan Cumming in dual roles. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

Frequency—Jim Caviezal plays a Queens cop who, courtesy of a rip in the space-time continuum and an old ham radio, communicates with his firefighter father (Dennis Quaid), who perished in a blaze in 1969. The radio isn't the only thing that's ham in this misguided hunk of heartfelt mumbo-jumbo. (Rainer; 5/8/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—Forest Whitaker gives a resonant and affecting performance as a hit man who pores over ancient samurai texts in this allusive Jim Jarmusch movie that is by turns irritating and inviting. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

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Previews
Little Boxes

Probably the last thing you want to see right now is another satirical condemnation of suburban values, but 'Better Living' seems to have more going for it than your average middle-class-bashing melodrama does: Olympia Dukakis stars as a put-upon housewife whose long-absent husband (Roy Scheider, pictured) suddenly reappears to enlist the help of his wife and three daughters in destroying their worldly possessions and building a bomb shelter–like underground fort, which the nutter promises will "save the family." In short, 'Ordinary People' collides with 'Lord of the Flies' at 180 mph. Opens August 4 at the Screening Room.

★**Girl on the Bridge**—See Rainer, page 66. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

★**Gladiator**—Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while at the same time presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. Crowe's intensity holds the film together. As the Roman general who becomes a slave and then a gladiator and a folk hero, he radiates a force field thicker than any armor. Richard Harris, Joaquin Phoenix, and, in his last role, Oliver Reed contribute some entertaining moments. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Atrium.*

Gone in Sixty Seconds—Nicolas Cage stars in this update of the 1974 classic about a thief who has to pull off one final heist—stealing 100 cars—in order to save his younger brother's life. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Groove—Greg Harrison's sweet, disposable movie about the San Francisco rave scene appears at times to be a cross between a sixties American International picture like *The Trip* and a seventies disco flick. Despite all the drugs ingested, not to mention bottles of distilled water, lurking within all the techno-thump is a standard boy-meets-girl scenario. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**Hamlet**—Michael Almereyda's overconceptualized nouveau version of Shakespeare's high-body-count classic is set in a present-day fortresslike New York and features the youngest and most grad-student-ish Hamlet in memory, affectingly played by Ethan Hawke. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Crown Gotham.*

Humanité—This achingly slow film, which, despite its pace, garnered three awards at Cannes last year, involves a dim-witted police detective (Emmanuel Schotté) who's investigating the rape and murder of an 11-year-old girl. (2 hrs. 28 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The In Crowd—Wealthy college students, all members of an upper-crust East Coast country club, take "the new girl" (Lorie Heuring) under their wing—and she soon realizes that there's a *very* dark side to the clique's leader. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Jesus' Son**—Billy Crudup and Samantha Morton are marvelous in this uneven adaptation of Denis Johnson's episodic novel about a saintly stoner. The director Alison Maclean has a fine, intuitive way with actors and a gift for portraying poetic disarray, but much of the movie has a seventies-era scruffiness that often tails off into sentimentality and oh-wowness. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews State; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Loser—See Rainer, page 66. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Loews 84th Street; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

★**Me, Myself & Irene**—Not as many classic bad-taste moments as in previous Farrelly brothers outings, but Jim Carrey, playing a Rhode Island cop with a split personality, is at his frenzied near-best. Half Milquetoast, the other half insanely bullying, he's a whirling dervish of a performer who probably could have added another four personalities to the mix without breaking a sweat. Renee Zellweger is his comic foil, and she's a bit bland. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Whitestone; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; North Shore Towers; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Mission: Impossible 2—Tom Cruise is back in this James Bond–ish sequel with mythic overtones courtesy of director John Woo. The mythologizing, the slo-mo ceremoniousness of the action scenes, the hero/villain dualisms, the flutterings of doves aren't really supported by the mostly standard-issue thriller-movie tropes. Cruise is pretty much the whole show, and he's all business. The humorlessness of the enterprise, and of his performance, is wearing. Thandie Newton co-stars as the love interest, and she's touching without having much more to do than your average Bond Girl. (Rainer; 6/5/00) (2 hrs., 6 mins.;

Photograph by Dirk Westphal.

PG-13) *Loews Village; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps—Once again, Eddie Murphy throws on a fat suit to play a whole family of lovable fatties. This time, however, Janet Jackson stars as the dewy-eyed ingenue in the midst of all the funny flab. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

The Patriot—Mel Gibson is the widowed Colonial patriarch who at first opposes fighting the British and then practically becomes a Revolutionary War ninja in this melodramatic battle epic that, in tone, at times resembles a cross between *Little House on the Prairie* and *Gladiator.* The plotting is basic: Someone is killed, then revenged, followed by more killing and more revenging. It works fitfully, but turning the anthem of American liberty into a battleground fit for a Sega computer game is a bit much. The British come across about as bad as they ever have in this film, while the French, usually a bunch of Pepe Le Pews in our movies, are the good guys. (Rainer; 7/10/00). (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Perfect Storm—Wolfgang Petersen's epic based on the Sebastian Junger nonfiction best-seller has an impressive assortment of computer-generated waves and lots of men yelling to be heard above the sound of those waves. George Clooney plays the skipper of a swordfishing ship that heads out from Gloucester into perhaps the worst nautical storm ever recorded. His thin dark beard goes grayish as the waves hit. Except as spectacle, the film isn't much. The mythic-heroic stuff lacks an undercurrent, and you keep asking yourself why these men are risking so much when there's an easy way out. Mark Wahlberg, Diane Lane, and John C. Reilly co-star. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Pokémon The Movie 2000—Those ubiquitous Japanese action figures make their inevitable return to the big screen. (1 hr. 54 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Replacements—Anyone for more "football equals life" metaphors? Gene Hackman plays "a legendary football coach" who is suddenly asked to recruit a team of replacements after the Washington Sentinels go on strike. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk.*

RiFiFi—All but unseen since its 1955 release, Jules

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

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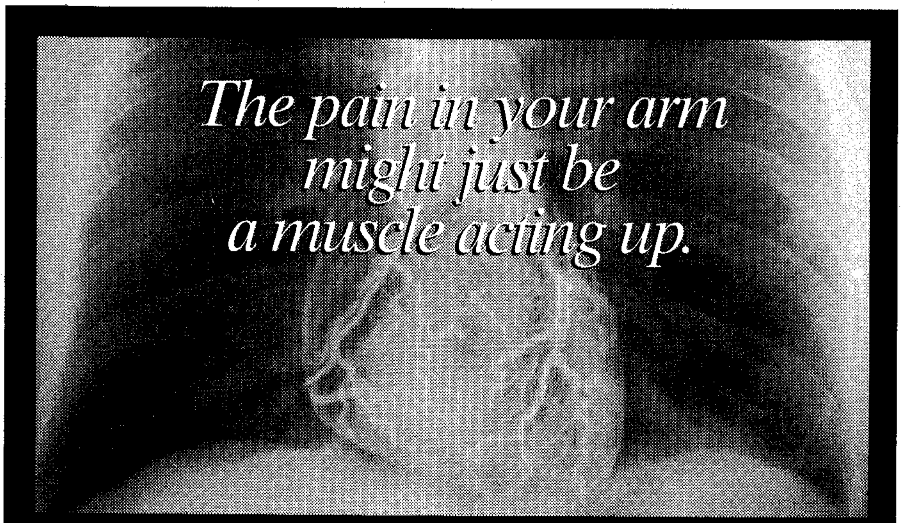

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Dassin's triumphantly amoral crime thriller boasts, among other things, a 30-minute robbery scene sans music or dialogue. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Festivals
Futurama

It's hard to say whether William Shatner really wrote a screenplay when he penned the 1965 full-length sci-fi thriller *Incubus.* Although it is, in fact, a film, and Shatner did, in fact, get a screenwriting credit, the interminable saga is entirely acted in the made-up language Esperanto. This means that you, the moviegoer, will have absolutely no idea what any of the characters are saying. Is watching the film a more painful experience than listening to Shatner sing? Find out at the Future of Film Festival, a presentation of the Sci Fi Channel that includes such fare as *The Gospel According to Phillip K. Dick, Rock 'n' Roll Frankenstein,* and *A Galaxy Far, Far Away,* an in-depth look at the obsessive *Star Wars* fan base. Begins August 4 at Chelsea Clearview Cinemas and the Altman Building.

A GALAXY FAR FAR AW
Inside The Universe of a Phenomenon

The Road to El Dorado—Dreamworks' animated movie has some thrilling, swoopy visual sequences, lots of corn, and enough shimmering gold surfaces to make you think the Yucatan is an adjunct of Trump Tower. Actors voicing the animated characters include Kenneth Branagh, Kevin Kline, and, unmistakably, Rosie Perez. (Rainer; 4/10/00) (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *Centre Sunnyside.*

Road Trip—A raunchy comedy that aims, apparently, to outdo *American Pie* finds four friends traveling 1,800 miles in search of a smutty videotape accidentally mailed to one of their girlfriends. Co-stars Beckin Meyer, Tom Green, and Andy Dick. (1 hr., 45 mins. ; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Rules of Engagement—In yet another movie about military discipline, a colonel turned lawyer played by Tommy Lee Jones must defend his friend (Samuel Jackson), who saved his life in Vietnam but is now accused of killing civilian demonstrators. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Scary Movie—A half-baked satire of modern teen splatter flicks from Keenan Ivory Wayans. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Shaft—John Singleton's new version of the seventies blaxploitation hit stars Samuel L. Jackson in the Richard Roundtree role. Like its predecessor, the film seems to really be about stylishness as a form of militancy. Jackson is so burned up about everything that he never has time to be a sex machine, and so the Isaac Hayes theme song sounds more like a taunt than a tribute. Christian Bale, in what amounts to a recap of his *American Psycho* sicko, plays a racist murderer, and Jeffrey Wright is effective as a Dominican drug lord. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; UA Astoria.*

Shanghai Noon—Director Tom Dey attempts to make a wacky Western by casting Jackie Chan as a klutzy imperial guard to the emperor of China who's trying to rescue a kidnapped princess, with the help of a petty thief/big dreamer (Owen Wilson). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Loews State.*

Shower—A bittersweet examination of Chinese culture taking place in a public bathhouse about to be closed down by a young entrepreneur—who happens to be the son of the man who owns it. (1 hr., 32 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Small Time Crooks—Woody Allen's new movie isn't just minor, it's minuscule. It harkens back not to the early classics like *Bananas* and *Sleeper,* but even further back to the Milquetoast humors of *Take the Money and Run.* Allen and Tracey Ullman are a working-class Manhattan couple on the shady side of the law who strike it rich. Allen plays up the comedy of nouveau riche bad taste, but his comic affinities are elsewhere; most of what we see here is labored. Best reason to go: Elaine May's marvelous turn as a holy-fool dimwit. (5/29/00) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Loews State.*

Space Cowboys—Clint Eastwood, Tommy Lee Jones, Donald Sutherland, and James Garner are . . . space cowboys. Can the four of them somehow rescue a malfunctioning Russian satellite that threatens to cause a total communications blackout all over the country? (2 hrs.; PG-13). *Opens 8/4.*

★**Sunshine**—Istvan Szábó's highly uneven, sprawling yet schematic epic encompasses three generations of a Jewish-Hungarian family, as well as most of the political horrors of the twentieth century. Szábó's movies, most famously *Mephisto* and *Colonel Redl,* are all about the bloody confluence of politics and matters of the heart. He's fascinated by the fatalism of history, and by the ways in which people fight the inevitability of their fate. His new film carries on these themes on an even broader canvas, but often he seems to be inflating the usual recriminations and capitulations of a family by placing it against the Holocaust and the gulags. Ralph Fiennes plays three separate roles, but he's too refined, too Dirk Bogarde–ish, to hold this behemoth of a movie together. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (3 hrs.; NR) *CC Village East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Thomas and the Magic Railroad—The celebrated children's television show about a kindly choo-choo train comes to life, and throws into the mix spooky human beings like Alec Baldwin and Peter Fonda. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Time Regained—The disembodied voice of Marcel Proust (Patrice Chereau), speaking, apparently, from his deathbed, guides us through key moments in his life, gradually interweaving elements of his fiction into the narrative until fantasy completely wins out. Co-starring Catherine Deneuve, Vincent Perez, and John Malkovich. (2 hrs. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Up at the Villa—Enervated adaptation of the Somerset Maugham novella about murder and romance set in Fascist Tuscany and starring Sean Penn and Kristin Scott Thomas as unlikely conspirators. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

The Virgin Suicides—The material—five suburban adolescent girls kill themselves off, poetically, inexplicably—is perhaps too woozy for the rueful, mythological treatment it gets here, but debut director Sofia Coppola has a fine, fresh eye and a way with actors, among them Kirsten Dunst, James Woods, and Kathleen Turner. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

★**What Lies Beneath**—Crude scare-picture pulp done up in big movie-star trappings. Michelle Pfeiffer plays a woman who believes the inherited Vermont home she shares with her scientist husband (Harrison Ford) is spook-infested. The director, Robert Zemeckis, draws on a whole stable of woman-in-peril warhorses, from *Gaslight* to *Wait Until Dark;* he lifts from Hitchcock and *Fatal Attraction* and much more. The results are effective without being very interesting: It is not such a great achievement, in the end, to make audiences jump on cue; even the teen horror cheapies are pretty adept at it, if nothing else. But Michelle Pfeiffer's performance is something to see. Terror seems to turn her wraithlike. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Wind Will Carry Us**—See Rainer, page 66. (2 hrs.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Wisdom of Crocodiles—Jude Law plays Steven Griscz, an oversensitive young man who manages to be quite lucky with the ladies—until the bodies of his ex-girlfriends start piling up. Timothy Spall plays the busybody detective snooping around for clues. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Wonderland—See Rainer, page 66. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**X-Men**—Bryan Singer's cinematic transcription of the Marvel Comic mainstay has intermittent, balled-up power. It's a rarity, a comic-book-derived movie with a satisfying visual style and protagonists you want to watch. The X-Men include Wolverine (Hugh Jackman), Rogue (Anna Paquin), Cyclops (James Marsden), and their fearless leader, Professor Xavier (Patrick Stewart), while their supermutant antagonists include Ian McKellan's Magneto and Toad (Ray Park), who can flick his twelve-foot tongue like it was a lasso. Adolescents, and probably not a few adults, will appreciate the film's celebration of being different. We're not dorks, after all—we're the next stage in evolution. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Gladiator; Shanghai Noon.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *But I'm a Cheerleader; Butterfly; Chuck & Buck; The Five Senses; The Girl on the Bridge; Groove; Wonderland.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Disney's The Kid; The In Crowd; Sunshine; The Virgin Suicides; The Wisdom of Crocodiles; X-Men.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *American Pimp; Time Regained; Two Women.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Scary Movie.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Grass; Humanité; RiFiFi; Water Drops on Burning Rocks.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Mission: Impossible 2; The Perfect Storm; The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Blood Simple; Criminal Lovers; The Eyes of Tammy Faye; Shower.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *Benjamin Smoke; Croupier.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Chicken Run; Gladiator; Jesus' Son; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *The In Crowd; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; X-Men.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Boys and Girls; But I'm a Cheerleader; Chicken Run; Loser; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; X-Men.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *X-Men.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *The In Crowd; The Perfect Storm; What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; The Replacements; Scary Movie; Shaft; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Disney's The Kid; The Five Senses; Scary Movie.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Hamlet.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Shower.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *East Is East; Mission: Impossible 2.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *The Big Blue: The Director's Cut.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *X-Men.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Final Destination; Frequency; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Love and Basketball; Road Trip; Rules of Engagement.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Psycho; Dinosaur; Jesus' Son; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Butterfly.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Boys and Girls; Disney's The Kid; East Is East; Hamlet; The In Crowd; Me, Myself & Irene.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *East-West.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Chicken Run; Croupier; Girl on the Bridge; Gladiator; The In Crowd; Loser; Sunshine; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *X-Men.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The Perfect Storm.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; What Lies Beneath.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Loser.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *The Patriot; Pokémon The Movie 2000; X-Men.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Chuck & Buck.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; What Lies Beneath.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Alice and Martin; Blood Simple; Croupier; The Decalogue; East-West; The Five Senses; The Wind Will Carry Us.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *; The In Crowd; Loser; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; What Lies Beneath.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Big Momma's House; Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *Blood Simple; But I'm a Cheerleader; Croupier; The Five Senses.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Disney's The Kid; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Up at the Villa.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Premieres
Killer Waves

Anyone who ever wished Annette Funicello had just, sort of, hacked up Frankie Avalon with a hatchet will enjoy 'Psycho Beach Party,' the tale of a beautiful 16-year-old beach babe (Lauren Ambrose) who finds a few moldering corpses amid the tasty summer waves. Who's the madman behind the carnage? Drag icon Charles Busch, who co-stars as the snooping Captain Monica Stark, also wrote the screenplay—which guarantees the proceedings will be campier than a row of tents. Opens August 4.

Premiere

A High Old Time

If you'd describe footage of senior citizens holding in two cheekfuls of marijuana as "inspired lunacy," the British comedy 'Saving Grace' may be your ticket. Brenda Blethyn stars as a recent widow who, after the loss of her husband, is verging on losing her money, her manor, and her mind. In a pinch, the dotty old biddy does the sensible thing and grows a huge quantity of pot, which she then tries to sell to a big-time dealer. Begins August 4.

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Disney's The Kid; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Boys and Girls; Disney's The Kid; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Queens

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Disney's The Kid; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Road to El Dorado; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Disney's The Kid; Mission: Impossible 2; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Chicken Run; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *The In Crowd; Kunwara; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Blood Simple; But I'm a Cheerleader; Croupier; Dinosaur; East Is East; East-West; Jesus' Son; Sunshine.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Disney's The Kid; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *East Is East; Joe Gould's Secret; Me, Myself & Irene.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Big Momma's House; Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Shaft; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The Perfect Storm.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *The In Crowd; The Perfect Storm; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; X-Men.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Disney's The Kid; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; X-Men.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Boys and Girls; Disney's The Kid; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Disney's The Kid; Gladiator; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; The In Crowd; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 9/3: "Behind the Mirror: American Films in the 1950s." 8/6: *Marty* (1955); *12 Angry Men* (1957); *Rear Window* (1954); *The Wrong Man* (1957). 8/5–8/6: "Repertory Nights: New Prints of Classic Movies." *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—8/2: *Hostage* (2000); *Lynn's Wake* (2000); *The Ropeswing* (2000); *So Beautiful* (2000). 8/3: "Sound and Vision." *Beyond Ultra-Violence* (1997). "Essential Cinema." *The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse* (1967); *I Was Born, But . . .* (1932). 8/4: "Sound and Vision." *The Decline of Western Civilization II: The Metal Years; The Harder They Come* (1973); *Wild Style* (1982). "Essential Cinema." *The Lead Shoes* (1949); *Mr. Frenhoffer and the Minotaur* (1949); *The Petrified Dog* (1948); *The Potted Psalm* (1946). "Holly Frampton: Early Works." *Information* (1966); *Manual of Arms* (1966); *Process Red* (1968); *States* (1967). 8/5: "Sound and Vision." *The Harder They Come; Wild Style.* "Essential Cinema." *The Rules of the Game* (1939); *Triumph of the Will* (1934–35). 8/6: *Voyage Into Space* (1970); *Watch Me Jumpstart* (1998). "Sound and Vision." *Lou Reed: Rock and Roll Heart* (1999). "Essential Cinema." *Francesco, Giullare di Dio* (1949). 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—8/1: *Around the Time* (1997); *The Planet of Junior Brown* (1998); *Drylongso* (1999). 8/2: *The M Train* (1998); *Bliss* (2000); *Kiss It Up to God* (2000); *House on Fire* (2000); *For da Love of Money* (2000). 8/3: *Citizen James* (1999); *30 Years to Life* (2000). 8/4–8/6: "Gordon Parks Retrospective." 8/4: *The Learning Tree* (1969). 8/5: *Shaft* (1971). 8/6: *Leadbelly* (1976). 8/7: "Five Shorts." *Film Magazine of the Arts* (1963); *Award Presentation to Andy Warhol* (1964); *Report from Millbrook* (1965–66); *Walden Reel 2* (1964–68); *Cassis* (1966). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—8/1–8/2: *Local Hero* (1983). 8/3–8/4: *After Hours* (1985). 8/6: *I'm No Angel* (1933). 8/7: *She Done Him Wrong* (1933). "Midnight Special." 8/4: *The Wizard of Oz*. 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 8/8: "Celebrating Philippine Cinema: New Directions 2000." 8/2: *Gangland* (1998); *The Kite* (1999); *The Moises Padilla Story* (1961). 8/3: *Gangland; José Rizal* (1998); *The Kite.* 8/4: *Ada of Manila* (1999); *Woman on a Tin Roof* (1999). 8/5: *Ada of Manila; Gangland; Milagros* (1997); *Sandra Wong* (1955). 8/6: *José Rizal; Milagros; Woman on a Tin Roof.* 8/7: *Fetch a Pail of Water* (1999). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 for members, $4.50 for seniors, $3 for "Movies for Kids."

Museum of Modern Art—8/1: *Crimson Pirate* (1952); *Lady in the Dark* (1944). 8/3: *The Band Wagon* (1953); *Desert Fury* (1947). 8/4: *Lady in the Dark; Ken Jacobs Home Movie Short: Urban Peasants* (1930–76). 8/5: *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944). 8/6–8/7: *The Magic Box* (1951); *Singin' in the Rain* (1952). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Blaxploitation Film Series." 8/4–8/5: *Blacula* (1972). "Weekend Classics." 8/6: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961); *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (1971). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—8/1–8/3: *East-West* (1999); *Grass* (1999); *The Filth and the Fury* (2000). 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 for seniors.

Photograph by Paul Chedlow/Fine Line Features.

theater

Biotech...High Infidelity...Tabletop

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—So many ways to skin a cat—but none of them seem to work! $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 9/10. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now featuring Vicki Lewis and Charlotte D'Amboise $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

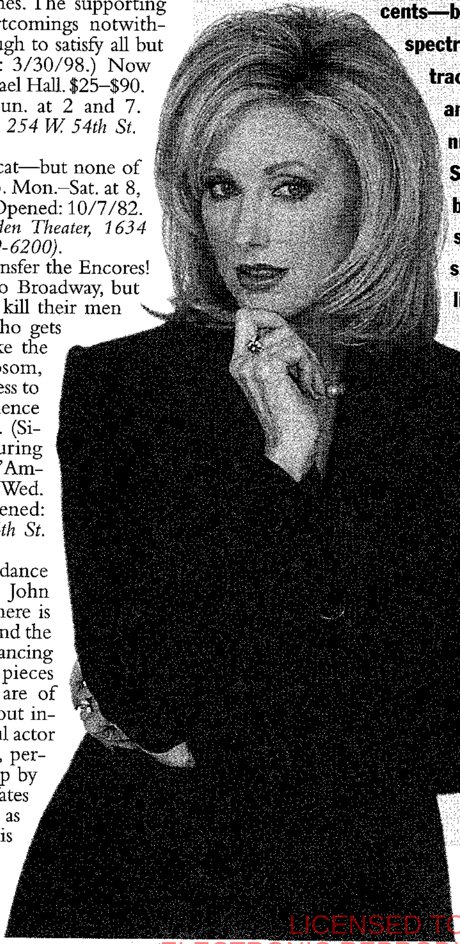
Jesus Christ Superstar—Yeah, he's the Messiah, but what he really wants to do is sing in Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical. $26–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-

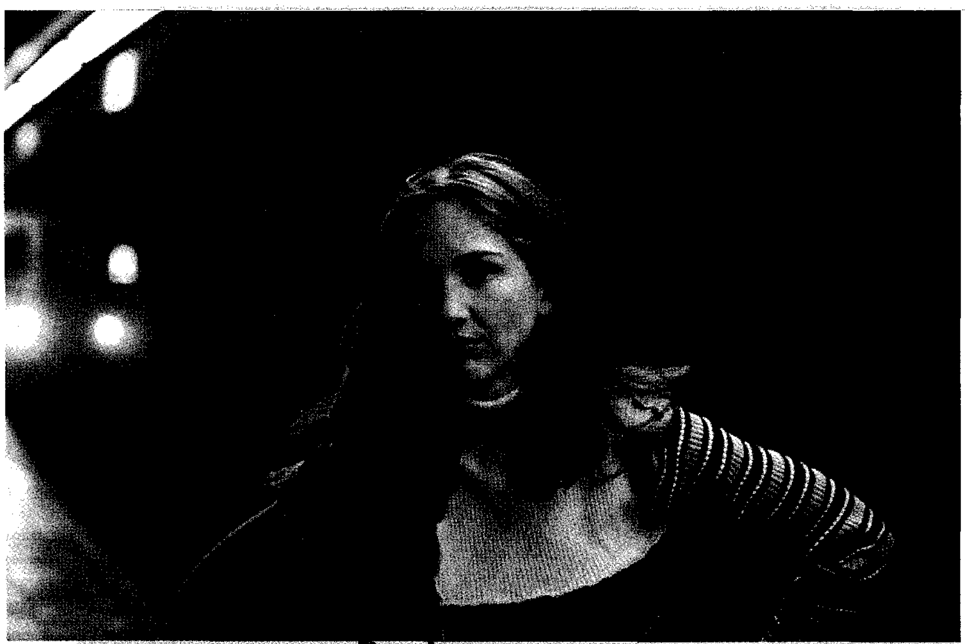
Opening

Are You Looking At Me?

Last week on eBay, bidding on the "Sexy Morgan Fairchild Set of 4 Coasters" began at $9.95; a rare cover shot of Fairchild on a 1988 issue of *Outlaw Biker* started at $5; and a hot-off-the-presses program for her new political comedy, *High Infidelity,* opened at 99 cents—but bids quickly jumped to $6. "My fan base covers a very broad spectrum," says the *Dallas* and *Falcon Crest* alumna Fairchild. Fans have tracked her from stage to daytime television, to the sitcom *Friends,* and to the cover of *Penthouse.* "I've played everything from sluts to nuns," she says, "but you won't find many nun Websites out there. Somehow the sexy sites get all the attention." Fairchild, who was born Patsy Ann McClenny in Dallas, Texas, recently appeared onstage in the Pulitzer-winning *Crimes of the Heart* in Los Angeles, but she hasn't set foot on a New York stage since 1982. Now she's headlining John Dooley's new comedy about a woman forced to undergo marriage counseling when high-profile squabbles with her senator husband (John Davidson) threaten to derail his presidential campaign. Unlike many actors who tremble in fear of New York's cantankerous critics, Fairchild, a Los Angeles resident, says she's just been enjoying herself, exploring the city. "I was walking with my sister the other day when this van filled with these guys that looked kinda scary circled the block about three times," she says. "My sister and I were looking at each other saying, 'Oh God—we gotta get out of here,' but they pulled up and one stuck his head out the window and said, 'Morgan—babe, you don't age.' " Fairchild laughs. "I love New York. I mean, you think somebody's going to mug you, and they turn out to be your fan." Better yet, she adds, "Those guys must have been in their twenties." In previews for an August 3 opening. (See "Off Broadway.") LOGAN HILL



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.



Previews
Pity the Amish

Twenty-two-year-old comedienne Casey Fraser, who's been acting since age 6, will be backed by a lively three-piece band when she riffs on subway rage, United Nations office parties, and those punch lines who drive buggies in 'Why Don't We Bomb the Amish.' Here's another question: Won't somebody call the ACLU? Previews begin August 3. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Nathan Lane and Jean Smart star in this comedy about a snooty writer who wreaks havoc on the happy home of some plain Midwesterners. By Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 10/1. *American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 12/31. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Music Man—Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Real Thing—The clever Tom Stoppard tells a fairly simple story as trickily, as cleverly as possible. He has lots of fun with his assorted adulteries, and his dialogue suitably sparkles. The current revival is less pleasurable than the 1984 American premiere, which had the proper sets and was better directed. Still, Stoppard is one of our few brainy and literate dramatists and once again warms up Broadway's intellectual climate by several balmy degrees. (Simon: 4/24/00.) $35–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/13. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York with a more global feel, featuring flamenco and South African vocals, along with Irish singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Josh Brolin and Elias Koteas, replacing Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, smash typewriters and burn toast as Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers. Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs. $65–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

High Infidelity—*Falcon Crest* alum Morgan Fairchild and John Davidson star in John Dooley's new comedy about a senator and his wife. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for an 8/3 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

Why Don't We Bomb the Amish—Twenty-two-year-old comedienne Casey Fraser riffs on subways, David Koresh, the Amish, and United Nations shindigs. $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 8/3 for an 8/5 opening. *Gershwin Hotel, 7 E. 27th St. (212-279-4200).*

Now Playing

Anonymous—A novelist who works in advertising is set up with a batty nutritionist and a mafioso in Glen Merzer's new comedy. Directed by Pamela Berlin (*Steel Magnolias, Crossing Delancey*). $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Avow—Jack Hofsiss (*The Elephant Man*) directs Bill C. Davis's new play about same-sex marriage, an unwed mother, and a priest. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

The Comedy of Errors/The Iliad: Book One—The British and American Aquila Theatre Company returns with two performances in repertory. $20–$35. *Errors*: Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 9. *Iliad*: Fri. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Hemmerdinger Hall, 100 E. Washington Square Pl. (212-307-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

The Crumple Zone—A new comedy by Buddy Thomas about five men during a holiday weekend. $35. Mon., and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 8/13. *Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Place (212-532-8887).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Donkey Show—A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Eat the Runt—Audience members pick which roles the eight Mefisto Theatre company members will play in this surreal story about the hiring of a grants manager at an art museum. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 8/13. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (212-760-5940).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

The Flame Keeper—Amos Kamil's new play about a Jewish professor's return to Berlin in 1946 is di-

Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.

rected by Charles Goforth. $45. Mon., and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf—The twenty-fifth-anniversary production of Ntozake Shange's work stars Jackée and is directed and choreographed by George Faison (*The Wiz*). $45–$49. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Great Black One-Acts 2000—Woodie King presents one-acts by Amiri Baraka, Ed Bullins, Ben Caldwell, Alice Childress, Charles Fuller, Langston Hughes, and others. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings—Hailing from that most unfunny city, Washington, D.C., the cornball political-comedy troupe Capitol Steps brings jokes about Hillary, Rudy, etc. to our punchline-starved city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. Through 9/2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jerusalem Syndrome—Comedian Mark Maron riffs on his pilgrimages to Hollywood, a Philip Morris factory, and Israel. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/26. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).*

Jitney—This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in the Pittsburgh of 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $51. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Joe Fearless (A Fan Dance)—*Sports Night* onstage: a rabid fan tracks his b-ball obsession in Liz Tucillo's new play, complete with live action b-ball and former Knick City dancers. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

The Laramie Project—The Laramie Project, presented by Moisés Kaufman's Tectonic Theater, is a terrific piece of theater, history, and life in the heartless heartlands, concerning the horrific death of young Matthew Shepard at the hands of two very young Laramie gay-bashers. You will be held in rapt attention by this in-depth examination of just about every aspect of the background and foreground of the event, as seen and heard through the eyes and mouths of numerous witnesses, neighbors, indifferent or impassioned fellow citizens, media persons, family members, direct and indirect participants. Nowadays, when every piece of dreck receives standing ovations, you should not miss a theatrical and human event that deserves standing up for, with applause or, better yet, silently, taking an important lesson profoundly to heart. (Simon: 5/29/00.) $25–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Manchild in the Promised Land—A stage adaptation of Claude Brown's classic autobiography, set in 1950's Harlem. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Michigan Impossible—Robert Christophe's new comedy tracks a part-Irish, part-African-American, part-Native American man's search for identity. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 9/22. *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment with a three-course dinner, door prizes, death, dancing, and acting awards for best audience participation. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Neil Simon's Hotel Suite—This collection of Neil Simon one-acts set in hotels promises more tiny bars of soap than Broadway has seen in a long while. *Hotel* manager is John Tillinger. Guests include Helen Carey, Randy Graff, Leigh Lawson, and Ron Orbach. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/10. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Never Swim Alone—Winner of an overall excellence award at last year's Fringe Fest, Daniel MacIvor's bizarre play pits two friends against each other in a thirteen-round verbal boxing match, as a mutual friend acts as referee. $27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Off the Meter—John Ahlers directs Peter Zablotsky's new play about a cabdriver and an investment banker who concoct a get-rich-quick scheme together. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. (212-279-4200).*

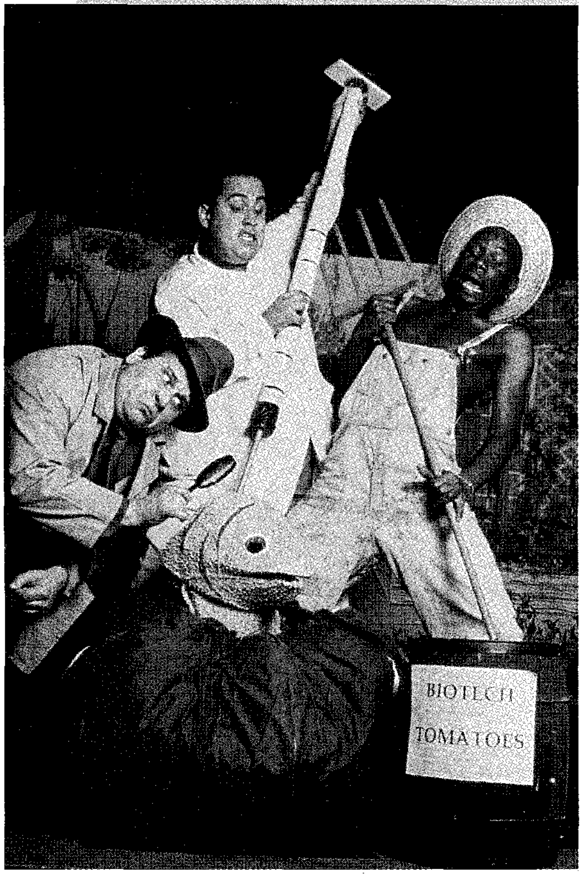
Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock,

Onstage Ad Infinitum

Rob Ackerman, a playwright who has worked as a prop master on television commercials for the past ten years, aims to expose hidden persuaders with his new comedy, 'Tabletop' (cast pictured). For the Working Theatre's series of plays about employees and their workplaces, the Dance Theatre Workshop's Bessie Schönberg Theatre has been converted into a television set where an autocratic adman pushes his crew to the bleeding edge in a quest to film his masterpiece: a snappy spot for a fruity drink with a swirl. Extended through August 13. (See "Off Broadway.")

Onstage
This Spud's for You

Theater for the New City's 22nd annual street-theater production, 'Biotech,' introduces "Dick Tater," the genetically modified crossbreed of a penis and a potato. When the chauvinist tuber infiltrates Esperanza Garden, a Lower East Side community garden, Alberto, a gardener born there because his mother was kicked out of a tenement, is the world's only hope. The epic battle (featuring, from left, Mark Marcante, Primy Rivera, and Craig Meade) is fought on weekends in parks throughout the city. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")



Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $49.50. Mon.–Wed., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

Santos & Santos—Two Mexican-American lawyers and brothers become embroiled in narcotics smuggling when their younger brother returns to their El Paso law firm, in Octavio Solis's new play. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7. Through 8/10. *Studio Theatre, 416 W. 42nd. St. (212-971-1074).*

Spinning Into Butter—As part of the Lincoln Center Festival, Daniel Sullivan (*A Moon for the Misbegotten, Dinner With Friends, Proof*) directs Hope Davis in Rebecca Gilman's new play about a racial controversy at a small Vermont college. $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Tabletop—Rob Ackerman, a playwright who has worked on television commercials for ten years, takes his audience into the twisted world of product promotion in his new play, the tale of an ambitious ad agency and their precious product: a fruity drink with a swirl. $20–$25. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 8/13. *DTW's Bessie Schönberg Theatre, 219 W. 19th St. (212-924-0077).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. Now starring Domenica Cameron-Scorcese, daughter of Martin. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. Through 8/6: Gloria Reuben, Julia Stiles, and Maria Testa. 8/8–8/20: Brett Butler, Kellie Martin, and Tonya Pinkins. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

When They Speak of Rita—The Foote family presents a new drama by Daisy Foote, starring Hallie Foote and directed by Pulitzer- and Oscar-winning writer Horton Foote. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

Off-Off Broadway

The American Living Room Festival—Four nights of performances by emerging artists, including Tina Lee, Paul Skiff, and Emily XYZ. $12. Call for schedule. 8/4–8/26. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).*

Baal—This bop-era adaptation features a new translation by Peter Mellencamp. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. Through 9/2. *Flea, 41 White St. (212-226-2407).*

Big Kiss—Unknown actors unearth the terror of their most humiliating auditions for your enjoyment. $5. Mon. at 7. Through 8/14. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (212-268-9829).*

Biotech—Theater for the New City's 22nd street theater production. Free. Sat. and Sun. at 2. 8/5–9/17. *Various locations (212-254-1109).*

Blitzkrieg—A tuneful Hasidic wrestler on a mission from God sings and wrings necks in a rowdy cabaret show followed by more burlesque. $20. Tues. at 7:30. *Club 151, 151 E. 50th St. (212-753-1144).*

Chekhov Vaudevilles—Aaron Beall, the new director of Nada Show World, presents eleven of Chekhov's vaudevilles. $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

Chicago City Limits Turns 20—Celebrating twenty years of shtick. $20. Wed–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *City Limits Theater, 1105 First Ave., near 60th St. (212-888-5233).*

Eh Joe—Negative Antelope presents a new version of the Samuel Beckett teleplay, in which the off-screen Woman's Voice is onstage. $15. Thurs.–Mon. at 8. Through 8/13. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (212-777-6088).*

Hands Afire—Firebrand Staceyann Chin, one of New York's best and fiercest spoken-word performers, rants and reflects on family, sexuality, politics, and Giuliani, who, she threatens, she wants to make "so scared he has to hire two black butch bodyguards." $15. Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 8/4. *45 Bleecker, 45 Bleecker St. (212-505-2367).*

Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival—Pack a picnic basket and brush up on your Shakespeare. *The Taming of the Shrew* runs in repertory through 8/27. $19–$30. Wed. and Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. *Boscobel Restoration, Garrison (914-265-7858).*

Ice Factory 2000—Soho Think Tank presents a series of performances and works-in-progress, including Daria Fan's performance *What's the Matter.* $12. Call for schedule. Wed.–Sat. at 7. Through 8/12. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-966-4844).*

Jesus Hopped the A Train—Toto, I don't think we're in Oz anymore: Philip Seymour Hoffman (*True West, Magnolia*) directs a new play by Stephen Adly Guirgus about two prisoners in Riker's, starring John Ortiz, David Zayas, and Ron Cephas Jones. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/12. *Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (212-929-2228).*

Macbeth—An all-female production. $15. Fri.–Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/20. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-206-1515).*

Mexican Standoff at Fat Squaw Springs—A new comedy about rowdy senior citizens by Matthew Cowles, a veteran of *All My Children.* $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/27. *Vital Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-592-0129).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).*

Savage in Limbo—John Patrick Shanley's new play. $15. Fri.–Sun. at 8. Through 8/6. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).*

The Shadow of Greatness—Richard Chamberlain stars in Gary Socol's drama about a playwright who gets too much attention. $22–$36. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Thurs. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/12. *Berkshire Theatre Main Stage (413-298-5536).*

Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot—A free (!) Mod and R&B production of *As You Like It* presented by Expanded Arts. Free. (Did we mention the price already?) Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Located in the municipal parking lot across the street from 85 Ludlow St., (212-358-5096).*

She Keeps Time—One-acts by Suzan-Lori Parks and Allison Eve Zell. $15. Tues.–Thurs. at 8. Through 8/17. *Mint Space, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-206-1515).*

Sistah Supreme—An autobiographical one-woman show by Bronx-born Liza Colon-Zayas. $25. Wed. and Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Fri. and Sat. at 10. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Summer Camp 6—The SoHo Rep presents new plays by emerging playwrights. Through 8/13. *SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. (212-334-0962).*

Surface Transit—Talented spoken-word performer, actress, and playwright Sarah Jones presents her one-woman show. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 11. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Williamstown Theatre Festival—Through 8/6: Simon Gray's *The Late Middle Classes,* directed by Roger Rees. 8/2–8/13: *The Skin of Our Teeth,* directed by Darko Tresnjak. 8/9–8/20: Eduardo de Filippo's *Christmas in Naples,* directed by Dylan Baker. 8/16–8/27: Moss Hart's *Light Up the Sky,* directed by Christopher Ashley and starring Eric Stolz. Call for schedule. $18–$40. *Williamstown, Mass. (413-597-3400).*

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

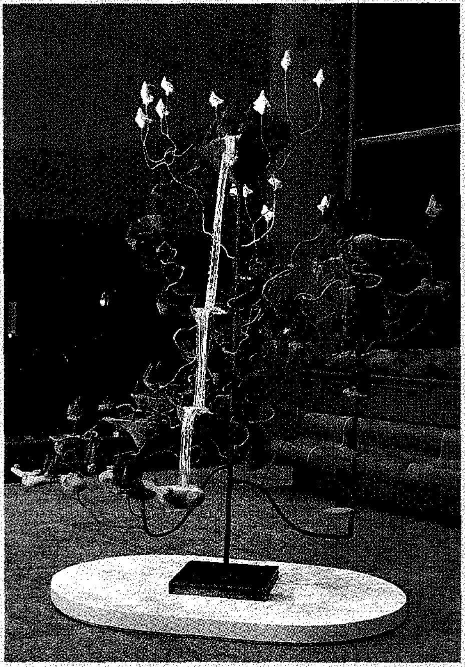
art

Having a Ball . . . Exorcism . . . Natural Art

On View
Paradise Paved

Back in the seventies, nature-loving artists rallied against the proliferation of parking lots and DDT; these days, they use them for inspiration. Take sculptor Rob de Mar. Paint-splattered and wearing a purple tourist T-shirt emblazoned with the word "Japan," De Mar is installing his newest work in the Whitney at Philip Morris as he recalls a perfect parking lot he found outside of "this 20,000-square-foot Wal-Mart in Maine." He rhapsodizes, "There's the black-black asphalt and the green-green grass, the bright-yellow and black roads—amazing!" He and six other artists in the "Pastoral Pop!" exhibition (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Avenue, at 42nd Street; through December 15) are taking their cues from a world in which nature and technology collide on a regular basis. Sculptor Alyson Shotz comments ironically on genetically engineered plants by creating a bamboo garden composed of painted steel rods and Q-tips, while the bright toxicity of Lisa Ruyter's painting of Central Park highlights its biochemical enhancement. De Mar's *Somewhere* (pictured) is a fanciful microcosm of miniature parking lots, asphalt roads, trees, and waterfalls, all connected by a delicate steel skeleton. It's a product, De Mar says, of his passion for "the armature and architecture of nature." Pinning a few more train-set-size artificial trees onto a tiny chunk of polypore moss, De Mar says, "I can't even tell what's real anymore." He points to a cluster of ficus trees permanently installed in the center of the Whitney's pink granite-and-glass lobby: "I mean, are *they* real?" Curator Debra Singer has the answer: "At the time these were purchased," she explains, "they were the most expensive fake trees money could buy." The commercial artists who grafted remarkably lifelike fabric leaves onto the trunks of real ficus trees are not credited in the new exhibition—but maybe they should be.

LOGAN HILL



Galleries
Solos
Madison Avenue and Vicinity

James Lee Byars—Three installations by the American artist (1932–1997) from the past three decades, two of which have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 8/14. Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Peter Dayton—Color laser Xerox collages of flowers; through 8/16. Winston Wächter Mayer, 9 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Herman Maril—Paintings and drawings of landscapes on Monhegan Island, Maine, from the sixties and seventies; through 8/31. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

57th Street Area

Robert Arneson—Bronze self-portrait sculptures and related drawings from the eighties and nineties; through 8/8. George Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5665).

Richard Long—An outdoor sculpture, *Brownstone Circle*, and photograph and text works; through 8/10. Seagram, 375 Park Ave. (212-572-7379), Mon.–Fri. 9–5.

Robert Emmett Owen—Paintings of the New England countryside by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 9/2. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

Betsabeé Romero—New works by the Mexican artist that combine themes derived from Mexican folklore, history, and popular culture, including a Volkswagen Beetle that the artist has transformed into an artwork, a car installation of objects from a junkyard, and a gridlike painting that reproduces Mexico City's historic downtown district; through 9/2. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Anh Duong—New paintings; through 9/16. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Vanessa Beecroft—Photographs of the artist's staged performances from the series VB39 and VB42; through 9/16. Deitch, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Group Shows
Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470). Works on paper by Colson, John, Morris, Ruscha, Starns, Therrien, Weiner; through 8/4.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767). "Fluid Flow," works that investigate fluid systems by 25 artists, among them Arm, Bolande, Bradshaw, Derges, Fuss, Kalymnios, Obrosey, Parlotto, Siena, Wright; through 8/25.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). "New York-Classicism-Now," works that embody the characteristics associated with the art of classical antiquity—among them harmony, clarity, restraint, and universality—by Akutsu, Collins, Croak, Drake, Gilje, Moore, Parrish, others; through 9/15.

57th Street Area

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205). "Blown Away," ceramic works with a menacing edge by Fekete, Katleman, Krafft, Notkin, Suro; through 8/12.

Cohan—41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171). Works that use the ball or sphere as an object of rumination, by Chiappa, Feher, Hammons, Hirst, Majore, Oursler, Wegman, others; through 8/18.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345). "Gone Fisching: Selected Paintings of Summer," works that depict images of summer leisure by 27 gallery artists, among them Brown, Dodd, Holland, Kraft, Nick, Rickert, Sullivan, through 8/31.

Forum—745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545). Drawings by Bluemner, de Kooning, Feininger, Guston, Matisse, Picasso, others; through 9/1.

Littlejohn Contemporary—41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323). "Information, Interpretation, Revelation," works by Heffernan, Hogin, Marten, Moritsugu, Sisto; through 8/18.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2000). "The Morris Museum: A Collected Century." Works from the collection of the Morris Museum in Morristown, New Jersey, among them fine and decorative arts, costumes, toys, ethnographic objects; through 9/8.

Perlow—41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171). Works by Dingwall, Ferren, Irwin, Nevelson, Rivers, others; through 8/31.

Photograph from the collection of the artist, courtesy of Clementine Gallery.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). Works by 72 American artists illustrating the various movements in American art from 1910 through 1975, among them Burchfield, Castellon, Dove, Gottlieb, Porter, Ryan, Tobey, von Wiegand; through 8/10.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Recent acquisitions of works by Expressionist and self-taught artists; through 9/8.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Blum—99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441). "Lux et Tenebrae," a selection of print portfolios published by Peter Blum Edition over the past twenty years, including works by Baldessari, Bourgeois, Cucchi, Fischl, Katz, Rabinowitch, Turrell, Yanagi, others; through 9/9.

Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld—560 Broadway (212-941-6355). Works by gallery and invited artists, among them Bruggeman, Connell, Fitzpatrick, Gerber, Talasnik, Wexler. Through 8/25.

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455). Works by Buege, Goldstein, Hale, Hergenhahn, Kruse, , O'Neill, Scott, Wagner, others; through 8/5.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "Neo," works by 22 emerging artists working in the New York area selected by the directors and co-founders of Exit Art, Jeanette Ingberman and Papo Colo; through 8/19.

Chelsea

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Opulent," paintings and sculpture that emphasize sumptuous textures, physical density, and richness of color, by Benglis, Burton, Cemin, Milhazes, Ofili, Perrone, Taaffe, Uslé; through 9/1.

Eller—526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411). "Back to Nature," works by Bhabha, Dupuis, Ostendarp, Reeves, Rudolph, Zeller, others; through 8/4.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500). "Maximal Minimal," abstract paintings by Blake, Bovasso, Gwyn, Kaneda, Lyon, Rosmarin, Uglow, others; through 8/4.

Folin/Riva—529 W. 20th St. (212-242-3434). Works by Chir, Kuwayama, Mancione, Mitchell, Odita, Segond, White, Victoria; through 8/5.

Foster—529 W. 20th St. (212-229-0044). "Elbow Room: Manhattan's Public Spaces in Recent Art," works by Hirakawa, Landers, Norman, Petracca, Tunick; through 8/4.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). "OO," drawings by Acconci, Baldessari, Barney, Bourgeois, Celmins, Kapoor, Lewitt, Kusama, Marden, Peyton, Serra, Tiravanija, Walker, others; through 8/30.

Kasmin—293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474). Unique photographs by Bucklow, Derges, Hutcheson, McClelland, Miller, Rose; through 8/18.

Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335). Works that make use of the urban landscape, by Arden, J. Craig-Martin, Colson, Ess, Graham, Greenaway, Korty, Maher, Struth, others; through 8/18.

Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752). Photographs by Boberg and Schabel, an installation of lifelike "weeds" cast in PVC by Matelli; through 8/18.

Sikkema—530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262). "The Magic City," works that explore cultural identity by Banerjee, Evans, Gray, Hendricks, Mutu, Visani; through 8/18.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219). Recent video projections by Hans Op de Beeck; group show of works by Heist & Genesis P-Orridge, Lucy, Violette; through 8/4.

Tibet House Cultural Center—22 W. 15th St. (212-807-0563). "Art Treasures From the Land of Snows: Selections From the Tibet House Repatriation Collection," gilt bronzes, *thangkas* (paintings), ritual objects, and photographs; through 9/22.

Other

Wave Hill—Glyndor Gallery, 675 W. 252nd St. (718-549-3200). "Welcome," works by eleven artists who use furniture and decorative objects as vehicles to explore ideas of domestic space and the relationship between people and nature, among them Baskin, Newman, Wexler, Yamamoto; through 8/20.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 72nd St. (517-3766). Photographs of interiors by Abranowicz, Alpern, A. Arbus, Casebere, Devine, Imes, Maul, Morell, Polidori, Turyn, others; through 8/31.

Louise Dahl-Wolfe/Farooz Zahedi—Portraits, still-lifes, and fashion work by this photographer (1895–1989) who worked for *Harper's Bazaar* from 1936 to 1958/Mural-sized Iris prints of botanical forms arranged in compositions. Through 9/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482). Images of the sea by Italian photographers, including works by Bernardi, Bruno, Gucci, Migliori, Stravisi, Vasco, Vitaliano, others; through 9/9.

Elliott Erwitt—Photographs of museumgoers from the fifties to the present; through 8/11. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-70070).

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010). "Made for America," vintage photographs from the *Time-LIFE* photo archive that were taken for *LIFE, Time*, and *Fortune* magazines by Bourke-White, Capa, Evans, Parks, and other photographers; through 8/12.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "A Durable Memento: Portraits by Augustus Washington, African American Daguerreotypist." The first exhibition of the work of one of a small group of African American daguerreotypists whose work has been identified; through 9/24.

Klotz—22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211). Works by Atterberry, Denny, Folberg, Halverson, Perkis, Shapiro, Scheer, Tuempling, Tytla; through 8/18.

Mann—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600). Works exploring personal identity and family by Baden, Guarino, Miesenberger, Millet, Rubinfien; through 8/18.

Miller—20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930). "Alternative Realities," works by Aziz + Cucher, Berger, Campus, Castonguay, Costa, Geerlinks, Taylor, Weiss; through 8/18.

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "The Pulitzer Prize Photographs: Capture the Moment," featuring more than 100 Pulitzer Prize–winning photographs taken between 1941 and 1999; through 9/23.

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999). "Photographs for Summer Reading," works that use the written word as a subject by Acconci, Attie, Bourdin, Brassai, Callahan, Cumming, Evans, Frank, Gowin, Michals, Siskind, others; through 8/30.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819). Recent photographs by Chapman, McKenna, Ruiz i Altaba. Through 8/18.

Saul—560 Broadway (212-431-0747). Staged and constructed photographs on the theme of architecture by Asymptote: Rashid and Couture, Boberg, Casebere, Groover, Kasten, Nicosia, Voita, Wood, others; through 8/18.

W. Eugene Smith—Vintage photographs from Smith's 1948 *Country Doctor* essay for *LIFE* magazine; through 8/12. 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Wilhelm von Gloeden—Portraits of young male nudes posed alongside ancient ruins in Sicily, taken between 1878 and 1914; through 9/9. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811). "Cool," works by Anderson & Low, Cratsley, Dugdale, English, Flynt, Halliday, Hawkins, Horst, Van Dongen; through 8/25.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Judy Chicago: Resolutions: A Stitch in Time." A millennium project that is a collaboration between Chicago and a group of needleworkers using a variety of techniques; through 9/3. . . . "Sandy Skoglund: Breathing Glass." An installation in the museum's atrium space consisting of thousands of miniature, mechanized dragonflies; through 9/3. . . . "Tommy Simpson: Garden of the Heart." The sculptor and furniture designer's own life-size version of an ancient Persian garden; through 9/3. . . . "Peter Chang: A Visionary." Jewelry and sculptural objects by a Glasgow-based jewelry designer; through 9/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Fighting Dinosaurs." Fossils of dinosaurs locked in combat that were recently discovered in the Gobi Desert; through 10/29. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown—"Dancing Demons: Ceremonial Masks of Mongolia." Masks, costumes, headdresses, ritual aprons, and ceremonial implements used for "Devil Dances," the traditional Lamaist Buddhist dance ceremonies of Mongolia; through 9/17. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Mon.–Sat. 10–6; $4, $2 students and seniors (free Mon.–Fri. 12–2).

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Good Business Is the Best Art: Twenty Years of the Artists in the Marketplace Program." Works by Tomie Arai, Rina Banerjee, Prudencio Irazabal, Fabian Marcaccio, Sara Sosnowy, and others; through 9/3. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"William Merritt Chase: Modern American Landscapes, 1886–1890." Paintings of outdoor scenes in Brooklyn and Manhattan by the American landscapist; through 8/13. . . . "Maxfield Parrish, 1870–1966." The first critical survey of the works of the American artist, including paintings, drawings, prints, photographs, artifacts, and ephemera; through 8/6. . . . "Vivian Cherry: A Working Street Photographer 1940s–1990s." Photographs documenting social conditions in the Lower East Side garment industry, Depression-era Harlem, Brooklyn neighborhoods, and Times Square, as well as images showing the 1950s demolition of Manhattan's Third Avenue El; through 8/6. . . . "African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "Urban Glass." A collaboration between Urban Glass, the New York Center for Contemporary Glass in downtown Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Museum of Art, consisting of works by contemporary glass artists that were inspired by objects in the museum's collection; through 9/3 . . . "Passages: Photographs in Africa by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher." Color photographs documenting customs, rites of passage, and aspects of ceremonial life; through 9/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"National Design Triennial: Design Culture Now." Recent works by 83 American designers and design firms; through 8/6. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"In the Footsteps of Goethe: Paintings and Drawings From German Collections." Plein-air sketches and finished paintings of the Italian landscape by Achenbach, Böcklin, Ittenbach, von Schadow, and other German artists who trained at the Düsseldorf Academy between 1826 and 1859; through 8/19. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166).

Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

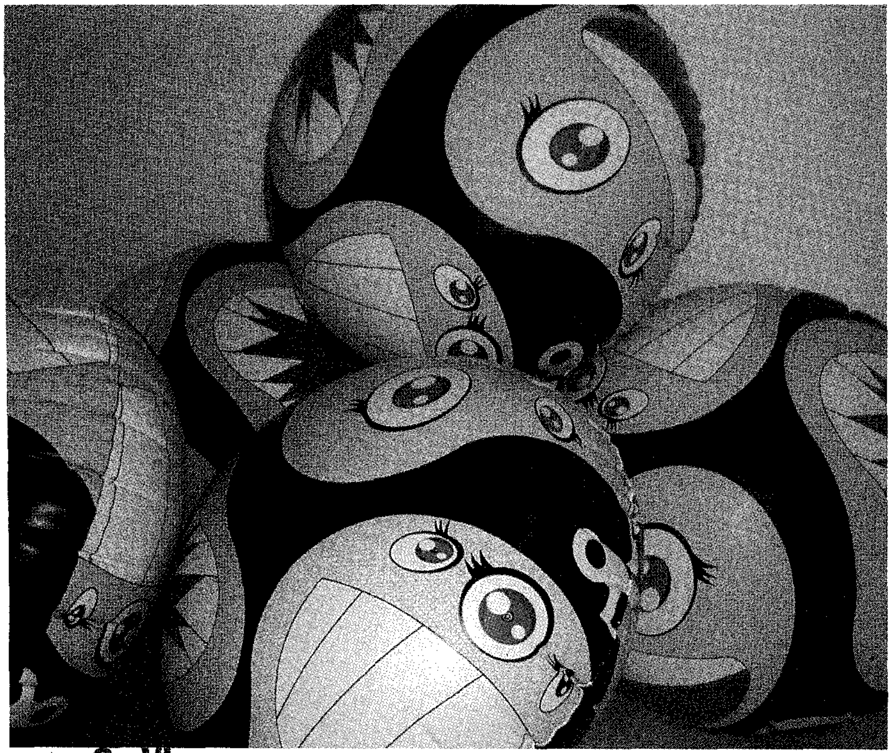
Grey Art Gallery—100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"1900: Art at the Crossroads." An exhibition organized in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London, offering a radical reassessment of artistic cross-currents at the turn of the century, featuring works by Balla, Bouguereau, Degas, Eakins, Kandinsky, Matisse, Mondrian, Picasso, and others; through 9/10. . . . "Project for a New Guggenheim in New York City." Models and other works developed by the museum in collaboration with architect Frank Gehry; through 9/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Japan Society—333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Anni Albers." The first comprehensive New York exhibition of the Bauhaus-trained textile designer's work, including more than 200 works created between 1924 and 1978, among them unique wall hangings and weavings, drapery and upholstery fabrics, wall coverings, fabric swatches, texture studies, room dividers, jewelry, prints, and drawings; through 8/20. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Chardin." A major loan exhibition of works by the French still-life and genre painter Jean Siméon Chardin (1699–1779), known for his lifelike portrayals of animals, birds, and fruit; through 9/3. . . . "Vernacular Photographs From the Thomas Walther Collection." Anonymous photographs dating from the twenties through the sixties; through 8/27. . . . "American Modern: 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 100 objects from the museum's collection and from the John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, and textiles; through 1/9/01. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and Arican Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition of African art; through 9/3. . . . "The Beginning of Baroque: Carracci at the Metropolitan." Paintings, prints, and drawings made between 1580 and 1610 by Annibale, Agostino, and Ludovico Carracci from the museum's collection; through 9/17. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." A selection of recent acquisitions of early drypoints created by the German artist between 1914 and 1922; through 1/7/01. . . . "Parks and Promenades: Maurice Prendergast in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, and prints by the New England modernist (1858–1924); through 10/22. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "David Smith on the Roof." A selection of stainless steel sculptures displayed on the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden; through 11/30. . . . "Fireworks!: Four Centuries of Pyrotechnics in Prints and Drawings"; through 9/17. . . . "John Singer Sargent: Beyond the Portrait Studio, Paintings and Drawings From the Collection." Works made by the artist during his travels in Europe and America; through 9/10. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.



On View
Play Ball!

Who says contemporary art can't be fun? Artists ranging from William Wegman to Mariko Mori offer up their playful takes on the sphere—from a hovering Ping-Pong ball to floating bubbles to Takashi Murakami's dancing 'Dob?Balloon' (pictured above)—at "Balls," now showing at the James Cohan Gallery (41 West 57th Street; through August 18).

Photograph courtesy James Cohan Gallery.

Morgan Library—"Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur." An exhibition organized by the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology comprising jewelry, musical instruments, tools, weapons, cylinder seals, human remains, and other objects and artifacts from the ancient Sumerian city-state of Ur; through 9/10. . . . "Saint-Exupéry's Little Prince." A selection of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's original preparatory drawings for *The Little Prince*, as well as pages from his revised handwritten manuscript; through 8/20. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 10/15. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

Mount Vernon Hotel Museum & Garden—421 E. 61st St. (212-838-6878), Tues.–Sun. 11 A.M.–4 P.M.; $4, $3 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"The S-Files/The Selected Files." Works by U.S.-born Latinos and New York City–based Latin American artists who submitted work to the museum for review over the past year; through 9/24. . . . "Ernesto Pujol: Conversion of Manners." A site-specific installation that incorporates photographs and vintage Carthusian, Franciscan, and Jesuit habits; through 9/24. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The historic section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Studio Museum in Harlem (see listing), consisting of crowns, thrones, coronets, necklaces, slippers, and other beaded objects made by the Yorùbá in Nigeria and the Republic of Benin; through 8/27. . . . "Africa by Africans: A Photographic Essay." Images of Africa from the colonial era to the present taken by African photographers; through 8/27. Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Art of William Edmondson." The first major New York retrospective of sculptures by the self-taught American sculptor since 1937, when he was the first African-American artist to have a one-person show at the Museum of Modern Art; through 8/27. 2 Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dalí, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post–World War I designs from the de Stijl, Bauhaus, and Constructivist movements; through 8/22. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Freud, Hopper, Rivera, others; through 8/22. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; through 8/22. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings"; through 8/22. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; through

On View **Feeling devilish? "Dancing Demons: Ceremonial Masks of Mongolia" features more than 60 nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century objects once used by Lamaist Buddhist monks during traditional exorcistic dances. The exhibit, which is being seen for the first time in the U.S., features 30 ornate masks (including *Dunjidma,* pictured above) and includes ritual aprons and headdresses, various musical instruments, and a complete shaman's outfit. Is that Linda Blair in the ticket line? At the Asia Society at Midtown, 502 Park Avenue, at 59th Street; through September 17.**

8/22. . . . "Graphic-Photographic: The European Revolution in Graphic Design and Photography in the 1920s"; through 8/22. . . . "Anatomically Incorrect"; through 9/26. . . . "Home Movies"; through 9/26. . . . "How Simple Can You Get?"; through 9/26. . . . "Ideal Motif: Stieglitz, Weston, Adams, and Callahan"; through 9/26. . . . "Modern Living 2"; through 9/26. . . . "New York Salon." A cross-section of painting and sculpture that marked the beginning of the New York School's rise to prominence; through 9/26. . . . "The Observer: Cartier-Bresson After the War"; through 9/26. . . . "Paris Salon"; through 9/26. . . . "The Rhetoric of Persuasion"; through 9/26. . . . "Seeing Double." An exploration of the theme of pseudoscience through artworks that mimicked scientific methods, and of the absurd as a philosophical, literary, and artistic concept; through 9/26. . . . "Shigeru Ban: A Paper Arch"; through 8/1. . . . "Project 70: Jim Hodges, Beatriz Milhazes, Faith Ringgold." Banners by each artist displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 10/31. . . . "Projects 72: John Armleder and Piotr Uklanski"; through 8/1. . . . "Collection Highlights." More than 45 masterworks from the museum's permament collection of painting and sculpture; through1/28/01. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Renewing a Block and the Spirit of its People: Photographs of Carmel Hill, Harlem, by Bill Foley; through 11/12. . . . "Under the El." Images of New York City life in prints, watercolors, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 12/3. . . . "New York Now: Contemporary Works in Photography." Images of New York and New Yorkers from the museum's collection; through 10/15. . . . "Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century through the twentieth; through 9/24. . . . "New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Louise Dahl-Wolfe, The American Image." A full-scale retrospective of the noted fashion photographer's work, including still-lifes and portraits of Mae West, Cecil Beaton, Eudora Welty, and others; through 8/12. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design—"American Spectrum: Paintings and Sculpture From the Smith College Museum of Art." A traveling exhibition drawn from one of the foremost institutional collections of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American art, including works by Albers, Homer, Hopper, Inness, Kline, O'Keeffe, Sargent, and others; through 9/10. 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of the artist's videos, installations, and photographs; through 10/8. . . . "Tiborocity: Design and Undesign by Tibor Kalman." A retrospective of the late designer's work in print, film, video, and product design, including more than 200 pieces from his personal collection; the archives of M&Co., the design firm he founded in 1979; and his contributions as editor-in-chief of the Benetton-sponsored magazine *Colors*; through 8/7. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Manhattan Contrasts: Twentieth-Century Paintings of New York From *the Collection of the New-York Historical Society.*" Works by Chesley Bonestell, Theresa Bernstein, Colin Campbell Cooper, Martin Wong, and others; through 8/27. . . . "New York Inside Out." A juried exhibition of photographs by New Yorkers documenting their own lives at home; through 8/20. . . . "Stork Club." An exhibition tracing the history of New York's legendary nightclub through letters and business records, photographs, menus, and accessories bearing the nightclub's logo; through 10/1. . . . "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America." Photographs documenting lynchings in America from the 1870s through the 1950s; through 8/13. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30/01. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties." Works by a selected group of artists who were practicing in the eighties, among them Basquiat, Bickerton, Clemente, Cragg, Calle, Halley, Holzer, Kapoor Koons, Salle, Schnabel, Steinbach, Sherman through 9/30. . . . "Volume: Bed of Sound." Works by approximately 80 sound artists presented through headphones and a room designed with speakers for individual and grou sound-art presentation; through 9/30. . . . Projects by Jonathan Bepler, Christian Marclay, Pipilotti Rist, and Ugo Rondinone; through 9/30 . . . "Max Neuhaus: Drawings." Drawings tha compliment the artist's sound works; throug 9/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $ suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"Art at Work: Forty Years o the Chase Manhattan Collection." More than 12 contemporary artworks from the bank's collection, by Acconci, Barney, Clemente, Close, Gober Nauman, Prince, Sherman, Wegman, others through 10/1. New York City Building, Flushin Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700) Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—1 Bowling Green (212-514-3712), 10–5 daily free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Beads, Body, and Soul Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The contemporary section of a two-venue exhibitio shared with the Museum for African Art (see listing), *consisting of works by African and African-*American artists drawing on the decorative traditions of the Yorùbá of Nigeria and the Republic o Benin, including beaded paintings, banners, an sculpture; through 8/27. . . . "From the Studio Artists-in-Residence 1999–2000." Works b Nicole Awai, Sanford Biggers, and Terry Boddie through 9/17. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500) Wed. and Thurs. 12–6, Fri. 12–8, Sat. and Sun 12–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Barbar Kruger." The first major museum retrospectiv of the artist's work, including billboards, photographic prints on paper and vinyl, etched meta plates, installations, and sculptures that use tex and image to raise questions about values, taste and the material world; through 10/22. . . "The Art of Alice Neel." A retrospective exhibition of paintings by the American artis (1900–1984) known for her unflinching portraits of her friends, family, neighbors, and fello artists; through 9/17. . . . "Synapsis Shuffle." project by Robert Rauschenberg that comprises 52 silk-screened paintings intended to be reassembled into compositions of between thre and seven panels by longtime friends or colleagues of the artist; through 10/8. . . . "To Oursler: *The Darkest Color Infinitely Amplified.*" new work commissioned by the museum tha allows three-dimensional projections to appea in free space; through 10/31. . . . "Carniva Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas." Photographs of women who perform strip tease fo a living taken at rural New England fairs in th *seventies; through 9/10. 945 Madison Ave.,* a 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–9 (pay what you wish eve Thurs. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and group of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pastoral Pop!" Site-specific commissioned work by Katrin Asbury, Rob de Mar, Rachel Feinstei Peter Gould, Jason Middelbrook, Lisa Ruyter, an Alyson Shotz; through 12/15. . . . "Expandin Horizons: Landscape Photographs From th Whitney Museum of American Art." Works b Gregory Crewdson, Sally Gall, Sally Man Richard Misrach, Stephen Shore, and other through 10/6. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550 Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 8/3 at 1 "Fine Furniture, Decorations and Paintings." O view from 7/31.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710 8/2 at 2: "Vintage Posters." On view from 7/29.

Photograph courtesy of the Asia Societ

restaurants

Cuban Fare...Kosher Ice Cream...Abajour

Manhattan

Lower New York

ari—Downstairs, this perpetually bustling café attracts SoHo shoppers taking time out for cappuccino, sandwiches, and a view of the always entertaining street scene. Ascend the spiral staircase for a more substantial meal in the loftlike dining room, which features a woodburning oven and grill and dishes like spice-rubbed duck breast with bok choy, crispy roasted halibut, and broiled asparagus with browned Parmesan and bread crumbs. *529 Broadway, at Spring St. (212-431-4350). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

apsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

hanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ivine Bar—The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (212-791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ecco—Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classic renditions of such Italian standards as pasta, veal chop, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. *124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Montrachet—No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. The wine list is killer. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Spring Street Natural—Before SoHo was *SoHo*—and aeons before anyone even conceived of NoLIta—this health-food hub was turning out mostly organic, life-sustaining fare, very similar to its present menu of grilled fresh fish, free-range poultry, and soy every which way. As befits a natural-food haven, there's lots of greenery, big windows, high ceilings, and a generally wholesome vibe. Plus delivery, and such intriguing daily specials as yuca fritters with jalapeño-tomato relish, roasted salmon with creamy vegetable risotto, and scrambled tofu with brown rice. *62 Spring St. (212-966-0290). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of

Objects of Desire

Get a Leaf!

For those of you who've been Waldorfed, goat-cheesed, and Caesared to death, don't give up on greens just yet: There's a new salad in town. Heartbeat's summer menu includes a stone-fruit-and-summer-green salad with Maytag blue cheese. Executive chef Michel Nischan combines peaches, apricots, and plums from the Union Square market with baby greens, dried cherries, spiced peanuts, and, of course, blue cheese—America's less-stinky answer to Roquefort. Tossed with a plum vinaigrette, this salad would make Caesar himself green with envy. (W Hotel, 149 East 49th Street; 212-407-2900.)

hotograph by Kenneth Chen.

Happenings

Scoop du Jour

It took some time to understand the phrase "kosher ice cream." Are all the dairy cows raised in the Catskills? Must we forgo ever-popular flavors such as bacon-chocolate swirl and oyster *crunch*? According to Max and Mina's Homemade co-owner Mark Becker, it's much simpler: Kosher ice cream is made without any animal derivatives (such as lard), and the ingredients are certified by the Orthodox Union, among others. Okay, fine. But how does it taste? Well, let's just say that I'd scream for this ice cream, but you can decide for yourself at Rock and Wrap It Up!'s "Lick Hunger and Eat Ice Cream" festival, where a $36 donation to the organization will buy you two hours of uninterrupted Max and Mina sampling. Brothers Mark and Bruce Becker started manufacturing the creamy stuff after stumbling upon a book of ice-cream recipes in the attic of their late grandfather Max, an accomplished chemist. Today, his formulas form the basis for more than 300 Max and Mina varieties, from Cheesecake to Crazy About Nuts, as well as discontinued flavor flops like chocolate-covered-potato-chip, pizza, and jalapeño, described by Mark Becker as "disgusting; absolutely putrid; so gross." Although the brothers sell wholesale throughout the greater New York area, they test new flavors at their retail store in Flushing. "Our store gives us an advantage over other [ice-cream] wholesalers who don't understand retail," explains Becker. "We know what flavors sell, and our buyers appreciate that." "Lick Hunger and Eat Ice Cream" takes place August 3 at the Gramercy Park Hotel, 2 Lexington Avenue, from 7 to 11 P.M. Advance reservations are recommended; call 877-691-FOOD.

TARA MANDY

American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (212-227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (212-509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Telephone Bar & Grill—This East Village fixture was serving classic pub grub like shepherd's pie and fish and chips long before anyone thought of British comfort food as trendy. A youngish crowd gathers here for happy hour (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7p.m.) and for a typically hearty Irish breakfast on weekends. *149 Second Ave. (212-529-5000). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front convert this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Grea food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu o American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpki tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, an "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Lef Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards lik poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music len this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Villag ambience. The menu offers standards like risott open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italia home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-roun backyard garden is available for private parties. *6 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC,*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on Eas 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle rendering of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes wit avocado and molasses or eggplant soup wit coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bol dishes like oven-roasted mushroom with goat cheese and chili oil as wel as paella with curried shellfish an chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228 2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyat Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can ente this formal hotel restaurant directly fro Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quic drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of suc French-influenced American fare as foie gra French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal wit Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850 5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexica restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormou selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck wit chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812 (M) MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims t prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for surviva i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemad sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, th garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27t St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around for ever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Ban bistro seems like it has. This is the place to com for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulad crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Av So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meli Melo—A pioneer of the lower-Madiso restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhoo spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price din ner—$31.50 for four courses, all night (includ ing Sunday). The seafood-heavy French men has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dish like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack c

Illustration by Michelle Chan

lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

lesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

letro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin's in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobsters, crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simple, satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of shore dinners served in seaside towns along the Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinary wanderlust can sample the house-special bouillabaisse. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

letronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

li—A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. *66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

lovitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

yster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

ark Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ivoli Bar and Grill—This midtown restaurant aspires to attract a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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heavy on seafood like raw shellfish, fish and chips, and lobster ravioli in seafood broth. There's also a happy hour, with all its attendant grub: chicken wings, mozzarella sticks, nachos, and a complimentary appetizer of the day. *515 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (212-683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar—This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. Out-of-towners will feel right at home. *234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (212-840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht Dining Cruises—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: a collaboration with some of the city's biggest culinary talents, featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson, and Montrachet's Remi Lauvand and dessert creations from Payard Pâtisserie, all prepared by World Yacht's executive chef Wayne Tuman. Jacket required. Reserve. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

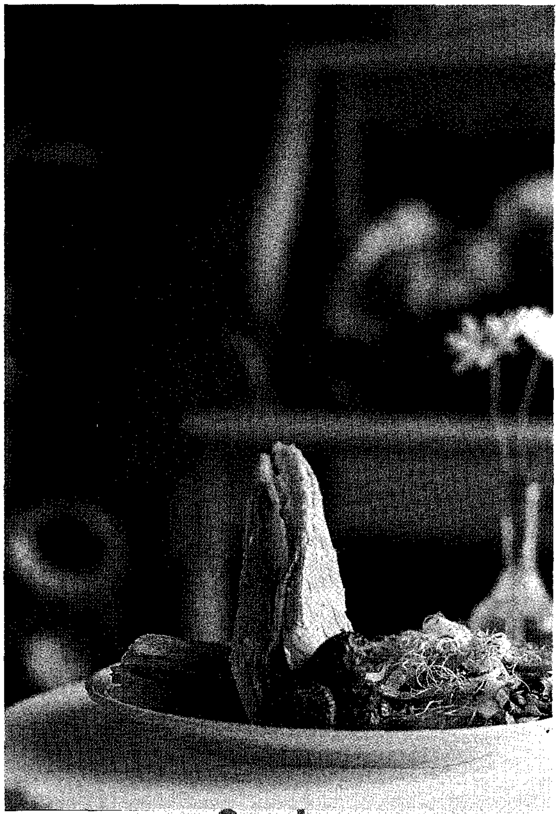
Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by Davi Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dinin room with new spirit by way of inspired ne dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast wit Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gra ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar wit nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838 2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import ha taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts wit its tender double porterhouse and men's clu charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave. at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Opening Second Cup

Twenty-six years is a long time for any restaurant to stay around—but in never-sits-still-for-a-minute SoHo, it's a near miracle. Hoping to replicate their success, the owners of the Cupping Room Café, a true SoHo institution, have decided to expand north with Cupping Room Village. In addition to offering beloved Cupping Room Café originals like the Provençal sandwich (homemade mozzarella, eggplant, tomato, and basil), the Village offshoot features Cuban sandwiches, including the Media Noche (pressed bread with ham, Swiss, Genoa salami, pork, and mortadella; pictured) and pan con lechón, a classic Cuban combination of cooked pork and sliced onions. (496 Hudson Street; 212-226-2723.)

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewi

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's Positano—As is the wont of upscale Italian restaurants, this one—a more serene, mural-painted version of Nino's uptown—specializes in the food of a certain region, in this case, the south, and Positano in particular. But the menu still manages to read like the greatest hits of the Italian kitchen, with appetizers like Caprese salad, truffle-buttered asparagus with Parmesan, and lemony fried artichokes. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. Whole roasted branzino is filleted tableside, making it almost as dramatic as Nino's famous lobster fra diavolo for two. *890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on Third—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf, plus panini sandwiches. Live music Saturday night, and "Irish breakfast" brunch offered on weekends. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bar Code—Good clean fun is the revitalized Times Square mantra, and this 24/7 interactive entertainment arcade targeting adults dishes it out. Those who wish to revisit their childhoods—if those childhoods were spent in a high-decibel-level video arcade—celebrate here with chocolate martinis, Mud Slides, B-52s, and the kind of food (wings, pizza, burgers, pot stickers) that doesn't distract too much from the high-tech games. *1540 Broadway, nr. 46th St. (212-869-9397). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The

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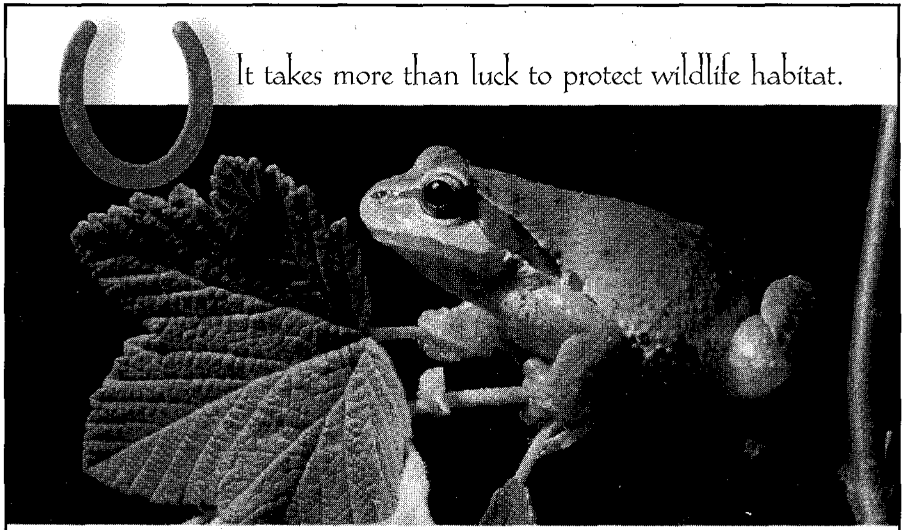

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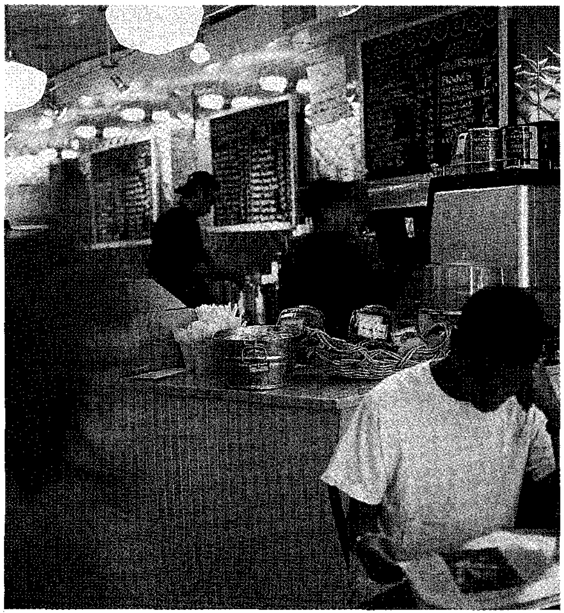


Takeout Holes in Two

Following in the footsteps of his bond-trader-turned-bagel-maker brother, Matt Pomerantz left thirteen years of crunching numbers at Merrill Lynch behind to bring the family's old-fashioned bagels to Chelsea instead. Murray's Bagels Chelsea (named after the brothers' father) uses malt in place of sugar and promises the same hand-rolled perfection that has tantalized Greenwich Village for the past four years. (242 Eighth Avenue, near 22nd Street; 646-638-1335.)

festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Café Fonduta—Fondue is back. But don't worry—if you didn't have the foresight to save your old pot, you can come here for a retro fix of sweet (chocolate, with s'mores-style marshmallows and graham crackers) or savory (a cheese medley) versions. Plus, in a neighborhood nearly bereft of cheap eats, there are affordable salads, pastas, panini, and thin-crust pizzas, all available for lunchtime delivery. *18 W. 56th St. (212-247-5011). (I–M) AE.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jack Rose—Some steakhouses are known for mobsters' having been gunned down outside their doors; others simply prefer to name themselves after gangsters. Such is the case with this modern theater-district steak-and chophouse with a swank lodge-like feel and a comprehensive wine list. Named for the turn-of-the-last-century wiseguy and the cocktail that was also named in his honor, the restaurant specializes in prime steaks, four-pound lobsters, and even a take on that puckery drink, which combines applejack, lemon juice, and grenadine. *771 Eighth Ave., at 47th St. (212-247-7518). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Utsav Festive India—Only the bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level; the contemporary dining room itself is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs a paltry $10.95, while à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. The management promises a lineup of food festivals highlighting the varied cooking styles of the subcontinent. *118 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M) AE DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like chicken breast with lentils, roasted vegetables, and polenta. *60 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts *212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regular alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tun with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600) (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jennifer's Restaurant—This casual Italian restauran serving well-prepared standard and classic Italian American dishes, including shrimp stuffed with crabmeat and linguini with whole lobster in a garlicky tomato sauce, is a welcome refuge fo tourists and local businesspeople who've had i with West 57th Street's theme-restaurant circus *117 W. 58th St. (212-397-4256). (M) AE, CB, DC MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood i an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched wit sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon wit Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th S (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nascimento—This fun, romantic Brazilian restaurant with a supplement of Italian dishes feature live entertainment nightly and Brazilian musi on Saturdays. Try the authentic Bahian specialties like moqueca de peixe (fish stew made wit dende oil) and Brazil's hearty national blac bean dish from Rio, feijoada completa. *106 First Ave., nr. 58th St. (212-755-6875). (M) AE DC, MC, V.*

Photographs by Magdalena Cari

lirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

losa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ian Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ihelly's New York—Bronx-born, Brooklyn-obsessed, Manhattan-based restaurateur Shelly Fireman tends to make big, personal statements: the flashy neon façade of his Brooklyn Diner USA, Fireman's of Brooklyn, and this, the latest place made in his own image (in a space that was originally an Art Deco-era Horn & Hardart). Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. *104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

l Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

› Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

ino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ark Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Trata—With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood (sushi-quality octopus, for instance), this bustling Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. *1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Brooklyn

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

I'm into calm and cool and simple.

Abajour is the soothing little bistro we all yearn to find around the corner. Well, almost. Though my mate, the Road Food Warrior, finds it overwhelmingly yellow, I like the pale walls, chairs swathed in cotton muumuus, and everywhere the glow of lampshades (*abat-jour* in French—get it?). We can't get enough of the twiggy bread sticks—better snitched from the bar than slightly soggy from the kitchen. And all of us like the idea of tasting flights—three 2.5-ounce pours of red or white wines ($11 to $11.50). My "spicy robust reds" are perfect for chef Jonathan Crean's contemporary Franco-American bistro cooking, even with the $45 shellfish platter our quartet is sharing—crab claws, clams, oysters, lobster, and shrimp so bursting with flavor they make all the shrimp I've eaten this year seem like ghosts. It's a struggle for service at first. *Is it the waiter's first night?* I wonder. But we're distracted and excited by sweet cloves of garlic floating in olive oil for dipping, the fine Caesar, a frisée salad tossed with lots of hickory-smoked bacon and blue cheese, and the pleasant country pâté. Then *bump!* Less-than-remarkable entrées—steak, confit, risotto, fish, and frites—suggest that Abajour may not be worth $10 two ways on the meter, but it could be a magnet for the neighborhood. (1134 First Avenue, at 62nd Street; 212-644-9757.)

hotograph by Kenneth Chen.

nightlife

Da Lata...Magnetic Fields...Jazz Passengers

Concerts

"Celebrate Brooklyn" presents the New York Pops—8/5 at 7:30: *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 45). $3.*

"Celebrate Brooklyn" presents Willie Colon—8/6 at noon: Boricua! festival. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 45). $3.*

Iron Maiden—8/5 at 7:30: With Queensryche and Rob Halford. *Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-307-7171). $41–$49.*

The Magnetic Fields—8/3 at 7: Downtown Alliance and Delta Air Lines presents "Music at Castle Clinton." *Castle Clinton National Monument, Battery Park (212-835-2789). Tickets are free and will be distributed on a first-come-first-served basis starting at 5 P.M. on the day of the concert.*

Tracy Chapman—8/1–8/2 at 8. *Beacon Theatre, 72nd St. and Broadway (212-307-7171). $35–$50.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—8/1: Nickel Slots; Donadio; Fictura. 8/2: Freeloader; Tennis; Superlux. 8/3: Madamm; Hatch; Splat. 8/4: Kilgore Trout; Lesion; The Sloeguns. 8/5: Ernesto; Jeff Saphin; Plug Spark Soma. 8/6: Olivia Neutron Bomb; The Swingers. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill—7/31–8/1: CPR featuring David Crosby. 8/3: Mem Shannon. 8/4: Pinetop Perkins & George Kilbey Jr. 8/6: Eric Burdon. 8/7: The Max Weinberg Seven. *243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).*

Bottom Line—8/4: Joe Gurshecky and the House Rockers. 8/10: Ramblin' Jack Elliott. 8/14: The music of Frank Zappa performed by the Ed Palermo Big Band. 8/22–8/24: Dar Williams. 9/6–9/7: The Mick Taylor Blues Band; Andy Aledort. 9/14: Richard Shindell. 9/16: Buddy & Julie Miller; Solas. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—8/3 and 8/5: Karl Denson's Tiny Universe. 8/4: Paul Ruderman. 8/7: Leona Naess. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

"Central Park SummerStage"—8/1: Benefit concert with Widespread Panic. 8/2: Tot La Momposina; Vera Bila. 8/3: Jaron Lanier; Rabbit in the Moon. 8/5: "Body & Soul" with D.J.'s Francois K, Joe Claussell, Danny Krivit, Eddie Palmieri, Da Lata. 8/6: Faudel; Brass Construction. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (212-360-CPSS). Free, excluding benefit concerts.*

Fez—Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb, "Playing for Time." 7/25–7/26: Toshi Reagon. 7/31: Yve Adam; Mehuman Johnson. 8/1: Matthew Ryan. 8/2: Todd Snider; Michal; Dan Finnerty. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—8/1–8/2: Einsturzende Neubaten. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Benefit," downtown music revue. Tuesdays: "Origina Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors scene-makers, and boldface names take thei turns spinning their favorite records with th "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL 8/1: Vera Bila. 7/31: Fringe NYC. *425 Lafayett St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—8/1: M'Lumbo. 8/2: Dave Va Ronk; Eric Bibb. 8/3: Richard Bona. 8/4: Ali Far ka Toure; Dr. Israel. 8/5: Hamza el Din. 8/6: Tin Berne. 8/7: Harvey Bainbridge. *74 Leonard St (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—8/1: Reality Shock; Jeanie Vision. 8/2 Stacey Earle; Mark Stuart. 8/3: Slaid Cleaves; Ra Wylie Hubbard; Terri Hendrix. *35 W. 67th St (212-601-1000).*

Maxwell's—8/6: Dave Davies' Kinks Kronikles *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653 1703).*

Mercury Lounge—8/1: Dana Fuchs Band; Matt Turk 8/2: Tom Landa & The Paperboys. 8/3: Jerr Joseph & Jack Mormons. 8/4: The Silos. 8/5: Th Slip. 8/6: Midtown; The Stereo; Miracle of 86. *21 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—7/31: "Digital Club Festival" present Johnny Pacheco. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati Thursdays: Groove Collective. 7/31: Mayhem Hate Eternal; Exhumed. *161 Hudson St. (212 386-3600). $.*

Performance

Tin Men

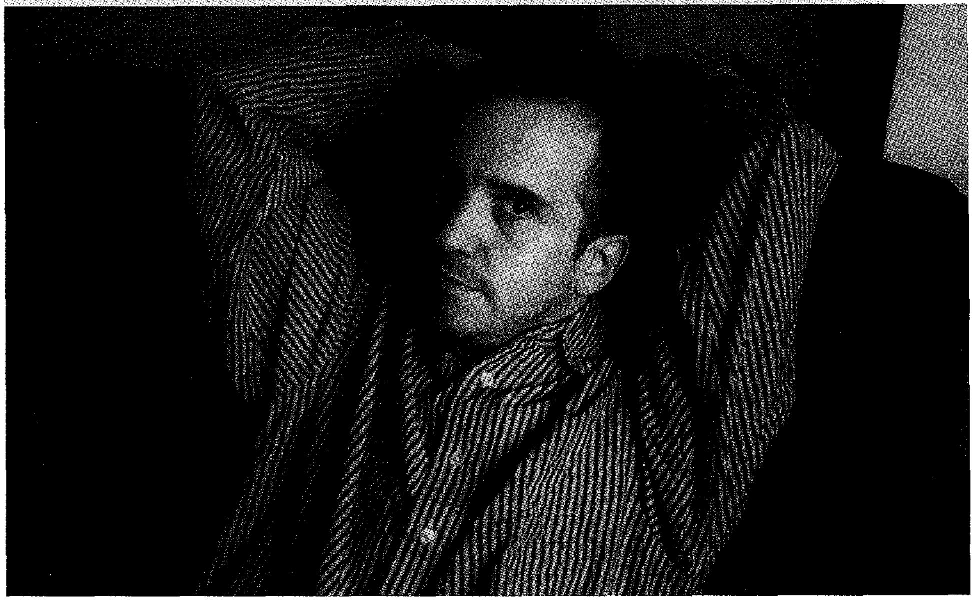
At times, Patrick Forge sounds a lot like any D.J. after a weekend behind the decks. "I D.J.'d for seven hours on Saturday night," he says with a sigh. "So I'm just now beginning to tidy up around the house." But while Forge is known for the manic eclecticism of his BBC Radio 1 show and London club nights like "Brazilian Love Affair," he's hardly a stereotypical globe-trotter. Instead, with his group Da Lata (pictured from left Forge, Oli Alberjaria Savill, Chris Franck, Liliana Chachian) he makes "full-blooded, percussive Brazilian music with roots in dance." In other words, like Roni Size's Reprazent project or "Little" Louie Vega's Nuyorican Soul, Forge uses vocalists and musicians to flesh out his soundscapes. "I guess you could say that what Louie is to Latin music, we are to Brazilian," Forge says. That means he'll face similar challenges replicating the layered percussion of Da Lata's *Songs From the Tin* when the group plays Central Park SummerStage on August 5 with salsa legend Eddie Palmieri and "Body & Soul" D.J.'s Joe Claussell, François Kevorkian, and Danny Krivit. "Obviously, we would have loved to tour with three or four percussionists, but given the fact that we've only got a trap drummer and a percussionist, I think we're doing really well." In any case, says Forge, perfection isn't the point: Da Lata's live show is more about improvisatory jamming, which only makes sense for a group that takes its name from a Brazilian myth about tins of high-grade marijuana washing up on the shores of the coastline. "Da Lata literally means 'from the tin,' " Forge explains, "but it's come to signify anything good. Hopefully we'll be Da Lata when we play New York." (See "Small Stages.")

ETHAN BROWN

Photograph by Adrian Boc

Performance
Star '69'

The Magnetic Fields' 1999 triple album '69 Love Songs' made rock critics go ga-ga for the way front man Stephin Merritt (pictured) combined the studio formalism of Brian Wilson with the epic emotionalism of Roxy Music. On August 3, the group will bring those love songs—and the small but fanatical fan base they've found—to the "Music at Castle Clinton" festival in Battery Park. (See "Concerts.")



hotograph by Gail O'Hara.

Clubland

entro-Fly—Like Vinyl, Centro-Fly is hopping with big-name D.J. talent nearly every day of the week. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and occasional special guests like Armand Van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega. The second Friday of every month: Long-running house party "N'Ice," which made an exodus from Baktun after more than a year at the meatpacking-district nightspot. Third Friday of every month: House party "Con-fu-sion," also a refugee from Baktun, with big-name D.J.'s like Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and Big Beat with "Plant." The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays" featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. Mondays: Frankie Inglese's retro soul, funk, and R&B party "Soul Kitchen." *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

heetah—A tacky jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a decent sound system nonetheless. Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Thursdays: "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: Blokes go crazy to trance and house at "GBH" ("Great British House"). *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

‘Destiny"—Saturdays at 10. A great new Saturday-night soulful house party in Brooklyn with a nice roster of guest D.J.'s like Tony Humphries, Nicky Siano, and Fred Pierce. The nightspot's spacious, dancer-friendly floor, no-attitude door policy, and warm, friendly crowd make "Destiny" one of the year's best new club nights. *1 Front St., Brooklyn (718-707-1377).*

on Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Wednesdays: "Rock Candy" with D.J. and host Steven Blush. Thursdays: "BeavHer," a long-running eighties night. Fridays: Drag queens and gay rock-and-rollers get down at "Squeezebox." Saturdays: British-rock-themed "Tiswas." Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

rank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music party "Bang the Party" every Friday. The party, which has been at venues all over town from the 205 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its own groove. And what a groove it is: On a recent Friday, track-suited break-dancers, baggy-pants-clad dancers, and bare-chested muscle men got down to the ecstatic house of D.J. White Mike with a floor-shaking intensity. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Fort Greene, Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

un—This sprawling, bilevel, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese *anime,* a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. *130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.*

alcyon—Yet another excellent, unpretentious outer-borough nightspot with an eclectically minded lineup of house, drum 'n' bass, and electronica. Sundays: D.J.'s spin ambient music at "Undercity." Mondays: "THC: Tech-House Connection." Thursdays: The world-beat-minded "World Records." Fridays: Drum 'n' bass with "Acupuncture." Saturdays: "Abductions," where Halcyon takes the best D.J.'s from well-known parties like "Twelve West" and "Hamsa." *227 Smith St., bet. Butler and Douglass Sts., Brooklyn (718-260-WAXY).*

he Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many and varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance-centric "Tremendous." *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

Spa—The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive and the crowd is thankfully not overchic thanks to the club's visionary Steven Lewis, who maintains the kind of balance between office zhlubs, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Superpromoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." *76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 8/4: Dave Seaman; Anthony Pappa. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

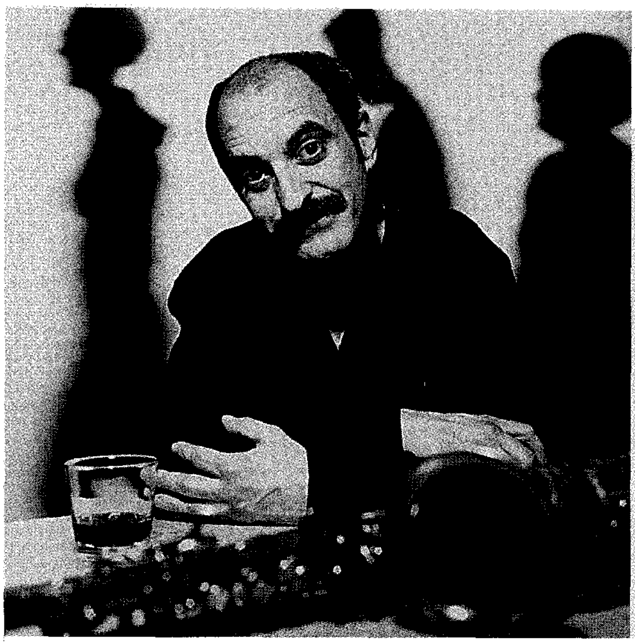
Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music-purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early, or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 8/2–8/3: Peter Bernstein Quartet. 8/4–8/5: Bob Dorough. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 8/1–8/6: Albita. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*



Performance

Passengers' Seat

Led by Roy Nathanson (pictured), the Jazz Passengers are best known for their famous lead singer (Deborah Harry) and risk-taking shows that veer between avant-jazz and cocktail lounge. Now that Harry has left the band, don't expect the Jazz Passengers to hew to tradition—their gigs at Sweet Basil from August 1 to August 6 will showcase music from their cabaret-cum-rock-opera *Fire at Keaton's Grill* as well as work from a ten-album catalogue of jazz, rock, and blues. (See "Jazz.")

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 7/31: Larry Corban Trio. 8/1: Swing Set. 8/2: Will Sellenraad Trio. 8/3: Tom Guarna Quartet. 8/4: Pete McCann Quartet. 8/5: Christophe Schweitzer Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 8/1–8/6: Chris Potter Quartet. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 8/1–8/6: The Cindy Blackman Quartet. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, from 6 to 10. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Showman's Café—Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. *375 E. 125th St. (212-864-8941). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 8/1–8/6: The Jazz Passengers. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 8/1–8/6: Cedar Walton Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8,10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 8/6: Colin Quinn; Dave Attell; Greg Giraldo; Godfrey; Billy Burr. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum. 8/2: Robert Klein; 8/4–8/5: Jim Gaffigan; Greg Carey; Juston McKinney. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. 8/4–8/5: Todd Barry. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. 8/1–8/12: Daryl Sherman & Dave McKenna. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays at 8: Lisa Asher and Jeff Waxman. Mondays at 8: Steven Lutvak. 7/31: Jim Caruso. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Café Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Friday and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11:00: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin' eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? 8/5: Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live: That's Entertainment." *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein' cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Through 9/9 Marc Salem. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack dagger-toting doormen, and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover $20 minimum. Thursdays, 8/3–8/17, at 9, and Fridays, 8/4–8/18, at 9 and 11: Billy Stritch. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and weekly gig by Judy herself. 7/30: The Arthu Williams Studio. 8/1: Valerie DiLorenzo with Kevin Connors. 8/2: John Angrasani with Ric Jensen. 8/7: "Leer Mondays" with the Lounge O-Leers. *169 Eighth Ave., near 18th St. (212-929-5410).*

Photograph by Joshua Kessle

in concert

Eliot Feld's Ballet Tech...Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment

Preview

Spring Affair

With the imminent premieres of *Summer Fever,* set to Donna Summer's 1976 pop song, and *Cycles,* one of their darkest pieces to date, the Daniel Gwirtzman Dance Company is continuing to challenge the limits of what can be explored in modern choreography. *Cycles* begins with a shooting. "We get snatches of dialogue, we hear a gun, there are little clues for us to create a scenario. We don't know what the specific crime is, and it's not really that important," Gwirtzman says. He has not in the past been afraid to choreograph violent and difficult scenes, as he did in *Caldarium* (1996), an exploration of the historical events at Masada, which is also part of the company's presentation at the Flea Theater. While he insists he's happy if the audience is enjoying "patterns and space, the music, or just the costumes," choreography is, for him, a way of making sense of his experience. *Cycles,* he says, "is very architectural, very geometric and angular, and yet there's more facial exploration, it's more character-driven than any work I've done up to this point." As the company has matured over the past two years of working together, Gwirtzman has become more open to incorporating individual dancers' styles. He describes *Summer Fever* as a playful ode to childhood. "I encourage them to just go with it," he says of the company. "I get ideas from everything they do, and even when it's a dark piece, the main thing I want to transmit is that sense of joy." (See "Dance.")

TARA PEPPER

Classical Music

lostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Opens the Festival with a gala performance featuring soloists Carol Vaness (soprano), Vinson Cole (tenor) and pianist Peter Serkin. The program includes Mozart's "Prague" Symphony No. 38 in D, his *Piano Concerto in F,* and Beethoven's *Fidelio* overture. 8/1 and 8/2 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $28–$48.*

rchestra of the Age of Enlightenment—Continues the "Mostly Mozart Festival" with Boyce's *Symphony in D minor,* Purcell's *Suite* from *The Virtuous Wife,* and arias from Handel's *Giulio Cesare* sung by countertenor David Daniels. 8/3 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $42.*

lostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Branches out with the Tokyo String Quartet in Schoenberg's *Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra,* which was influenced by Handel's *Concerto Grosso, Opus 6, No. 7,* also on the program. Alicia de Larrocha performs Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 9 in E-flat.* 8/4 and 8/5 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $28–$48.*

Itzhak Perlman and the Perlman Music Program Students—Perform Tchaikovsky's *Serenade in C for String Orchestra* and *Autumn* from Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons.* 8/6 at 5. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $28–$48.*

Dance

Noche Flamenca—Harnesses the dramatic power of flamenco in a series of premieres, including Martin Santangelo's *La Plaza.* 7/12–8/13, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8, Sundays at 5. *Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St. (212-278-4200); $25 Tues.–Thurs., $30 Fri.–Sun.*

Eliot Feld's Ballet Tech—Revives *Circa* (1980), with music by Hindemith, and other signature pieces, including *Contra Pose,* set to music by C.P. E. Bach. Mondays through Saturdays, 7/31–8/12, at 8. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

Daniel Gwirtzman Dance Company—Premieres six new works and revives favorites, including *Chanson d'Amour* set to Offenbach. 8/2–8/9 at 8. *The Flea Theater, 41 White St.; $20–$25.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

otograph by Giorgio Solas.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Drinking Apart...Jerry Garcia...Myla Goldberg

John Leonard's TV Notes

Ultraviolet (7/31, 8/1, and 8/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; SciFi), a six-hour British mini-series, lavishes the usual slick style on the frenzied ratiocinations of the usual elite corps of supercops. But this time the supercops do lethal battle not with sex criminals, drug dealers, terrorists, or spies but with vampires. I kid you not. None of this is played for laughs. Jack Davenport, Idris Elba, Philip Quast, and (amazingly) Susannah Harker are up against bloodsucking immortals who have decided that their Homo sap "hosts" are so ecologically self-destructive, they'd better find some other way to feed their habit. So they steal scientists to batch up synthetic plasma and develop viruses, and deploy pedophiles to corrupt schoolchildren and conspire at genocide. To thwart this toothy offensive, our supercops, a covert death squad, use machine guns with carbon bullets, a garlic derivative called allicin, ultraviolet light, and Susannah with her scary scalpel. Not to be missed by anyone who's ever had the munchies.

Drinking Apart: Families Under the Influence (8/1; 8 to 9:15 P.M.; HBO) sends a camera not only into therapy sessions at New York City's Ackerman Institute for the Family but also into the private brainstorming sessions of the therapists and the homes and streets of the patients who have sought their help for substance-abuse problems. We spend snippets of self-conscious time over three years with a yuppie couple who are better at drinking than they are at anything else; a Latino family whose mother, an ex–heroin addict, is ferociously determined to keep her daughter from repeating her mistakes; and an African-American family where the husband has stopped drinking and the wife can't seem to. For the most part, the patients seem more impressive, or at least at less of a loss, than the therapists. Rarely are twelve-step meetings mentioned.

One Kill (8/6; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) asks us to believe that Anne Heche is a Marine captain and single mother; that Sam Shepard is a Marine major who disapproves of women in combat though not in his bed; that Anne is willing to go to bed with him until she finds out that he's married; that Sam, when Anne will no longer go to bed with him, stalks her; that nobody will believe Anne when she says she shot Sam to save her own life; and that Eric Stoltz, a JAG lawyer must defend her at a court-martial in spite of his ambivalent feelings about his father. Well-enough done, but I've begun to wonder whether the weird grip military justice has on our imagination (part anthropology, part Kafka) isn't somehow pornographic.

Courage (8/7; 9 to 10 P.M.; Fox Family) is the first episode of a weekly series, executive-produced and narrated by Danny Glover, that profiles real people who triumph over long odds and extreme situations with uncommon bravery. First up are an 11-year-old with a crippling leg disease who becomes a champion swimmer; a medic finally honored for saving lives in Vietnam; a young survivor of an airplane crash who went back into the burning wreckage to rescue his mother and sister; and a 66-year-old crossing guard who threw herself in front of a truck to save two kids.

The Truth About Jane (8/7; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime), written and directed by Lee Rose, is the epitome of the TV movie in its social-worker mode Stockard Channing and James Naughton are the loving liberal parents of 15-year-old Ellen Muth until she decides that her feelings for a female high-school classmate (Alicia Lagano) are erotic and profound—after which, despite the fact tha one of Stockard's best friends is a black gay man (RuPaul Charles), Ellen is threatened first with therapy and then with private school. That everybody will come to a higher understanding is a given of such movies, which are in the mental-health and empathy business—but why shouldn' they be? The situation is painfully real and the performances are superb. What's unusual here i that the point of view is Ellen's, like a Huck Finn on her own raft on her own Mississippi.

In Print
Bee's Buzz

Before her jumpsuit and striped WHERE'S WALDO? tights made it onto *Entertainment Weekly*'s "It List," Myla Goldberg never expected to be trendy. She says it's "really bizarre, totally surreal" that her first published novel, *Bee Season*, about a dysfunctional family whose hapless members find God via spelling bees, Eastern religion, Cabala, and kleptomania, would make it to a sixth printing within two months. "I was expecting to be in my forties before anything like this would happen." Of course, it doesn't hurt that bindhis and traumatized childhoods are all the rage—not that Goldberg would know. "I had no idea mysticism was this big popular thing," she says. "I kind of live in a little cave. When people told me Madonna was into Cabala, I felt like I'd been co-opted. I'm a total atheist, and for me it's just about trying to find something that rises above the banal day-to-day bullshit of living." By her standards, combining spelling bees and mysticism isn't much of a stretch: Her first novel, which "got me my agent and a lot of really encouraging rejection letters," was about the last five days in the life of a Czech circus at the dawn of World War II. An avowed disciple of David Foster Wallace and Georges Perec (famous for writing a novel with *no e's*), Goldberg is now writing a book about the 1918 influenza epidemic that has a baffling structure à la Nabokov's *Pale Fire*. "With *Bee Season*, I wanted to see if I could get people interested in me, and I did," she says. "Now I feel like maybe I can return to the stuff that really turns me on." Goldberg will be reading at Barnes & Noble Chelsea on August 2.

BORIS KACHKA

A Novel
Bee Season
Myla Goldberg

Radio Highlights

"Annual Jerry Garcia Birthday Celebration"—8/5, 3 P.M to midnight: Follow the Dead without leaving home, thanks to WBAI's annual tribute to the fallen god, which includes live, previously unreleased music and interviews with various "inner circle Grateful Dead personalities. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

"Satchmo: The Wonderful World of Louis Armstrong"—Sundays at 11 A.M.: A thirteen-week series dedicated to celebrating the jazz great in his centenar year. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

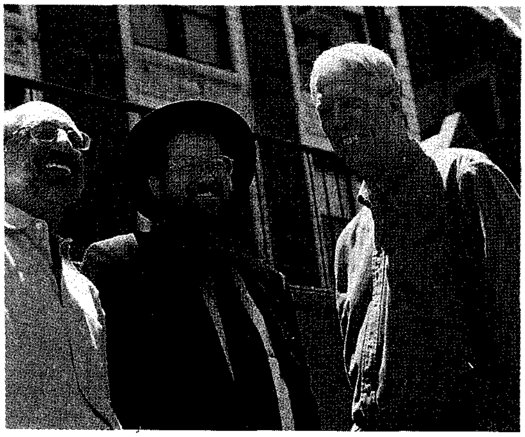
Lectures and Panels

Tenants Rights Workshop—8/2 at 1:30 P.M.: Susa Slocum, a Midwood Development Corporatio housing specialist, explains the ins and outs o regulated and unregulated housing and answer all related questions in the first session of a tenan workshop series sponsored by the MDC. Brooklyn Public Library, Kings Highway Branch, 211 Ocean Ave. at Kings Highway; call 718-376-099 to preregister for limited seating; free.

Storytelling in the Galleries: Magic in Egypt—8/5 at P.M.: Educator Christine Campbell explores th myths that were part of daily life in Ancient Egyp in a children's lecture at the Egyptian Gallerie

The Tube
The Kings Men

As rent-exiled Manhattanites colonize Brooklyn, Barry Lewis (below left) and David Hartman (right), the team whose televised "walking tours" have led armchair explorers through Harlem, 42nd Street, and Broadway, try to capture the borough in a scant two hours. Their new program is hardly comprehensive—which is why they've called it "A Walk Around Brooklyn (Part 1)"—but they manage to find the Underground Railroad tunnels beneath Plymouth Church and old breweries in the former beer-making capital, Bushwick. Premieres August 7 at 8 P.M. on Channel 13.



Third Floor, Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-5000); free with $2–$4 admission.

The Written Word

eporting World War II—8/2 at 6 P.M.: As part of the Parks Department's series "Great New York Writers in Great New York Places," celebrity guests including author Sydney Schamberg and *The Honeymooners* star Joyce Randolph read excerpts from World War II journalism at the *Intrepid* Sea/Air/Space Museum, Pier 86 at 46th St. and Twelfth Ave. (212-360-1378); $25.

yla Goldberg—8/2 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from her novel, *Bee Season,* along with Aimee Bender, reading from *An Invisible Sign of My Own,* at Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

rad Barkley—8/3 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Money, Love: A Novel,* at Barnes and Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

laurice Glenn—8/4, Noon to 3 P.M.: Signing copies of his new book, *Exposed: An African-American Novel of Ideas,* at Barnes & Noble, 600 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (212-765-0592); free.

aniel Handler and Daniel Wallace—8/6 at 7 P.M.: Both reading from their second novels, *Word of Mouth* and *Ray in Reverse,* respectively, at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

tacey Sauter—8/7 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from her new thriller, *One False Move,* at Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

oelle Howey—8/8 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Out of the Ordinary: Growing Up with Gay, Lesbian, and Transgendered Parents*. Other children tell their stories. A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

hotographs: top, Joe Sinnott; bottom, Malcolm Pinckney.

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES		KC MSG 7:05 P.M.	KC MSG 12:05 P.M.	KC FOX 7:05 P.M.	SEA FOX 7:05 P.M.	SEA MSG 4:35 P.M.	SEA FOX 1:05 P.M.
METS	CIN FSNY 7:10 P.M.	CIN FSNY 7:10 P.M.	CIN WPIX 12:10 P.M.		ARZ WPIX 10:05 P.M.	ARZ WPIX 10:05 P.M.	ARZ WPIX 4:35 P.M.
METROSTARS			DC MSG 7:30 P.M.				CHI ABC 4 P.M.
LIBERTY					ORL LIFETIME 8 P.M.		MIA MSG 7 P.M.
	7/31	8/1	8/2	8/3	8/4	8/5	8/6

Tours

"The New, Trendy/Old East Village"—8/3 at 7 P.M.: Performance artist Penny Arcade leads a trip through the East Village's historical sites, hip locales, and performance spaces—sometimes on the same spot, as in an old synagogue and a former public school. Take the F train to East Broadway and meet at the corner of Rutgers St. and E. Broadway (212-966-1100); $20.

"Old & New Money"—8/5 at 2 P.M.: Contrasting walks along the east and west sides of Central Park will give you a better idea of why the aristocrats are on one side, the nouveau riche on the other. Call 212-465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

"Dandies, Dudes and Shady Ladies"—8/6 at 2 P.M.: Leave the wee ones at home for this racy historical tour of SoHo and the Bowery, once known for their saloons, creepy old men, and houses of ill repute. Meet at Astor Place in front of the No. 6 subway kiosk (212-969-8262); $10.

"Deco to Modern: Midtown Enters the Machine Age"—8/6 at 1 P.M.: In conjunction with the Met's exhibition covering the same era, architectural historian Matthew Postal discusses the evolution of once-decrepit midtown into a showcase for the city's most sophisticated Deco and modern architecture. Meet at the northwest corner of Third Ave. and 51st St. (212-935-3960); $15.

Events

First Annual Poseidon Regatta Cup—8/3 at 10 A.M.: The Conservatory Water reopens with a toy-boat race for grown-ups at ten, followed by a youth sail at 12:30 and a slew of family activities including a reading of E.B. White's *Stuart Little.* The Conservatory Water, 72nd St. near Fifth Ave. (212-360-1476); free.

"Free Dancing on the Plaza"—8/3, 6 to 8:30 P.M.: Central Park's Thursday-night outdoor dancing series kicks off with a night of swing at the Harlem Meer to the music of Kansas City Sound. Free lessons start at 6, dancing at 7. The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, near 110th St. and Fifth Ave.; free.

First Saturdays at the BMA—8/5, 6 to 11 P.M.: The free monthly festival of art, music, and dancing continues, this time with an African theme—the Oud Man Ensemble plays in the grand lobby at 6, followed by a couple of African films—and a curator talk on American art and some late-night Brazilian dancing to round out the evening. As on all first Saturdays, museum admission is free. The Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-5000); free.

Exhibitions

"Bridging the Gap," the Eighteenth Annual Outdoor Sculpture Show—8/5 to 9/4: Miles from the static Noguchi stones in that other outer borough, Brooklyn's Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park opens another season of outdoor art between the bridges, featuring the work of Dan Bergman, Ursula Clark, Michael Pribich, and 22 others. New Dock Street at the East River, Brooklyn; free.

Sports

2000 Summer Mini-Meet Track and Field Series—8/1 at 6 P.M.: The Metropolitan Athletic Congress and the New York City Department of Youth and Community Development sponsor this track meet for all ages. Scheduled events for this week are the 4-by-800-meter relay; 1,500, 400, and 200 meters; one-mile race-walk; long jump; and turbo javelin. The meet is located at City College of New York, 133rd St. and Convent Ave.; $3 per event for adults ($7 per relay), free for those 18 and younger. Visit www.mactrack.org or call 212-227-0071 for more information.

NFL Preseason: Jets at Green Bay, Chicago at Giants—Early preseason games might seem like the spottiest, most yawn-inducing sporting events to watch, but they're one of the few showcases of people fighting for jobs on live television. Jets vs. Packers: 8/4, at 8 P.M., CBS; Bears vs. Giants: 8/5, at 8 P.M., Fox.

Manhattan Half-Marathon—8/5 at 7:30 A.M.: One of the most popular runs of the year, this 13.1-mile trek through Central Park is the fourth in the five-borough series. Starts behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art, East Drive at 85th St. Numbers may be picked up at the New York Road Runners Club, 9 E. 89th St., from noon to 7:30 P.M. 8/3, from 11 A.M. to 8 P.M. 8/4, or on race day from 5:30 to 7 A.M. near the start. Nonmembers $17; limited race-day registration $22. Call the NYRRC at 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

Happening **After a six-month, $1 million renovation, Central Park's Conservatory Water (the little pond with all the toy boats) reopens Thursday at 10 A.M. with the First Annual Poseidon Regatta Cup. After grown-ups race remote-controlled toys, kids can play at the 12:30 Youth Sail. See "Events" for details.**

kids

Island UFOs...Harlem Biking

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

The Musical Buzz—Known as a jazz puppet show for children and adults, **THE ADVENTURES OF MAYA THE BEE** is the musical adaptation by Nancy Harrow of a German children's book. Performed in the Village every Saturday at 11 A.M. Tickets are $12 for adults, $6 for kids. Call for reservations: 212-539-6644. At 45 Bleecker Theater, off Lafayette St.

Green-Thumbers—Explore the lush six acres of Central Park's only formal garden, the Conservatory Garden, on a free walking tour by the **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY**. Learn about its history and design while discovering a varied collection of flora in the center of the city. Every Saturday, now through October, from 11 A.M. to noon. Meet at the Vanderbilt Gate, 105th St. and Fifth Ave. For more information, call 212-310-6636. ●

Classically Kids—The musical prodigies of the **PERLMAN MUSIC PROGRAM** perform for the public, free of charge, at their Shelter Island campus on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30 P.M. through 8/11 (excluding 8/6). The chorus performs at 5 P.M. on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The kids are also set to show their stuff at the Mostly Mozart Festival, 8/6 at 5 P.M., at Lincoln Center. Tickets are available through Centercharge at 212-721-6500. For more information on the nightly Long Island performances, call 631-749-0740. The campus is located at 73 Shore Rd., Shelter Island. ●

Christmas Garland—The Film Society of Lincoln Center Movies for Kids is halfway through its summertime Judy Garland film marathon. **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS** is set in 1903 during the World's Fair and charts the lives of three generations of the Smith family. Cool off when Judy performs *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas*. Seven-year-old Margaret O'Brien's Oscar-winning performance will capture the kids. 8/5 & 8/6 at 11 A.M. Tickets are $3. At the Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600).

UFO on SI—Every weekend in August, **THE STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM** features Unlimited Flying Object workshops featuring all varieties of floaters. On 8/5–6 from noon to 4 P.M. kids can make butterfly kites and let them take off at the Museum's East Meadow. Cost is $2, plus admission. The same weekend, an entomologist will be on hand to explain the world of bugs and butterflies. The free talks are at 1, 2, and 3 P.M. Museum admission is $4. At Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060.) Make a weekend out of it by combining it with a special tour aboard the **STATEN ISLAND FERRY**. On 8/4, from 2 to 3:30 P.M., educators from the Staten Island Institute for Arts & Sciences will discuss noted landmarks such as Ellis Island, the Lighthouse, the Statue of Liberty, the Brooklyn Bridge, and a host of other sites. Cost is $5. For Staten Island or Manhattan meeting points, call 718-727-1135, ext. 39.

Snake Spa—Join in on the Tales for Tots day at **THE HECKSCHER MUSEUM OF ART**. Children from age 3 up are invited to hear a reading of C. Imbior Kudrna's *To Bathe a Boa*. Kids are then guided through art activities related to the story. 8/5 from 11:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. Admission is $3 per family. Seating is limited, call to register: 631-351-3250. At Heckscher Park, Main 2 Prime Ave., Huntington.

Come Ride With Me—**THE GREATER HARLEM HISTORIC BIKE TOUR** on 8/6 includes live entertainment and cultural activities along the twelve-mile route. This family outing makes pit-stops in Central Harlem, in the St. Nicholas Historic District, and in West Harlem at the U.S. Grant National Memorial Park. The ride goes from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. For more information, call 212-410-0030, ext. 246. ●

Even If We're Just Dancing in the Park—Get your kids ready for the next set of ice-cream socials and prom nights, as they learn, for free, all the steps of the hottest dances every Thursday evening in August. 8/3 is "Swing Night," with the big-band music of Kansas City Sound. Lesson go from 6 to 6:45 P.M. and the dancing goes from to 8:30 P.M. At the **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY** Charles A. Dana Discovery Center at the Harlem Meer, 110th St. and Fifth Ave. (212-310-6636). ●●

Getting Spacey—Johnny Sokko is like every other kid until he meets a secret agent who puts him in charge of a 100-foot flying robot. **VOYAGE INTO SPACE** lives up to its seventies genre with classic Japanese special effects laden onto an outrageou sci-fi plot. 8/5 & 8/6 at 3 P.M. Tickets are $5. A Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave. (212 505-5181). ●

Animalia—Using all types of fabric and other materi als, kids can **CREATE-A-CRITTER**. Free, 8/5 from 1 to 2:30 P.M. At the Dairy at Central Park, mid-Park a 64th St. (212-794-6564). ●●

Ships Ahoy—Join model-boat builders and enthusiast for a day of model-making and chitchat at the free tenth annual **SHIP AND BOAT MODEL FESTIVAL** 8/5–6. At the South Street Seaport Museum, Pie 16 (212-748-8760). ●●

Cue

Susan Avery
Kids

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Luisa Colon
Online

Derek de Koff
Movies

Logan Hill
Theater

John Kline
Sports

John Leonard
Television

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

Edith Newhall
Art

Tara Pepper
In Concert

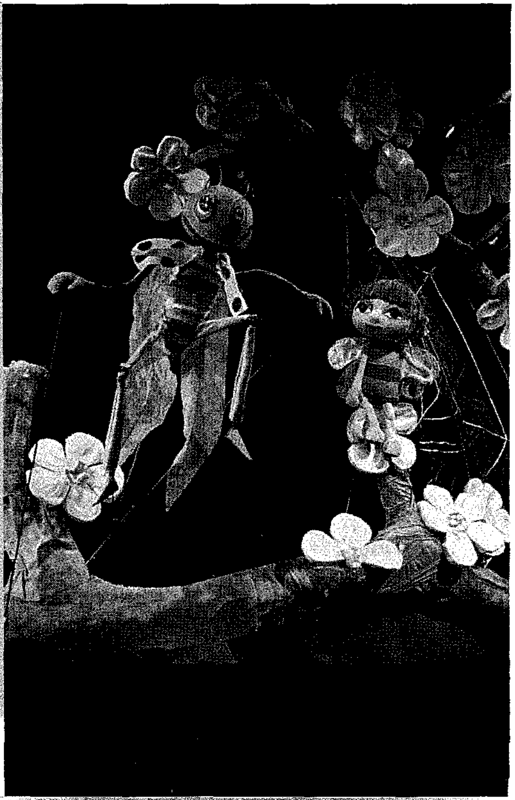
Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Happening

The Jazzy Bee

There are three things that make New York kids more sophisticated than most: exposure, exposure, exposure. But parents who happen to be jazz fans usually have had to improvise when it came to entry-level music for the offspring. Jazz singer Nancy Harrow decided to do something about that when she adapted the 1912 German children's book *The Adventures of Maya the Bee* into a jazz puppet show. Playing every Saturday at the 45 Bleecker Theater, the show includes 21 numbers over the course of a little more than an hour, running from torch-song cabaret to anthemic marches. Though prerecorded, the piano, flute, saxophone, and bass offer up a complex texture of blues and swing to tell the story: A rebellious Maya takes flight from the hive to find her own place in the insect world, crooning "Haven't I got strength, and courage, and a sting" with venomous seductiveness. Along the way she meets a cricket, a dragonfly, a dung beetle (a crowd favorite), and a slew of other buggy types who display a mix of human failings. The rod puppets are fascinating to look at; they were designed in Poland, where puppet theater is taken very seriously. All the voices are performed by two actors situated behind the back row, and the music comes right off the CD, with many of the songs performed by Harrow herself. And if the introduction to jazz isn't enough, at the end of the show kids are treated to a hands-on demonstration by the puppeteers as the actors emerge from the back of the theater to show how it all comes together.

SUSAN AVERY



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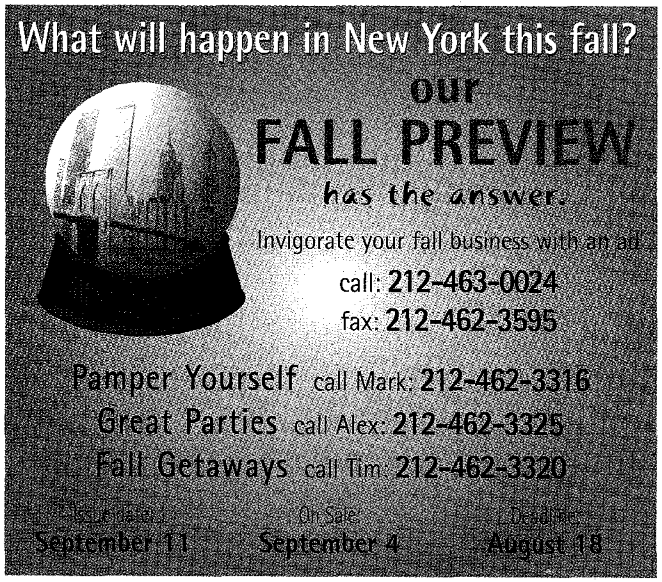

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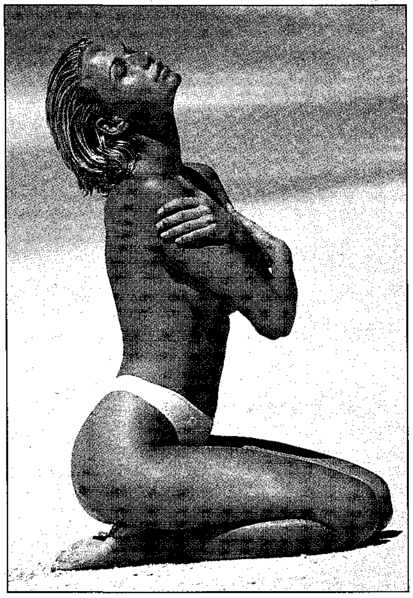

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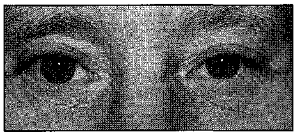

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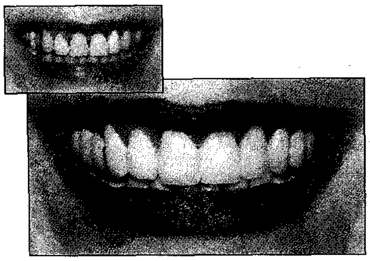

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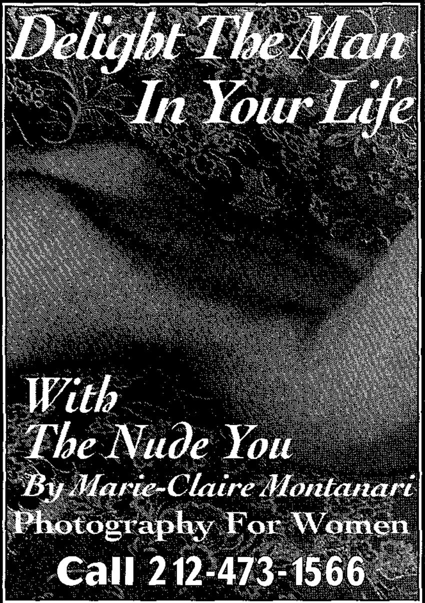

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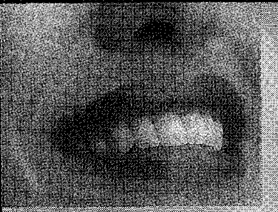

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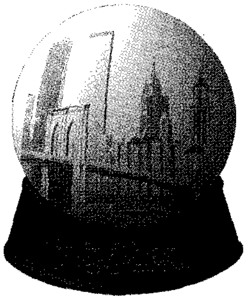

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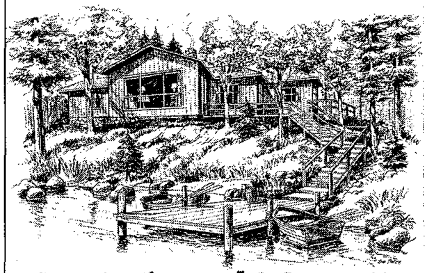

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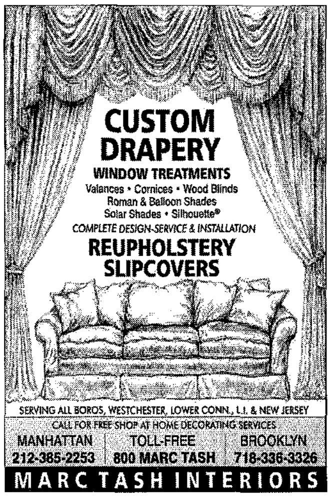
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Dynamic, Cutting-Edge Surgeon—Handsome, into fitness, 5'10", muscular, mid 40s. Seeks smart lady, under 37, for magic. Phone/photo a must. 4811 ✉☎

Smart, Svelte, Slim—Passionate, beautiful, divorced Jewish woman, 39. Appealing, whimsical smile. Lovely, dark, honest eyes. Good legs. European heart and soul, American to the core. Gentle, warm, sexy, independent. Successful professional. Favorite pastimes: sailing, skiing, speaking French, studying other cultures. Seeks kind, very smart man, 5'8" plus, 35-52. 4736 ✉☎

Woman Seeking Woman—Attractive, petite brunette, 40, great sense of humor, loves traveling, tropical sunsets, Jersey shore, Sunday brunch, NYC, shopping. Seeking committed relationship. Phone/photo, please. 4757 ✉☎

Looking For Peace And Harmony?—Sexy country guy, 5'8", brown/blue, fit, secure, owns tux, skis, travels well. Seeks above-average, under-42 woman to synchronize watches and create an affectionate, fulfilled lifestyle. 4771✉☎

Forever Valentine Sought—By optimistic, romantic, handsome CEO, successful, loves fitness, culture, 5'10", trim, mid 40s. Seeks smart, loving lady under 37. Phone/photo necessary. 4770 ✉☎

Come Laugh With Me! - I'm Happy!—Life is beautiful! Let's enjoy it together! I seek the company of a happy, intelligent, rational, bright of mind and fair of face, financially secure, independent, successful professional or career woman for a committed exclusive relationship. I'm a highly successful CEO of an international financial corporation, divorced, unencumbered, youthful 60ish "alpha male", 5'10", 155 lbs. Affectionate, ebullient, nurturing and passionate about the people and things I care about. Nonsmoker, energetic, in excellent health - I exercise daily. Multifaceted, polymath, PhD, writer. For fun, I play piano and sing. I enjoy theater, ballet, opera, concerts, cinema, travel, and especially good conversation - sharing thoughts and feelings. Let's meet and see what we can offer each other and explore the myriad possibilities. Photo/phone/note. POB 6301, NY, NY 10022

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P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Seeking Matrimony—Single Cathol man seeks woman interested in matrimor and starting a family. I'm a 6', 5 athletic professional who likes to trav Let's get together over coffee and tal Please send photo and tell me somethi about yourself to: 4782 ✉

Quiet, Bookish Older Guy—PhD. See sweetheart, 30s. POB 539, NYC 10101

I'm Not For Everybody—But then aga I don't try to be. I'm sexy, smart, 4 5'11", divorced Christian male with a b heart and a great sense of humor. Seek very special, beautiful woman, inside a out, who has a great soul, fun-loving at tude towards life. I'm the real deal and c be a very special friend, lover, soul ma to the right person. Note/photo. 4743 ✉☎

Let's Make A Home—I am a divorce ambitious, successful businesswom who wants a husband, family and hor filled with love. I am domestic, a bun of fun, full of energy, athletic, pre and sexy, 40. Let's get together a get to know each other. 4812 ✉ ☎

Seeking Accomplice—French woma successful in business; grown children, couple of books still to write, design painter, beach lover, dancer - seeks ment ly and physically fit homme libre, 40-5 You are open, kind, involved, interest interesting, tolerant by choice and not la of character, strengthened by past exp iences and fueled by the excitement new ventures. Photo. POB 269, Madis CT 06443 or e-mail: ERTUAL@aol.co

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rofessional, Personable Latina—5'2", 1. Enjoys books, theater, travel, and R&B id salsa music. Seeks a self-evolved, tall entleman with sophistication and finesse, iverse interests, compassion, humor, ncerity and good health. No smokers/ ugs. Photo a plus. 4799 ✉☎

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ute, Classy—50s professional female ith looks, smarts, warmth, wit, seeks gnificant other, 55-65. 4780 ✉ ☎

---

rofessional Working Lady—Praying r sweet, kind Greek-American gentle-an over 60, for a loving companionship. ioto/letter, please. 4773 ✉

---

i—I'm a nice, Irish-American, hand-me gentleman, 40, with a great sense humor, outgoing personality, kind and nsitive, who is seeking a family-oriented sian or American woman for special rela-onship leading to marriage. I'm a patient, icouraging person who loves music, ovies and the arts. I want to meet a ecial woman to share nature, good food id life - who's easygoing, nurturing, armhearted and giving. 4764 ✉☎

---

ay White Female—5'7", mid 40s, tractive, PhD, noncomplainer, finan-ally independent, looking for same ges 40-50). You have a love of music, gh intelligence, class, humor and verbal ills. Please - no mood swings, temper drugs. Photo, please. 4794 ✉

---

adiant Smile—Very pretty, 5'10", irvaceous, fit, short blond hair, green es, former beauty queen, sweet, classy t down-to-earth, well-spoken, highly complished. Likes sports, boxing atches, music, comedy clubs, black-tie ents. Seeks extremely successful, iancially stable, well-established, honest id real gentleman with class and high oral character, 40-58, who seeks life irtner. 4791 ✉☎

---

hicago Guy—Moved my company here om the windy city. Successful, world-aveled, advanced University of Chicago gree. Divorced white male, 5'11", per-fit, brown/brown, young 41 years. ove travel (either by Harley Davidson by Boeing 747/upper deck), languages luent in Thai), and the 100 meter irdles. Fond of George Clinton, P-funk id that genre. You're cool, curvy, nfident, around 30 years, race important, no drugs/smoke. Photo, ease, and I'll send mine. 4798 ✉

---

andsome, Thoughtful, Fun—Male, 39, ", likes the outdoors, travel, movies, orts, languages, music. Looking for an teresting, educated, natural, beautiful oman, 28-36, at least 5'3", who enjoys telligent conversation and adventure, d has a sense of humor. 4805 ✉☎

---

credibly Attractive—Slender Jewish oman, 46. European good looks, long rvy legs. Full of pleasantly intriguing ntrasts: sophisticated/down-to-earth, ong/sensitive, sultry/cute, independent/ irm. Loves eco-tours and 5-star hotels, e best restaurants/diners, kayaking/ ossword puzzles, hiking/mystery books, eat conversation/quiet times, good eater/nature. Works hard, rests in-tween. Thrives on vacations, thinks big, ows how to relax and have fun. Seeks tive, 5'9" plus, financially comfortable, wish, basic nice guy (44-58) with a ain and interesting work. 4783 ✉☎

---

beat, Unpretentious, Warm—Slim, etty, (212) widow seeks man, 60 plus, share life's pleasures. 4740 ✉☎

Energetic Professional Female—39, seeks Jewish partner for life, love and adventure. Vivacious, tall blond, green eyes - loves athletic pursuits including skiing, biking, boating, dance, travel. 4760 ✉☎

Tall, Handsome Mensch—Art director, 49, seeks tall, curvaceous lady soul mate, 40ish, for life's celebration. 4734 ✉☎

Very Attractive, Athletic—Intelligent Jewish woman seeks honest, fit man, 50s, with joie de vivre, for soul mate. Photo and letter. 4779 ✉☎

Great Guy Seeking Great Woman—44, handsome, adventurous, educated, athletic, fun-loving, caring professional in search of a loving woman, 30-44, with similar qualities. 4809 ✉☎

Stay Home, Have Kids—Me: 39, good-looking, Jewish, successful business owner, in shape, blond/green. Likes sports, keeping fit (and Entenmann's, too), music, travel, family. Not interested in the Hamptons, the scene and career-crazy women. You: pretty, thin, younger than 36, and not career-crazy. Pretty nails a plus. Let's talk. 4806 ✉☎

Once In A Lifetime—Desirable, sensual, intelligent, Latin American, white, blond, 5'7", Jewish, 51 years young, dynamic, successful professional seeks male counterpart - tall, bright, secure, well-educated, with integrity. Letter/photo. 4756 ✉☎

Bona Fide Leg Man—Firefighter, boat captain, 51, would like to meet a lovely lady, 30 years plus, who likes to wear minis and heels, likes pleasant eves of cocktails and dancing, likes to engage in interesting and intelligent conversation, and who enjoys soothing foot massages at the end of the eve. Please send me a photo of you in a mini and heels. 4800 ✉

Satin And Lace—Pretty, blue-eyed blond, slim, shapely, soft-spoken, lives in LI, 40s. Seeks tall, good-looking, upbeat, fun, romantic male under 55. 4784 ✉☎

Adorable, Slender—5'5" brunette with a smile that will knock your socks off, seeks commitment-minded, bright, good-hearted, 37-52 man for serious relationship. Note/photo appreciated. 4772 ✉

Attractive, Cultured, Sporty Minx—Mid 50s, enjoys engaging conversation, candlelight dinners, travel and spontaneity. Seeks educated, fit, witty, worldly, successful, sensitive man. Photo. 4777✉☎

Jewish Prince—Seeks his princess to live happily ever after. 4789 ✉ ☎

Jewish Physician—Early 50s and still kicking! Seeks sexy, articulate younger woman with photo. 4795 ✉

Attractive Boston Single White Male—61, ex-upper West Sider, visits NY often. Seeks female for sensual and talking connection leading to whatever. 4767 ✉☎

A Snapshot—48, Jewish, dad, pediatrician, enjoys the upper West Side, sultry music, cooking, tennis, etc., etc. Attracted to smiles and curves; connects to wit, values and accomplishments; searching for unrestrained compatibility. Note/photo, please. 4790 ✉☎

Gay, Quality Woman Of Substance—Seeks gay woman. 38, 5'5", slim, cute, authentic - emotional openness, values and integrity, warm, caring, romantic. Looking for mutual love and life partner. Manhattan a plus. Photo/note, please. 4731 ✉☎

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Tall, Handsome, Fit Jewish Physician—38, is convinced that NY has at least one 1) very intelligent, 2) kind and sweet, 3) attractive, 4) thin, 5) great sense of humor, 6) totally together, 7) confident, 8) always happy, 9) successful woman, 10) who has a passion for life and work. Please also be outgoing and less than 34 years of age. Naturally I realize that the above-said woman is hard to find, but please call or write if you agree that the best place to start is when you have this much in common. 4730 ✉☎

Looking For A Japanese Lady!—Tall, romantic, successful and fit doctor and writer, 40s, looking for a compassionate, sophisticated lady for serious relationship. Let's enjoy the beach before the summer ends, then watch the leaves turn! 4752 ✉☎

Share My World—Single white male, 52, 5'10", successful, attractive, fit, with unique life style. I'm seeking a brown-eyed brunette, 25-39, for travel and a quality life together. Letter and photo. 4797 ✉

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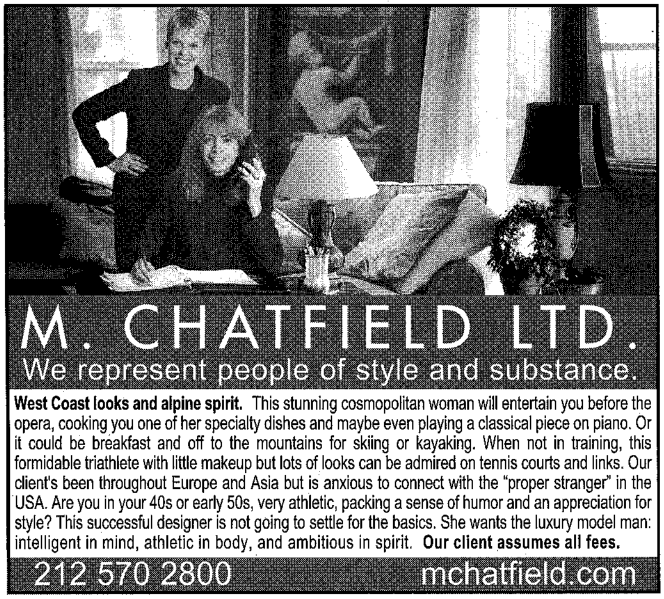
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Sweet, Smart And Sexy—This warm, caring, pretty lady would like to meet a 66-76-year-old gentleman, attractive, kind, sensitive and financially secure, to enjoy a quality life together. 4749 ✉☎

Avoid The Hamptons—Spend your summer with me: Jewish male, 45, seeking female, 30-40, for fun times and sharing life's traffic jams. Note/photo. 4775✉☎

NJ Lady, 51—Looking for 51-65 man for weekend activities. I am 18 miles from NYC. POB 100, Wayne, NJ 07474

Successful, Fun-Loving Jewish Female—Love wine, travel, tennis, dancing, fashion, haute cuisine. Attractive, intelligent, passionate and sensuous describe me. Looking for Jewish man, 40-55, with successful career, to share my interests and future. 4769 ✉☎

Unique Millionaire—Self-made, street-smart entrepreneur, intelligent, ambitious, 59 going on 39, 6'3", 230, seeks sexy soul mate, real woman with a great figure, 35-45. Photo. 4802 ✉☎

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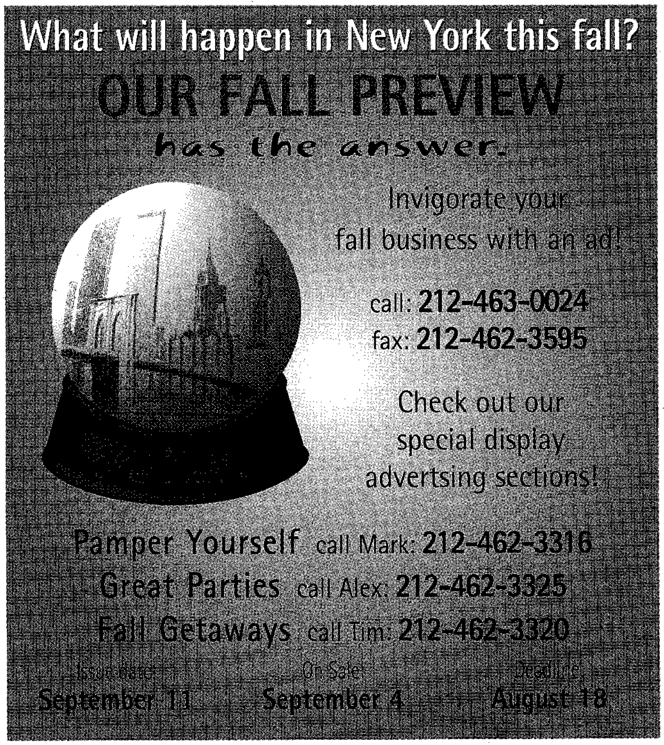
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Physically Fit White Male—35, MA degree, Yankee fan, seeks intelligent, well-educated, petite, slim female. 4792 ✉☎

33, Feminine, Attractive—Gay wh female, emotionally and financially stat open, honest, trustworthy, sincere a able to communicate feelings, multi interests and open to trying new thin seeking feminine, gay white female, l 20s-30s, with all the above. No smokir alcohol. Photo appreciated. 4759 ✉ ☎

60s-70s Men—Where are you? A available, tall, good-looking guys - wri Photo. I am lady special. 4739 ✉☎

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homeland. I'm back, and want you in
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e Homestead and Bice - but also enjoy
tz's, Jackson Hole, 2nd Ave Deli, and
en Papaya King. I have four homes
cated in Amsterdam, NYC, Florida
d Los Angeles, and am a world-traveler.
pleasure is your game, you've met
r match! No photo, no reply!!! 4804 ✉

? - Hi!—Attractive, sensitive, upscale,
y Hispanic male, professional, 37, seeks
asculine bisexual male, over 35, for
endship and more. 4718 ✉☎

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the East Side, who wants a confidante,
mpanion, male friend who is also 20 lbs
r, like you, to share life's pleasantries.
golf, no tennis, no skiing. 4745 ✉☎

Let's Be A Couple—42-year-old MD; clinician/researcher, romantic, athletic (marathoner), funny, unpretentious, cultured (Shakespeare lover), and hopelessly democratic, would like to meet an honest and sincere Catholic female for love and marriage. 4810 ✉☎

Witty, Pretty Lawyer, 30—Seeks smart, well-read man who will make me laugh. Republicans and 40somethings need not apply, unless hilarious or gluttons for punishment. 4801 ✉

Dare To Fall In Love Again—Very attractive female, 53, with full heart, kind soul, avid intellect, seeks male companion for loving, caring relationship. 4796 ✉☎

Hazel Eyes, Sentimental Side—Great sense of humor, pretty Jewish professional; enjoys outdoors, photography and Yellowstone. Seeking witty, sensitive, kind man, 47-56, nonsmoker, for always. 4720✉☎

Scandinavian Blond Good Looks—Tall, toned, slim with long legs and a great smile. Elegant, striking, fun-loving, successful professional, 40-something. Sociable, independent, international, interested in people. Open and honest, with dry humor, a little offbeat. Unwinds with hiking trips - Burgundy, Dordogne, and above the tree line in Norway. Likes running (especially when finished), New Yorker cartoons, Tina Turner, Clapton, Chopin, art, northern Scotland, St. Barts, biking. Seeks educated, attractive, in-shape professional, 5'10" plus, 45-58. A good sense of humor makes all the difference. 4785 ✉☎

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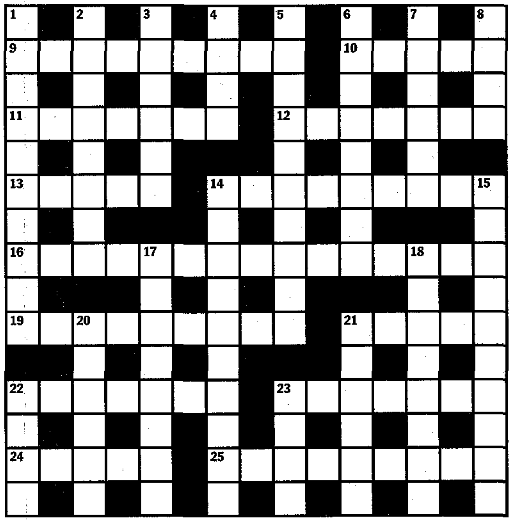
For advertising information, call Kristen Cappadona at: 212-462-3319

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
9 One who goes along with no nonsense. (5,4)
10 See 23 down.
11,6 The "Trainspotting" issue? (7,8)
12 Lets write about 11 (American) forbears. (7)
13, 22D, 24 Travellers may catch it in a trice. Try tinfoil! (9,5)
14 He resists being called an animal. (9)
16 Being a way to take a doctor to land 7's forerunners. (8,7)
19 So Scots sent back soft soapmaker? (9)
21 Made occupational protest about the fabric. (5)
22 14 across twice led Pole to man of Grozny. (7)
23 Come in for it, after nipper clipped copper. (7)
24 See 13.
25 Running through El Paso, roared "Gin! Rum! (3,6)

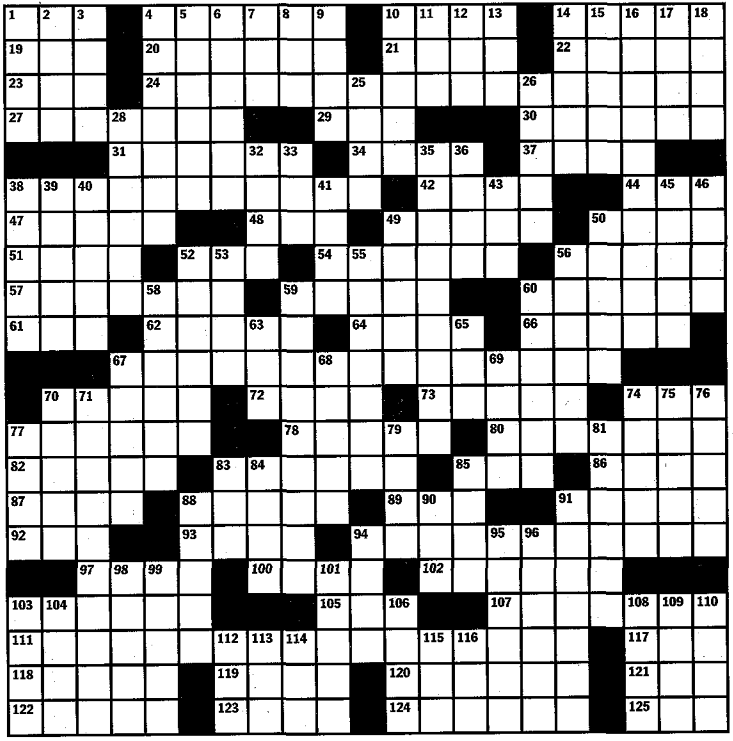


DOWN
1 Assessing a very soft set up with 4. (10)
2 She can hit development in Germany, yes? (8)
3 See 4.
4,3 Ordered away, sneers facile response. (4,6)
5 Sob story of two rulers in barrack after rent? (4,6)
6 See 11.
7 University articles (French and Spanish) wind up 11. (6)
8 Sights Shanghai Sound. (4)
14 A Marxist in the groundnuts station . . . (4,2,4)
15 . . . took First Lady to Notre Dame That should blossom! (6,4)
17 11 cut specialist, begging half of 8 t quit. (8)
18 Set down boring speaker about the rubbish. (8)
20 Musical entry of its queen last August, for a month in Israel. (6)
21 Spruce Irish officers left to take her to the ball. (6)
22 See 13.
23,10 11's early runner on fertile shore. (4,5)

'Southpaws': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Part of the psyche
4 Sergeant's "Relax!"
10 Partially open
14 Sired, Biblical style
19 Number of this clue, in old Rome
20 Barked shrilly
21 Lymph clump
22 "Good Night" girl
23 One's born days
24 Lefty emperor
27 One of the Balearic Islands
29 F.D.R. measure
30 Keep
31 Took a short breather
34 Arsenal stash, for short
37 Billy of British rock
38 Lefty general
42 Having what it takes
44 Abbr. on an orthodontist's shingle
47 Olympus nymph
48 Comedian Philips
49 Helps with the dishes
50 "—— first you don't succeed . . ."
51 Enfant terrible
52 Tippler's oasis
54 Had a cigar
56 Undergo detrition
57 Bolted down
59 Robbery, slangily
60 Where the ark parked
61 Scottish single
62 "—— Kick out of You"
64 Gingrich, to friends
66 Tears asunder
67 Lefty artist
70 Disdain
72 Cowboy's boot appendage
73 Jacqueline Susann's "Once —— Enough"
74 Mop & —— (floor-wax brand)
77 Orbital high point
78 Poseidon's domain
80 Defeated candidate
82 Like shower walls
83 Itinerant tribesmen
85 Hallucinogenic acid
86 Russo of "Tin Cup"
87 Bauxite, galena, etc.
88 Attacked, in a way
89 Confucius's teaching
91 Fresh from the laundry
92 Vitality
93 "Deutschland —— alles"
94 Lefty outlaw
97 Lady Chaplin
100 Wheel shaft
102 Hilo hellos
103 Cardboard box
105 "Exodus" hero
107 Plant prized in China
111 Lefty judge
117 Animal-life suffix
118 In a spin
119 Melville adventure
120 Rough-grained
121 Frasier's aide
122 Quit the singles scene
123 Runyon males
124 Certain chain hotels
125 Alias: abbr.

DOWN
1 Quiz
2 Oscar musical of 1958
3 The yoke's on them
4 "Atlas Shrugged" author
5 Leaf-reader's receptacle
6 City on the Rio Grande
7 Mil. mail depot
8 Salt, at Maxim's
9 "Paradise Lost" setting
10 Vietnam region
11 Old Testament sufferer
12 Shakespearean fuss
13 Stimpy's cartoon pal
14 Two-footed one
15 Muse of poetry
16 Lefty president
17 Not pro
18 High-schooler
25 Kind of hygiene
26 Ram constellation
28 Narcotic
32 Washstand pitcher
33 "Oh, —— Golden Slippers"
35 Lefty author
36 Kin of the Tony
38 Snake-charmer's pet
39 Utah's Senator Hatch
40 Furlough
41 Bet wrongly
43 Showed the way
45 Nursery babbles
46 Editor's "do not delete"
49 Given medication
50 Modern Persian
52 "Go away!"
53 Arabian Sea gulf
55 Studied as a seconda specialty
56 Puts up
58 In ascending rows
59 Lefty comic
60 Danny's "Twins" co-star
63 'Bye syllables
65 Boob tubes
67 Theater areas
68 Old gold piece
69 Balin and Claire
70 Church topper
71 Lefty composer
74 A language of Cypru
75 Roofed patio
76 With the edge facing down
77 Superimposed on
79 Spumante city
81 More ——
83 Collar a crook
84 Highest draft rating
85 Use a hammock
88 Colombian poncho
90 Chicken —— king
91 Alters
94 Half a vitamin deficiency
95 It's cultured
96 Problem in the desert
98 "Made for Each ——" (1971 film)
99 With honor
101 Capital of Nigeria
103 Bone up
104 Mystique
106 Ruler demarcation
108 Poetic Pound
109 Partner of cranny
110 Mideast Strip
112 Kennel resident
113 Australia's national bird
114 Hall-of-Famer Campanella
115 Sauce for sushi
116 Sound heard by shepherds



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 1

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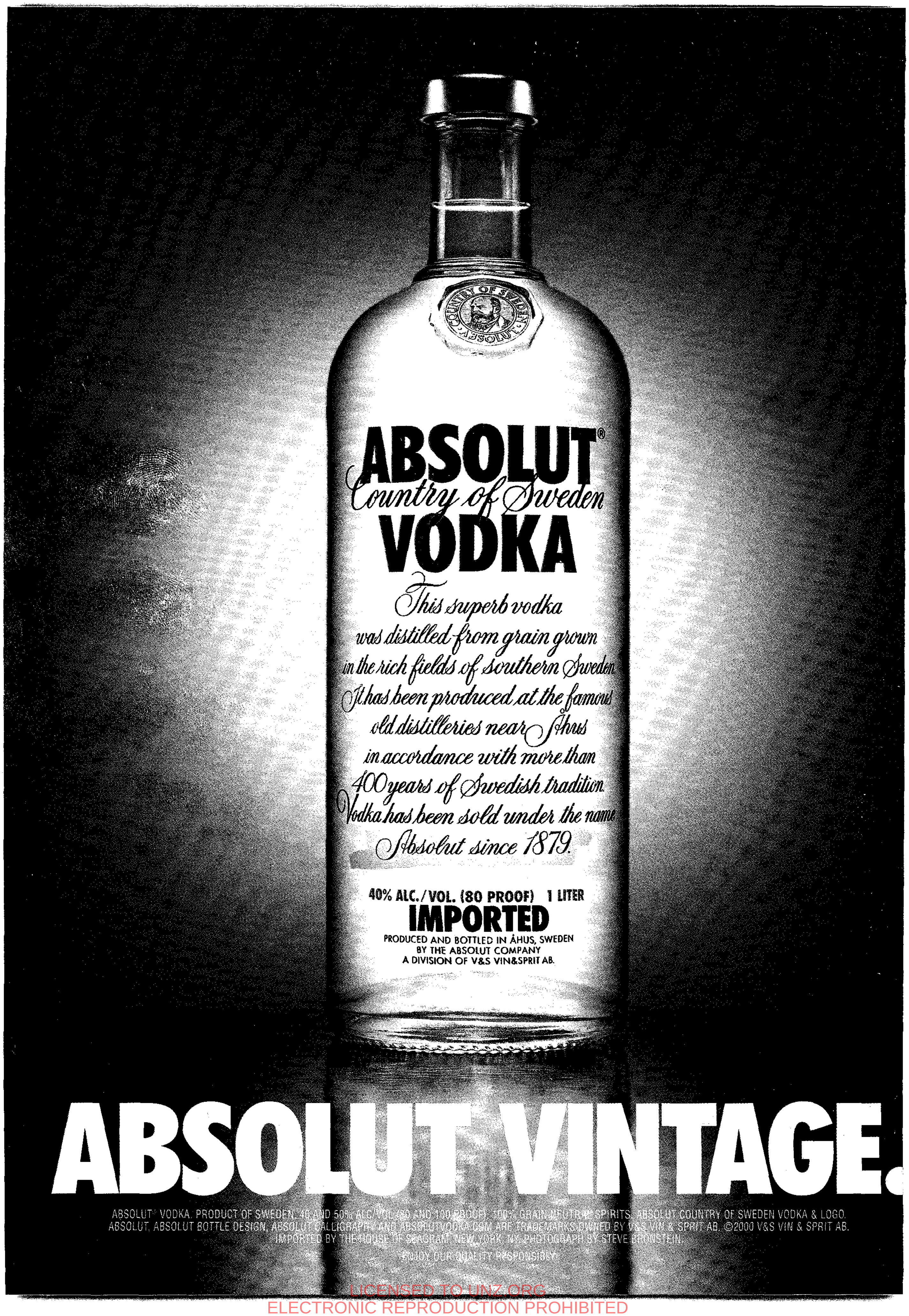
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